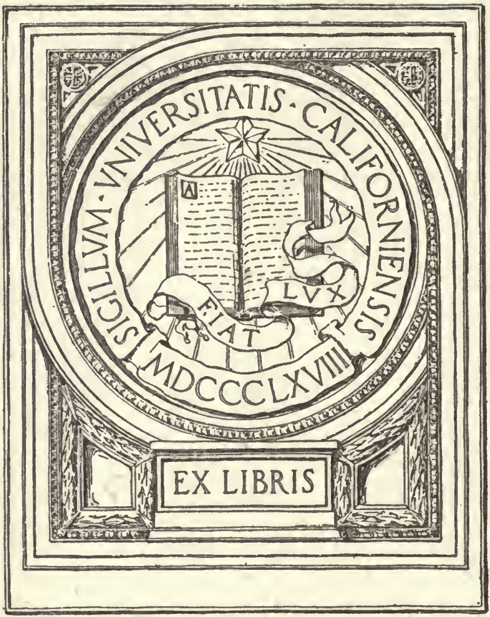

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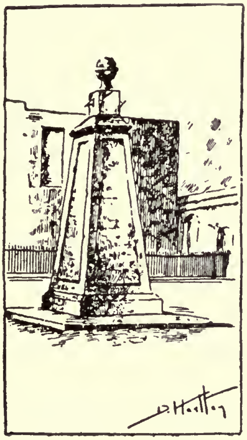
Ye
SUNDIAL BOOKE

By

T. GEOFFREY W. HENSLOW, M.A.



London
1914.

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T. Geoffrey W. Henslow.

DEDICATION.

To Wiltshire men I dedicate
This book, regardless of estate,
And only honour those who prove
By deeds, not words, their counties love.

The paltry honours men may give,
That last the feeble years we live,
Shall never influence thoughts sublime,
Or mar a work that deals with time.

Accept ye, then, my humble book,
Remembering all the hours it took
To build this work for it to reach
Beyond the force of human speech.

T. G. W. H.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN placing before the public this book on sundials and sundial verses I suppose that I must conform to the usual order of things and apologise for being on earth, but at the same time I am very grateful; and, feeling so kindly disposed to FATHER TIME, I have ventured in verse to extol his praises, and, with the kindly help of my artist, I have boldly put before the public a work that has entailed considerable labour and expense. If, then, any critic—confident in his or her powers of being able to compile a work vastly superior in every detail to the one which I have supreme pleasure in now placing before the public—should like to enter the lists and vie with my humble efforts, I will gladly forgive all criticism, and congratulate myself on having been instrumental in securing for FATHER TIME a fresh devotee; and I will offer up my humble prayers that he or she may prove to be a far more worthy servant than myself.

But, apart from all levity, let me here simply testify to the onerous nature of my self-imposed task, and express the hope that my untutored efforts may in part, if not in whole, be appreciated by a few generous natures who, being themselves unable to devote time to the compilation of such a work, yet are grateful for this contribution (no matter how faulty) to what has ever been a most pleasing and engrossing subject.

He would, indeed, be a mean man who, having received considerable assistance in any undertaking, failed to acknowledge such on the first opportunity; and I have the greatest pleasure in here testifying to the untiring efforts of my artist, Miss D. Hartley, who has contributed so largely to my work; indeed, I am sure that, without her talent, I should receive but poor commendation from the general public.

All the sundials that figure in this work are dials that actually exist, and although the settings are new, yet it is to be hoped that this will in no wise detract from the value of the book. So many ancient dials are to-day continually changing hands and being placed in new surroundings, that although cognisant of the fact that it would be far more interesting to illustrate my work with sketches showing the dial in its original position, yet in the majority of cases I have proved this to be impossible. I have, therefore, decided, whilst representing faithfully the actual dials, to adopt quite new lines, and to illustrate my work with a series of sketches in keeping with the age of each horologe, and also to supplying a series of pictures calculated to suit the style and nature of my book. Before referring to my poetical efforts, I will here thank all those friends who have so kindly assisted me in my arduous undertaking.

Principally, I am indebted to the kindness and generosity of Mr. Francis Barker, of Clerkenwell, for his most valuable and interesting chapter upon the setting of the sundial, and also for the loan of numerous photographs and illustrations of various dials and gnomons. Mr. Barker's kindly help and interest has more than encouraged me in my undertaking, and his wide and valuable knowledge on gnomonics is well known.

My most sincere thanks are also due to the following firms who have so very kindly assisted me by permitting me to use in my book some beautiful illustrations of sundials designed and made for existing and future gardens :—Messrs. John P. White, Messrs. Pulham, Messrs. Joseph Cheal & Son, Messrs. William Wood & Son, Messrs. Knowltons, Messrs. H. W. Cashmore & Co.

It is not possible to mention the names of all those who have so kindly assisted me in securing photographs of dials, or who have furnished me from time to time with any required information; I will, therefore, but express my great gratitude for every kindness, and venture to hope that my book will meet with the approval of all.

If any reader finds it incumbent upon him to criticise adversely my verses or mottoes, let me here plead a generous consideration. SIX HUNDRED VERSES on one subject is a very big effort at any time, but how much more so when each verse is intended of itself to be a separate poem. Also, nearly all these verses have been written under the most trying conditions—during the stress of arduous undertakings, and hours devoid of comfort and surroundings congenial to a work of this description.

If, then, any verse or verses appear to be weak, let the reader remember that there has been no picking and choosing; for I have boldly published all that I have written, well knowing that no two people see alike, and that what may displease one may also find favour with another. Let, then, those verses which do commend themselves to the reader be in his or her eyes sufficient warranty for my book.

T. G. W. H.

The History of the Sundial.

CHAPTER I.

Who shall discover the age of the sundial, or fix with certainty the year in which ye horologe was first invented to record the passing of the day or perchance the hour? The archives of time will never reveal to us the first dial that was invented to aid mortal man to regulate his life and so fulfil his daily task. We can only at the best surmise what the date may have been, and record existing information for the benefit of posterity, trusting that new discoveries may throw fresh light upon this most engrossing subject.

To the student of astronomy and mathematics, it will ever appear to be a most natural event that the sundial should have been constructed to record accurately the time of day; and such might doubtless express surprise that the age of the earliest known horologe is not of greater antiquity. But it must not be forgotten that the requirements of early man were small, and time, although a most important consideration, was not of the same value that it is to-day, in the highly civilised age in which we live.

It is not my intention to give a long and detailed account of the sundial, for I must confess that I am not sufficiently versed in its chequered and varied history; but, nevertheless, I feel bound to include in my book one or more chapters that shall supply a little information upon the age, development, and construction of ye horologe.

But here I am at a loss to know where to start, for if I should deal with the Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, or Roman ages, doubtless I should be ruled out of court, for a wise critic would question the lateness of my starting point, and would prove conclusively that I ought to have begun with Adam, who could not have missed the opportunity afforded him of erecting a sundial in the Garden of Eden. Indeed, so hard is it to fix a date for the earliest introduction of the sundial in its most primitive form, that we can only allude with safety to its mention in ancient writings and its discovery in various countries through different ages.

Without doubt the Bible gives us the oldest records, and we may be sure that wherever we get even the briefest allusion to the division of time, we can assert the existence of a horologe with little hesitation.

Job (vii. 2) alludes to the monitor in the words—" as a servant earnestly desireth the shadow," and the miracle of the sundial of Ahaz has been quoted and handed down for centuries.

Sundials exist in most countries in various forms, differing in construction according to the knowledge of the age in astronomy and mathematics, and showing clearly at different periods in the history of a race the outside influence of the greater wisdom attained to by many students in the art of horology.

If we devote considerable attention to the history of sundials we almost unconsciously find ourselves dividing them into the following groups:—Wall dials, pedestal dials, and portable dials. Without doubt it will never be surely solved as to which is the older of the first two, for who can ever know the resources of primitive man, the knowledge of the ancients, or the earliest discoveries of the wandering tribes of the East?

How little we really know of ancient China or Japan, where sundials abound. When the history of the horologe of the West still remains imperfect, who will determine that of the East? Let us solve the riddle of Avebury or Stonehenge with certainty before we can decide the age of any other likely form of horologe; let us move the sands of the desert of Egypt and dig down into every ruin of the past before we can hope to fix a date at which mortal man constructed a dial, mural or pedestal, to record the passing of the day. Although priority in the age of the first two groups of dials may remain an uncertainty, yet the third group of portable dials can be safely given a late date.

By portable dials I would not have my readers include the tent pole often used by wandering Arabs to cast a shadow, or the possible use of a stone of any size by early man, but the host of small pocket and ring dials made of metal, ivory, wood, or stone that are frequently found in our own land, on the Continent, and in the East.

There is no more engrossing study than the age of the sundial, and to those interested in gnomonics any fresh information or unrecorded history is of the greatest importance. It is, however, left to the excavator of buried cities and ancient ruins of the past to shed fresh light upon such a well-worn subject, and the humble historian but faithfully records and hands down to posterity the result of his discoveries.

The minutes of to-day are as the hours of yesterday, and the necessity of an accurate time-keeper is in this present century more keenly felt than ever it was in the past. A glance at the sky to determine the position of the sun in respect to well-known landmarks may have sufficed the races of primitive man, but as generation succeeded generation, and regular business occupations and more home life commenced, the observance of stated intervals of the day must have become a necessity; so that, if the old proverb be true, necessity became the mother of invention, and in due course gave birth to the sundial, which, as time went on, developed until it reached the perfect stage in which we find it to-day.

Perhaps some day excavations in the Holy Land will reveal fresh forms of horologe that will put into the shade the age of the present dials from ancient Greece, but until then we have little data other than vague allusions to them in the historical records of the past to go upon. It is very doubtful whether ancient Egypt with all its vast learning and resources will ever throw fresh light upon the subject of gnomonics. Situated so close to the Equator, both the horizontal and vertical dials would be of small service.

The angle of the gnomon being equal to the latitude of the place, the few degrees either side of the Equator would necessitate such a small elevation that a horizontal dial would be of little help. Again, a vertical dial would show the time for only a very short portion of the year, since the dial plate would have to be almost parallel with the rays of the sun. Still, doubtless, records may yet be found that will testify to its existence, if not in ancient Egypt, in lands that felt Egyptian influence and benefited by their learning and wisdom.

Theories are problematical and surmises are often without foundation, but I would indeed venture to think that it is more than possible that the sundial played some part in the rectification of the Babylonian calendar in 747 B.C., which took place about nineteen years before the accession of King Ahaz, in whose reign it was clearly alluded to.

The oldest known dials at present are those of Grecian origin, and for the most part are of the hemicyclean form invented by the

Chaldean Berosus, who lived about 340 B.C., and his particular shape and construction of dial was in use for centuries. Four of these sundials were discovered in Italy: one at Tivoli in 1746, another at Castel Nuovo in 1751, another at Rignano in 1751, and the fourth at Pompeii in 1762. It is thus evident that this form of sundial which was used by the Arabians (who gave great study to gnomonics) was popular also amongst the Romans. An interesting specimen of this form of horologe, which can now be seen in the British Museum, was found at the base of Cleopatra's Needle in 1852. This dial is concave, and is made from a stone 16½ inches high by 17 inches wide, the depth of the bowl being 10 inches; the hours marked are the twelve unequal hours by which the Greeks divided up their day.

This dial—by no means satisfactory—doubtless owed much of its popularity to its novel construction, and to the fact that it was more or less of a portable nature. But the knowledge that it was constructed 360 years after the known existence of the sundial (see Isaiah xxxviii. 8), leads us to surmise that other forms of dials were in use at the same time. It is a known fact that the ancients were familiar with declining dials, and the Tower of the Winds at Athens, which still exists, has on its walls, built in octagonal shape, no fewer than eight of this kind. And although the date of these dials is evidently of a later period than the actual building, they certainly belong to a very early time. However, the Greeks were, as we know, well versed in the art of dialling, and without doubt gave a lead in this study to other nations.

Herodotus, writing in 443 B.C., says that the Greeks acquired their knowledge of the sundial from the Babylonians; the Roman writers in turn give evidence of their acquisition of this instrument from the Greeks. Although the Romans were backward in the science of gnomonics and slow to adopt any particular form of horologe, they eventually constructed many a beautiful dial of varied design. The first sundial was erected in Rome in the year 290 B.C., this being taken from the Samnites by Papirius Cursor. Another was brought to Rome by Valerius Messala from Catania 261 B.C., but it was not until 164 B.C. that, as far as we know, a dial constructed at Rome was set up by order of Q. Marcius Philippus.

Cicero, writing in 48 B.C. to Tiro, mentions that he wished to place a sundial at his villa in Tusculum, and at a later date we see Romans erecting sundials in every possible corner of their villas and grounds.

The first known dial in Britain, with the exception of the one or two reputed Roman dials discovered in this country, are those of Saxon origin found on some of our ancient churches. As far as we know nearly all the earliest mural examples are semi-circular, and although the spaces into which the dial is divided vary considerably in number and size, they seem to point to the practice of the early Norsemen dividing time into tides. And since it is known that they apportioned the time into eight tides, and that the oldest horologes have the fewest spaces, it seems more than likely that many dials so marked owe their existence to these hardy invaders.

Bede (our earliest historian) records the fact that the hours were shorter or longer according to the seasons, and this testimony is borne out by existing dials generally found built into ancient buildings, on the sides of porches, and the jambs of windows. I myself discovered one, only two feet off the ground, built into the east side of an old Norman south porch, and the fact that the dial had been cut in order to fit the stone into its place—added to its position—showed very plainly that it had been taken out of an earlier building and used again. Without hazarding any date as to the earliest form of horologe in this country, I would but testify from my own experience that many dials of early workmanship actually exist unnoticed on many of our ancient buildings, principally churches. A close and careful examination of the walls of such would, I am sure, reveal many a time-worn horologe of the past. Generally they are found on faced stones built into porches, windows, and corners of buildings, and consist of circles and half-circles, divided by lines which radiate from a hole in the centre to the circumference. The number of lines differ considerably and the spaces are also of unequal size.

Evidence tends to prove that these dials are of Saxon and Norman times, and I venture to think from their divisions that in many cases, although found on Norman buildings, they tend to show that Saxon ideas continued to exist in many things in spite of Norman influence. It would take many generations at that period of the history of our country to supplant in remote districts a recognised form of dial, and although the Norman method of recording time was more accurate, doubtless it was but gradually adopted.

The Saxons used the simple dial so long in vogue amongst the hardy Northmen or Vikings, who, being a maritime race, founded their divisions of time on the ebb and flow of the tide. First, the four tides, two high tides and two low; then, further improving this, they subdivided these divisions again into halves and quarters, thus making the day and night equal to sixteen hours. In this country there exist many of their dials, and some are very noteworthy.

There is an ancient dial built upside down into the wall of the church in the village of Byland in the Hambleton Hills, which is thought to have been made by a Dane in the ninth century. It bears the inscription :—

"SVMARLETHAN HVSCARL—ME FECIT."
(Sumarlethi's House Carl made me.)

Over the south door of Weaverthorpe Church, Yorkshire, there is a similar dial, only it is divided into twelve parts, every alternate line being crossed. It has an inscription :—

> "In Honore see Andreae Apostoli Herebertus Wintonie Hoc Monasterium Fecit in Tempore Regn———"

The unfinished name is thought to be that of Reginald II., to whom in 942 King Edmund stood godfather. A remarkably fine dial of about 1064 exists over the south door of the ancient church at Kirkdale, and bears a long inscription, which, being translated, reads :—

> "Orm, Gamal's son, bought S. Gregory's Monastery when it was all utterly broken and fallen, and he let it to be made anew from the ground, to Christ and S. Gregory, in Edward's day, the King; and in Tosti's day, the Earl. This is the day's sun-marker, at every tide, and Hawarth me made and Brand Provost."

Another early dial exists over the church door at Bishopstone in Sussex. It bears the inscription "Eadric," and as a prince of the South Saxons of this name lived A.D. 685, it is thought that this is its likely date.

It was whilst gazing at an ancient dial which I had discovered that the following motto occurred to me :—

"The age of this dial, who can compute it;
So hazard no guess for man to refute it."

Still, in spite of my couplet, I made notes in my book as to the discovery of another Saxon horologe. Such is the nature of the keen archæologist that he feels obliged to put dates to every find of importance, although oft-times a more learned brother will dispel by argument and proof very quickly his most sure convictions.

While attributing the early semicircular dial to the Saxons, evidence strongly points to the fact that the many-rayed circular dials are of the mediæval period. It will ever be very hard to determine the date of many of these dials, as the age of a stone, cut and faced by the mason, is an unknown quantity. And there is hardly a stone building in this country that does not contain stone quarried from the demolished buildings of the past. This being so, many a dial may now occupy a very different position from that in which it was originally set.

As years moved on ye horologe was improved and immediately became more popular. The time on the face of the dial was more divided, and from being quite plain in appearance it gradually took a more ornate shape.

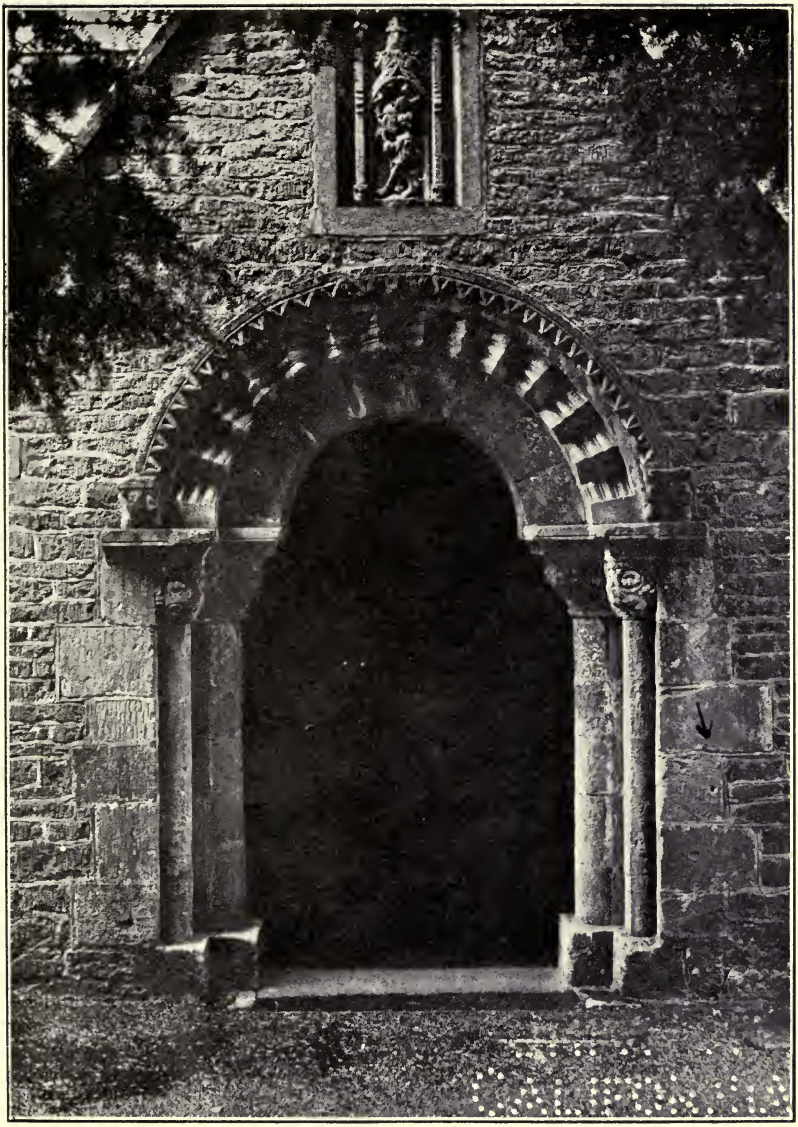
Sundials continued to be erected long after clocks came into use, and in our land during the 17th century many very fine specimens were erected. Doubtless royal patronage and interest had much to do with their popularity, for we know that Charles I. took a keen interest in the art of dialling, and himself caused a sundial to be set up in the Privy Garden behind Whitehall, at Westminster. The beautiful dial at Holyrood Castle, Scotland, is said to have been a gift to his Queen, Henrietta Maria. When kings and princes set the fashion their subjects soon follow suit, and thus we find that some of the most beautiful dials are of this period.

Until watches began to be made in numbers the sundial ruled supreme; clocks did not in any way diminish their popularity, and if the truth were known doubtless only helped to cause a greater number to be erected, since not only could they be relied upon to keep accurate time, but also to serve for the setting of a clock when it had stopped. To-day we introduce the sundial into our gardens more for an ornament than from any wish to add to it a timekeeper, and it is the love of the antique that causes old dials to change ownership and to be set up on new sites, irrespective of the fact that they may have been constructed and set for a different locality.

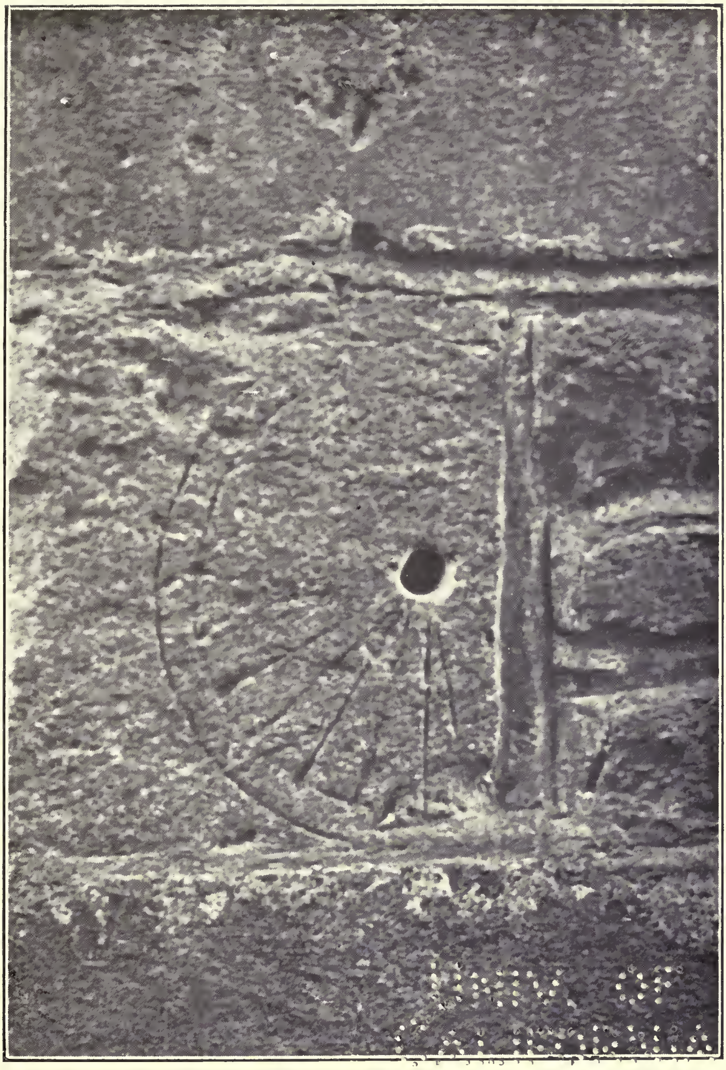
It is curious to note that although sundials have ever been in use, since their discovery there seems to have existed from time to time what I would like to call waves of popularity in the history of " ye horologe." Such are clearly marked by the many existing dials which appertain to certain periods. If we could only get a census of dates, it would be a matter of great interest to trace the state of the country at the time of varying output, and to note the years of war and peace, of prosperity and depression. I think it would be found that even as " ye horologe " marks only *our* sunny hours, so also the sunny hours of a nation's life has bade the sundial live.

The marked interest that has been taken in the sundial during recent years shows it has still a great future before it. If, then, age can add to its value, and yet in nowise impair its reliability, who will be without such a garden ornament that gives also a gentle touch to what is already a beautiful possession? Calling upon the thoughtful as it does by many an apt line or verse to consider the brevity of time, it warns and exhorts with far greater emphasis than the voice of man. Though only of iron and stone, the work of men's hands, it seems almost to gain our sympathy, for given to one who has experienced the ravages of time, it demonstrates the value of quiet endurance and resignation under trouble.

T. G. W. H.



Photograph No. 1 of Saxon Sundial built into the South Porch of a Norman Church, Stanton S. Quintin, Chippenham, Wilts.



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Photograph No. 2 of the Saxon Sundial discovered by the Author at Stanton S. Quintin, Chippenham, Wilts.

Famous Men and the Sundial,
with
Notes on Mottoes.

CHAPTER II.

The study of "ye horologe" is a most pleasing occupation and a most engrossing science. So much so that when it has come before the special notice of the great men of bygone ages, it has always effected some lasting record of their interest, and oft-times improvement, in the construction of what was a most necessary acquisition for every establishment.

Shakespeare, in his Richard II. (act v. scene 5), makes King Richard, who was incarcerated in a dungeon in Pomfret Castle, give utterance to the following words:—

> " I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
> Or now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
> My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
> Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,
> Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
> Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears."

In Henry VI. Shakespeare again takes notice of the sundial:—

> " Methinks it were a happy life
> To carve out dials quaintly point by point."

He also alludes to them in some of his other plays. Mentioned by many famous men in various ways they are dealt with directly by not a few.

So important did the study of gnomonics become that it was at one time considered to be a most necessary part of a student's education. Sir Christopher Wren was well versed in the art of dialling in his boyhood, and as a boy Sir Isaac Newton made a sundial which he painted upon the ceiling of his room; he also carved two dials upon the south end of the Manor House at Woolsthorpe, in the parish of Colterworth, where he was born. So numerous are the instances of famous men making or ordering sundials to be made, that it would be impossible to mention even a representative number of names.

A beautiful sundial was erected at Abbotsford by Sir Walter Scott, and all over the country are found dials of various ages and designs, built by the orders of great and learned men, to be a guide and also a memorial through years to come. It was Charles Dickens who, in June, 1859, wrote to his daughter and signified his pleasure at receiving from the contractor for the works, the gift of a balustrade out of the old Rochester bridge; he stated that without delay he had had a dial constructed to suit the pedestal, and thus had added to his garden a fresh item of interest.

All forms of dials have received consideration—perpendicular, horizontal, pocket and ring dials; even moon dials have not been neglected.

Thomas Fale, in his book on "The Art of Dialling," published in 1593, gives a chapter to "the making of a dial, to know the houre by the moon;"—while it is certain that portable cylinder dials were in common use in England as early as the middle of the fifteenth century.

Lydgate, who wrote, about the year 1430, the "storie of Thebes, an additional Canterbury tale," which was printed with Chaucer's works in 1651, writes as if a dial were commonly carried by travellers. He says:—

> "Passed ye thrope of Boughton on the Blee;
> By my kalendar I gan anon to see
> Through the sonne that full clear gan shine,
> Of the clock that it drew to nine."

And Warton gives us a note on the word "kalendar."

"Chilindre, a cylinder, a kind of pocket sundial." Many pocket dials of great beauty, dating from the middle of the 17th century, are in existence, and, although rare; ivory, silver, brass, and bone dials of the Stuart period can still be secured from dealers for reasonable sums. But, like most rarities, they will doubtless soon be bought up and find their way into museums or the collections of the rich.

How early a date may be fixed for the pocket dial in England cannot be determined. Nicholas Kratzer, styled the Deviser of Horologies to King Henry VIII. of England, certainly left us pocket dials of his age, for in Cardinal Wolsey's dial made by him we have a fair specimen of his art. Sixteenth-century pocket dials were made in France, Germany, and Italy, and although they were of different shapes and sizes, the general construction of "ye horologe" was the same. In the British Museum, which is nowhere equalled as a public collection, can be seen a great number of portable dials.

Large private collections also exist in this country and on the continent, containing many rare and extremely valuable specimens. It seems only natural that pocket dials should be popular, and when all things are considered, it is a matter of considerable surprise that more do not exist. To-day, even a schoolboy has his watch, and there is hardly a man who fails to feel his loss when without this indispensable article, but it must be remembered that we are far more exacting as regards time than we used to be, and the closer observance of minutes and seconds demands a portable timekeeper that is not dependent upon the sun, which is so often hidden from our view. It has been recorded that George Washington was in the habit of carrying a pocket dial in the place of a watch; nor does he stand alone in respect to this preference for a pocket horologe, as many great men have delighted to indulge in this particular fancy.

An ancient custom, which is still in vogue at a few of our parish churches, is the ringing of a bell in the morning, at noon, and at curfew to proclaim the time of day. This has now nearly died out, and the curfew bell is in most places all that is left of a time-honoured method of telling the divisions of the day.

What? we might naturally ask, set the hour and fixed the time? Without doubt the ancient sundial, invariably found on all old churches, or which might have been carried by the clergyman or clerk in pocket form. We can imagine how unpunctual people must have been on days that were dull, and how very differently business matters must have been conducted in years that are gone from what they are in our own age.

Whatever part the sundial has to play in the future history of individuals and nations, it must never be forgotten that as a faithful recorder of the passing hour—under certain conditions—it remains for ever the most accurate timekeeper that has been discovered by mortal man.

Great minds have loved to dwell upon its study, and noble men have handed down to generations that were to come specimens of the craftsman's art and the scientist's discoveries. In our own land exist many historical dials fashioned to satisfy the fancies of individuals, and also for the benefit of the public. It is a most noticeable fact that the majority of sundials attributable to great men have nearly always a motto or verse inscribed upon them.

From the earliest ages, when " ye horologe " was a popular means of recording the time of day, " a sundial motto " was considered to be a necessary part of a well-ordered horologe. Most of the more elaborately constructed dials possess a motto or inscription of some kind or other, and not a few have a verse or verses of the most searching and awe-inspiring nature. Generally speaking, however, the vast majority of sundial mottoes and verses, are of an inferior standard, and quite unworthy of the supreme beauty and great wisdom inculcated by this silent monitor.

For the most part the tendency of the varying ages has been to keep to the Latin tongue, in which, with scholarly dictum, the average artificer has in very deed expressed, " Multum in Parvo," what a humble mind, unversed in that language, " not easily understanded by ye people," would rather have read at greater length in his own mother tongue. Latin mottoes abound everywhere; generally some pretty conceit of the unscholarly, but often, too, the genuine relics of an ecclesiastical influence in matters of education. A careful review of the large number of mottoes and verses that are known, would, as one might very naturally expect, show that the great majority were of a religious kind. But the paucity of ideas they display is painfully evident; being as a rule of a lugubrious nature they are hardly ever far removed from the most self-evident facts; and such awe-inspiring words as " Prepare to die," " Consider your latter end," " Beware of the last hour," " I shall return but never thou," do not convey aught of the sunny, sympathetic, instructive and lovable characteristics that the sundial has to give. Here and there the thoughts of great minds, aptly expressed to suit the dial's power, stand out as red-letter days in a church's calendar and proclaim by their individuality an exceptional character. But such verses are very rare, and where they exist they will generally be found on dials that have been erected by the order of the writer of the verse to mark some special occasion.

Verses on sundials are comparatively scarce compared with short mottoes; and this is surprisingly strange, considering what I would like to term the poetry of " ye horologe," for there is hardly anything on this earth that is better calculated to call forth from man the very finest expressions relative to our brief life, than the sundial. This important point in the history of the sundial is hard to account for, unless it be that the majority of dials were made for chance owners, turned out, in fact, like the clocks of the present day, only in a lesser degree, and being actually finished when their destination was known. In this case there would often be hardly room for a lengthy verse or verses. Possibly, too, in an economic age, the extra cost was a bar to such; anyway, the fact remains that verses are seldom found. But, be it verse or motto, one thing is most noticeable—namely, that nearly every one gives force by potent words to some weighty, though time-worn idea, and they teach frail mortal man to moralise and dwell on a subject that he too readily thrusts from him—the brevity of life.

I should weary the reader if I were to attempt to record at all fully a fair variety of the mottoes that exist. Indeed, to do justice to such a subject, it would be necessary to give a very full list collected from the different lands that have in various ways influenced our own in matters of learning. This not being possible, I will but quote a few of those mottoes and verses that have appealed to me as the best of their class, and, with some short comment, pass on to other items of interest.

What more appropriate or suitable motto could be chosen, than the three words, "Lead kindly light," taken from Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn. They are full of power and trustfulness, and, if placed on a dial in the view of many, would be answerable for innumerable good deeds and noble resolutions. Again, note the motto—*Cosi la vita,* "Such is Life," on a dial at Albizzola. This is of far greater force than "Prepare to die." We do not intend to die if we can help it, we intend to live! and so we put the motto "Prepare to die" from our mind as crude and unfeeling. But not so the former; it appeals to us, and the imperceptible moving shadow on the dial's face that soon will be gone gives with the motto a gentle lesson that is considered by all.

There are longer mottoes of this class that give useful lessons, and are of a kind well calculated to do good, such as *Sic transit gloria mundi,* "Thus passeth the glory of the world;" and *Hora est Orandi,* "It is the hour for prayer;" and that fine selection from Scripture for a dial, "I also am under authority." Such verses are good at all times and in all places, and are very far removed from those that seem to contain only the darkest of outlooks and naught of the sunny prospects of life. There is another style or class of motto or verse that has a witty vein, and which is by no means uncommon. The following are amusing:—

"What is the time? come, why do you ask?
Is it to start, or to end your task?"

" Wait a moment never say
When hours you mean, or chance the day."

" I live in the present, a past I recall,
But my future depends on the strength of this wall."

" Since I never lose
A fresh excuse go choose."

" Time was made for slaves, men say;
Yet free-men ask the time of day."

A verse, written by Andrew Marvell in the reign of Charles II., called forth by a drunken nobleman of the Court defacing the beautiful sundial erected by Stone in the Privy Garden at Whitehall, in 1662, is of interest :—

" For a dial the place is too unsecure,
Since the Privy Garden could not it defend;
And so near to the Court they will never endure
Any monument how they their time may misspend."

There is a quaint and humorous legend given in " Notes and Queries " (2nd S, v. ix., p. 279), concerning the motto " Begone about your business," placed over a dial at the east end of the Inner Temple terrace, that makes very good reading. " When the dial was put up, the artist inquired whether he should (as was customary) paint a motto under it. The Benchers assented, and appointed him to call at the library on a certain day and hour, at which time they would have agreed upon a motto. It appears, however, that they had totally forgotten this; and when the artist or his messenger called at the library at the time appointed, he found no one but a cross-looking old gentleman poring over some musty book. 'Please, sir, I am come for the motto for the sundial.' 'What do you want?' was the pettish answer; 'why do you disturb me?' 'Please, sir, the gentleman told me I was to call at this hour for a motto for the sundial.' 'Begone about your business,' was the testy reply. The man, either by design or mistake, chose to take this as an answer to his inquiry, and accordingly painted in large letters under the dial, 'Begone about your business.' The Benchers when they saw it, decided that it was very appropriate, and that they would let it stand — chance having done their work for them as well as they could have done it for themselves."

Besides mottoes and verses that are of a serious or humorous nature, there exists many that express in well-chosen words happy ideas of the present or the past, such as the following :—

"Let not thoughts of time depress
A heart that owes but thankfulness."

"Some men delight to weigh the showers,
But few attempt to weigh the hours"

"Like the flowers, ever try
To catch the sun e'er it go by."

"Believe me, mortals, when I say,
The past is what we make to-day."

It is, however, a very difficult matter to trace the age of mottoes, and the dial by no means is necessarily of the same date.

Even from the 16th century onwards we find suitable mottoes engraved on sundial plates, which called upon the visitor to moralise or dwell upon the passing beauties of creation. These verses give us an insight into the home life and secret feelings of many a great mind otherwise silent on matters concerning the more human side of life. Herein lies the great charm of the sundial; it stands ofttimes at the cross paths of a garden demanding a passing look, and it bids us stop and think of those things which we are apt to forget.

Surrounded by all that most appeals to the human mind—transitory gems of the garden—the sundial exercises a subtle charm and exerts a soft and more kindly influence which is felt in after life. So much could be said on the so-called poetry of the sundial that I hasten to control my pen and deal with a more important item concerning its value.

As an ornament it is the greatest acquisition that any garden can possess. As a time-keeper, if constructed for the locality and carefully set, it is beyond compare; and like the flowers themselves it will to the end of time remain one of the finest monitors that reasoning man can follow. It is therefore a matter of great surprise that many sundials should have for so long a period fallen into disuse and decay. But we live in an age of bustle and excitement, and it is seldom that any day gives an hour of rest and mental relaxation from the worries that kill. But when that hour does come, and we find ourselves at peace in our gardens, far from the maddening crowd, studying the beauties of nature, our gaze is certain to be centred sooner or later upon the sundial, our best companion in that quiet hour; and the few moments we spend in silent contemplation before it, will strengthen us for the bustle and trials of an exacting life.

T. G. W. H.

The Setting of the Sundial.

CHAPTER III.

The sundial is an interesting device for indicating the solar time of the place, or places other than where fixed. Its construction is founded upon the astronomical theory of the sun's apparent motion; and from these its rules and operations have been deduced by the aid of geometry and trigonometry.

The sundial, at the present time, is made in many forms, the one usually met with being the horizontal form seen on a pedestal in many gardens. The next is the vertical dial to be seen on many old churches and houses. There are also a number of others, such as the hemispherical, cruciform, cylindrical, polygonal, armillary sphere—commonly known as the "globe"—reclining, inclining, and a great variety of pocket dials.

THE HORIZONTAL GARDEN DIAL consists usually of a circular metal plate, divided into five-minute spaces, the hours, compass points, ornamental star, border and motto nicely engraved by hand, and a metal gnomon for casting the shadow to indicate the time of day. The larger dials, from 15 ins. in diameter, are divided to single minutes, but this is not always advisable, especially in low latitudes, as the minute divisions come too close together between the hours of 10 o'clock and 12 o'clock, and from 12 o'clock until 2 o'clock, so that the lines appear almost as one. When making a sundial of this description it is necessary for the maker to know the latitude, or name of the place where the dial is going to be fixed.

THE VERTICAL SUNDIAL, which in construction is similar to a horizontal dial, is for placing in an upright position, such as on the wall of a church or house, or one of the side faces of a tall upright pillar. It should be made for, and fixed on, a wall having a southerly aspect, so as to receive as much sun as possible.

Before constructing a vertical dial it is necessary for the maker to know the declination or true aspect of the wall, expressed in degrees, in addition to the latitude of the place. These figures must be absolutely correct, for the whole accuracy of the dial depends upon the figures given. The makers prefer to ascertain the declination themselves, for they alone then hold themselves responsible for the dial to indicate correct *solar* time.

There are many ways of measuring the length of a day in use in this country (the British Isles), but not one of them is perfect as a system for universal daily use. The three chief kinds of time used in this country are Greenwich mean time, Solar, or apparent time, and Sidereal, or star time; this latter is the only exact time and is used by astronomers alone. The time varies by several minutes between each of the methods mentioned.

The difference between sundial time and clock time is due partly to the irregular motion of the earth travelling in its path round the sun. Sometimes it travels faster and sometimes slower. It is also due partly to the fact that the time shown by our clocks and watches, called *Greenwich mean time,* is purely artificial and imaginary, not agreeing with any natural time at all, nevertheless for commercial purposes, it answers very well.

The sun crosses the meridian at Greenwich at 12 by the clock upon only four days in the year; on all other days it is either before or after the clock, the difference varying from a few seconds up to as much as a little over 16 minutes.

On looking at the map of England it will be seen that from the extreme east coast (Lowestoft) to the extreme west coast (Land's End) the country extends from Greenwich 1° 45′ on the East 5° 40′ 25″ on the West. Now, as the sun appears to travel from an easterly to a westerly direction each day, and takes four minutes to travel over one degree of longitude, it can be seen that it will take about 30 minutes to travel across the whole country, and the time of all places east of Greenwich is fast, whilst at others west the time is slow. For example, supposing a sundial in position at each of the following places, Lowestoft, Greenwich, and Land's End, and it was noon at Lowestoft by the sundial, the time indicated at the moment by each dial would be as follows: Lowestoft, 12 o'clock; Greenwich, 7 minutes to 12; Land's End, about 22¾ minutes to 12. But our watches would have given the time as 12 o'clock at all places at the same moment, so we see that something is required in the way of a table calculated for every day of the year, giving the variations daily between the sundial and the watch.

The following table, called an "Equation Table," gives the difference in minutes, and you will notice that the sundial and clock both agree on four occasions during the year: 15th April, 14th June, 1st September, 25th December.

EQUATION TABLE.

FAST MEANS THAT THE WATCH SHOULD BE FASTER THAN THE DIAL.

SLOW, SLOWER.

JAN.		FEB.		MARCH.		APRIL.		MAY.		JUNE.	
Days.	Mins.	Days.	Mins.	Days.	Mins.	Days.	Mins.	Days.	Mins.	Days.	Mins.
2 Fast	4	3 Fast	14	4 Fast	12	1 Fast	4	2 Slow	3	4 Slow	2
4	5	20	14	8	11	5	3	15	4	10	1
7	6	27	13	12	10	8	2	28	3	14	0
9	7			16	9	12	1			20 Fast	1
11	8			19	8	15	0			24	2
14	9			23	7	20 Slow	1			29	3
17	10			26	6	25	2				
20	11			29	5						
24	12										
28	13										

JULY.		AUG.		SEPT.		OCT.		NOV.		DEC.	
Days.	Mins.	Days.	Mins.	Days.	Mins	Days.	Mins.	Days.	Mins.	Days.	Mins.
4 Fast	4	4 Fast	6	1	0	1 Slow	10	11 Slow	16	1 Slow	11
10	5	12	5	5 Slow	1	4	11	17	15	4	10
19	6	17	4	8	2	7	12	22	14	6	9
		22	3	11	3	11	13	25	13	6	8
		26	2	13	4	15	14	29	12	11	7
		29	1	16	5	20	15			13	6
				19	6	27	16			15	5
				22	7					17	4
				25	8					19	3
				28	9					21	2
										23	1
										25	0
										27 Fast	1
										29	2
										31	3

The sundial, as already mentioned, shows *solar* time, but by adding or deducting the differences, as shown above, *local mean time* is found, and by again adding or deducting the difference of longitude, *Greenwich mean time* is the result. For instance, a sundial at Wrexham (3° West longitude) on the 11th March indicates 11 o'clock, and we want to find Greenwich mean time. We proceed as follows:—

	H.	M.
Wrexham Sundial	11	0
Difference of Equation, *add*	0	10
Local Mean Time	11	10
Difference of Longitude, *add*	0	12
Greenwich Mean Time	11	22

We see by the above, that the watch should be 22 minutes faster than the dial.

A well-made sundial should have engraved upon it an equation table and the longitude of the place where it is fixed, and the consequent allowance of time to be added or substracted to find *Greenwich mean time.*

SUNDIALS SHOULD BE FIXED on a bright, sunny day, a horizontal dial being fixed as follows:—First see that the stone pedestal on which the dial is to be fixed is perfectly rigid, also flat and level on top. Remove with a pair of pinchers or plyers the three button-headed studs that are usually fitted on the back of the dial, then place the dial approximately in position by moving it about until the shadows show the time within a few minutes, and with a pencil, mark the positions of the studs on the stone through the holes in the plate. Remove the dial and replace the studs in the dial; cut the three holes about twice as large as the heads, so that the dial has plenty of play to the right and left to facilitate final adjustment. Mix with water a little Portland cement, which is known as "grouting," damp the holes in the stone and pour the grouting in and place the dial in its place, turning it until it shows correct *solar time* of the place, taking care that the plate is level, and then allow the cement to set. The dial is now fixed, and requires no further refixing at any time.

To ascertain correct *solar time* for fixing purposes proceed as in the example given here, and for the purpose we will take Andover (1½° West) as the place where the dial is about to be fixed on 1st October.

	H.	M.
Greenwich Mean Time	10	30
Difference of Longitude, *deduct* ...	0	6
Local Mean Time	10	24
Difference of Equation, *add*	0	10
Andover Solar Time	10	34

So we see that on 1st October the dial must be fixed 4 minutes faster than the watch.

The gnomon of a horizontal sundial is always fixed on the XII. o'clock line, which represents the *true* north and south meridian, and its edge is elevated above the plane to an angle equal to the latitude of the place. In the northern hemisphere XII. o'clock and the elevated end of the gnomon are always placed towards the north, but in the southern hemisphere the elevated end and XII. o'clock are placed facing the south.

In northern latitudes the sun is always *due south* at XII. o'clock by the sundial throughout the year, and in southern latitudes it is always *due north* at XII. In both hemispheres the sun is always due east at VI. a.m. and due west at VI. p.m.

Sundials can be fixed in dull weather, but a magnetic compass will then have to be employed; and although the fixing is simpler than when the sun is used the result is not so accurate.

The directions are as given here :—

Remove the studs and place the dial on the pedestal; take the compass, which should have a square box with needle, and lay it on the dial plate with the east or west side of the box close against the gnomon, and allow the needle to settle. Then, knowing the "magnetic variation" of the spot—for example, we will take London, which is 16° west of the *true north*—turn the sundial until the north end of the needle coincides with the 16° division west of the N. of compass dial. Take a pencil and mark the holes for studs; cut the holes and fill with grouting; place the dial on the pedestal and finally adjust with the compass before the cement sets.

Sundials can be fixed by the compass, and by the sun, providing the sun is shining on the dial, at any time during the day. To read the time shown by a horizontal sundial, stand facing the sun, and for the morning hours take the right hand edge of the shadow, and for the afternoon hours take the left hand edge.

Sundials of good make have the hour-lines and other divisions radiating from two centres, which are at a distance apart equal to the thickness of the gnomon, consequently there appears to be two hour lines at XII. o'clock, but really it is one, as the shadow at noon fills the space between the two lines.

A sundial cannot be said to be complete without a motto of some description, and by inscribing one on the dial or pedestal it gives a fitting voice to the dignified dial.

F. B. & Sn.

MY DESIRE.

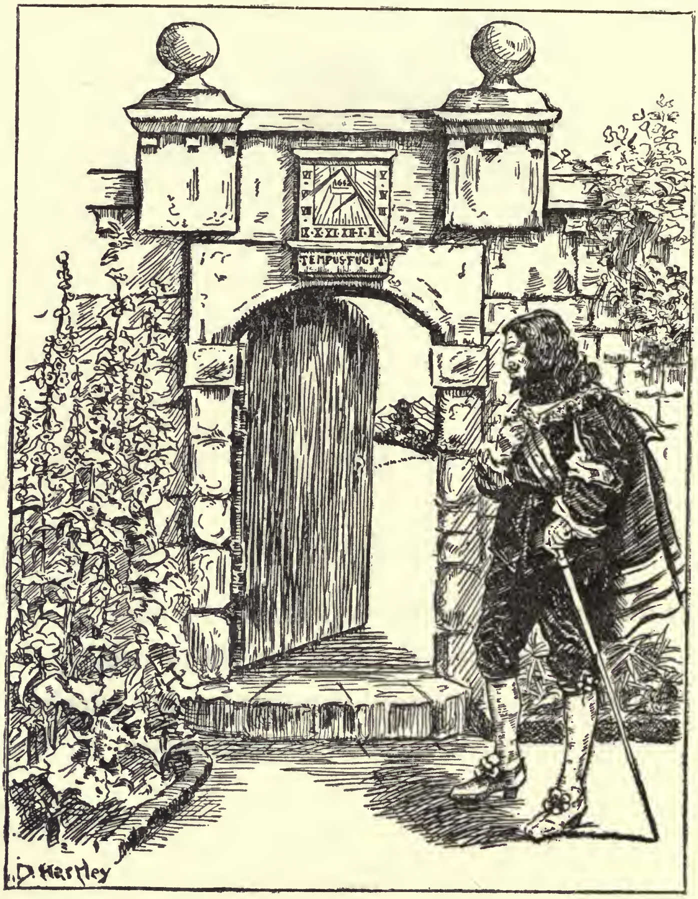
I.

O that the gentle Muse would stir my brain,
  And give expressive words for me to pen.
Would put in verse great thoughts born to remain,
  A wondrous poem prized by Englishmen.

II.

O that before I leave this frail abode,
  And talents granted me have passed to clay,
Would that I, too, could claim that I'd bestowed,
  Like poets great, a work that lives for aye.

T. G. W. H.



REMEMBER.

In your sunny hours remember
  Summer days soon come and go;
And a mournful, sad November
  All too soon this truth will show.

In your darkest hours remember,
  Every cloud is silver lined,
And though life's oft like December,
  Still there lurks the Spring behind.

THE SUNDIAL.

When the shadow is on the sundial
  Above the dear old garden door,
And summer days once more now smile,
  As they so often have before.

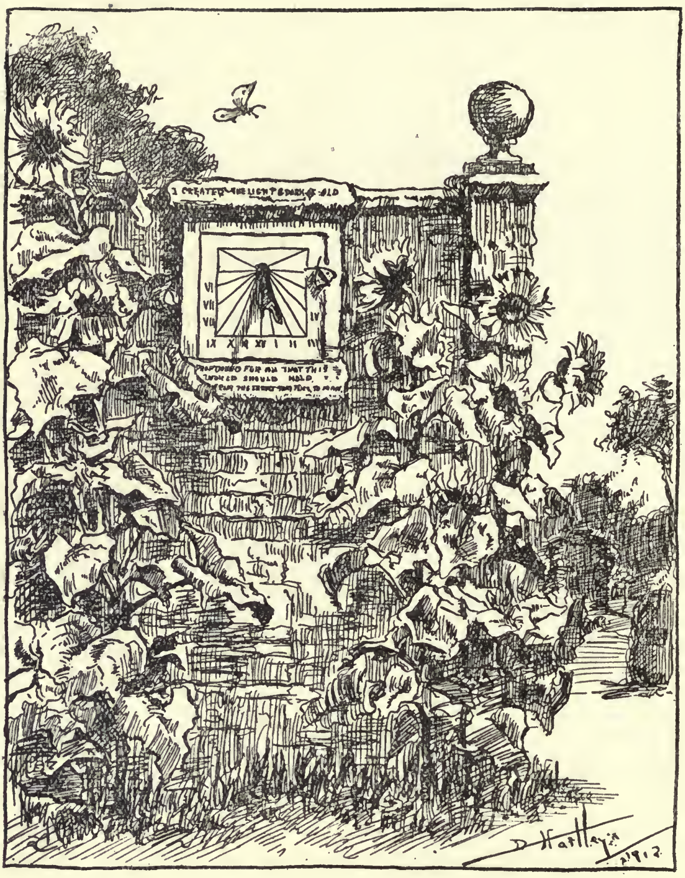
When morning light transforms to noon,
  And noon to the closing day,
And brightest hours have passed so soon
  That we all would have wished to stay.

When life has reached its eventide,
  And each ray is from the west,
And sunbeams to the dial confide
  That the hour they've marked calls rest;

Then I wander midst the flowers
  Until the gloaming ends the day,
And the dew has soaked, like showers
  Which descend in glorious May.

I pause before the door awhile,
  Watch the glimmering light depart,
Note that darkness hides the sundial,
  Although great peace has filled my heart.

T. G. W. H.


VI
VII
VIII
IX
X
XI
XII
I
II
III
IV
D. Hartley 1912

CHANGE.

Learn a lesson from this dial,
Dwell not on the past;
Greet the present with a smile,
For future cannot last.

To-morrow soon becomes to-day,
The present falls behind,
And as each moment glides away
My maxim comes to mind.

THE DIAL'S MOTTO.

I.

A butterfly to a dial exclaimed,
  " How short is the period of sun !
And how few are the cheering hours of light
  Before brightness of day is done !

II.

" Oh ! if only the sun would always shine,
  And its greatest power maintain,
No reason to grumble then could be mine,
    And no wish to ever complain."

III.

A moth by chance overheard the remark,
  And answered, " I'd have you to know
I hate the day and I long for the dark,
  And *I* wish that all hours were so.

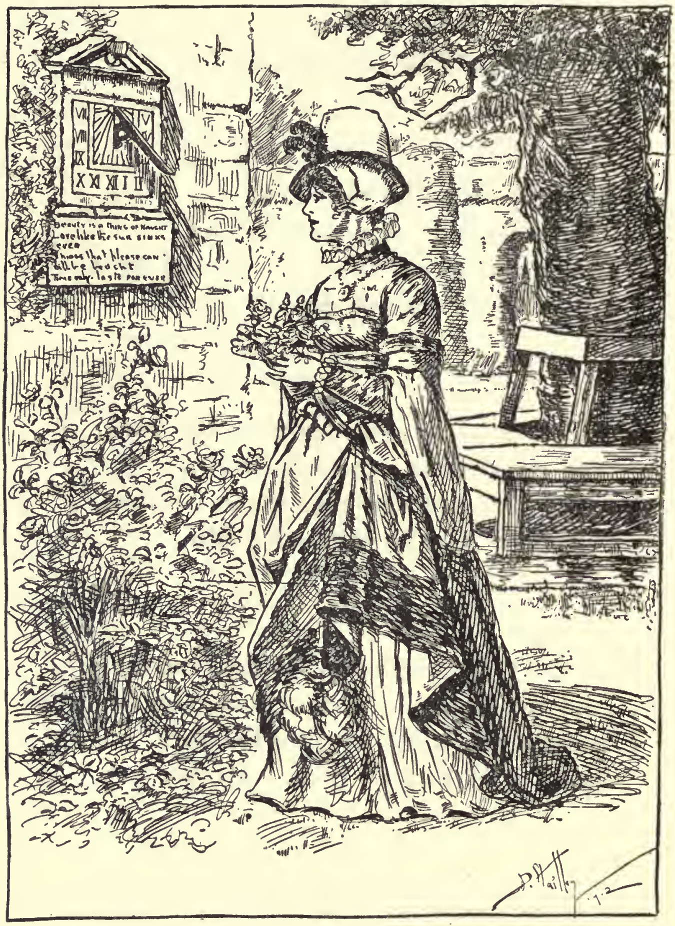
IV.

" I delight in the cooling breath of night,
  And I long for the close of day ;
I wish I could shorten the hours of light,
  And then hasten each sunset ray."

V.

They both gazed in turn at the sundial bold,
  And each read in motto God's plan :
" I created the light and dark of old,
Proportioned for all that this world should hold
  From the insect that flies to man."

T. G. W. H.


X XI XII I II
Beauty is a thing of naught
Love like the sun sinks ever
Things that please can't be bought
Time only lasts for ever

ETERNITY.

We mention time, then heave a sigh,
There's not enough, we all, all cry;
Too soon, too soon 's eternity.

Ah, fellow mortals, let me say,
'Tis you who have made time's little day.
We are all, all in eternity.

THE MAID AND THE SUNDIAL.

I.

A maiden glanced at a sundial old,
For to learn both the time of the day
And to read its motto written bold,
Made so clear by each sun-lightened ray.

II.

Beauty, it said, is a thing of naught,
And true love, like the sun, sinks ever;
For the joys that please can all be bought,
Time only shall last on for ever.

III.

The maiden laughed as she read this rhyme,
And exclaimed, "But man could compose it
Who had loved and lost, upon a time,
And so now on a stone he shows it.

IV.

"Beauty," she said, "is a thing to hold,
Both women and men they adore it.
Love is eternal, far above gold,
Mark well how the world doth implore it.

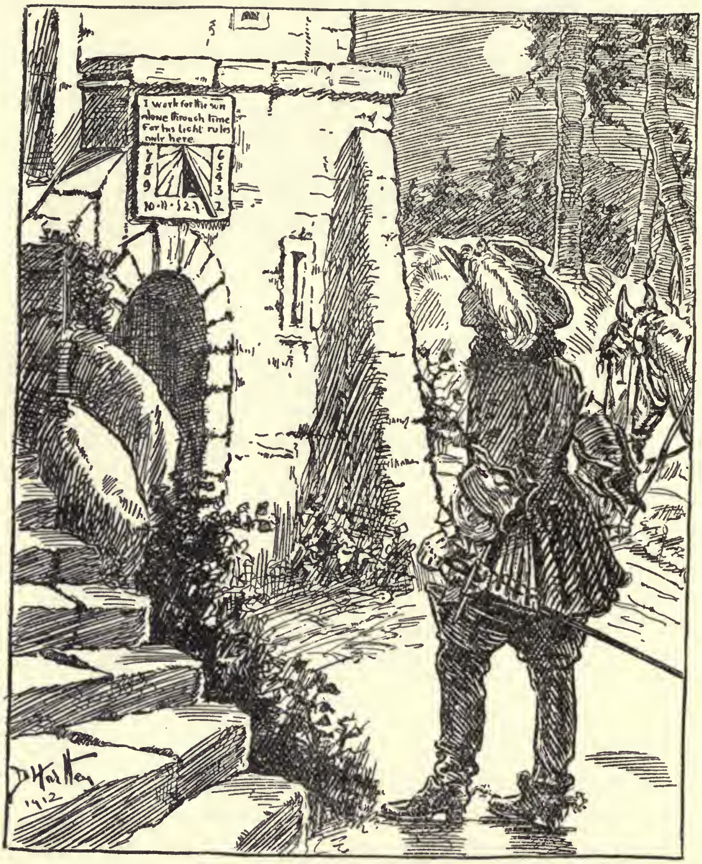
V.

"Money that buys some beautiful thing,
And which gives what is called love a place,
Ends with the bell, the gift of a ring,
Will not change the rich purchaser's face.

VI.

"Love, like the sun, may sink down to rest,
But daily the heavens renew it;
So learn of all gifts love is the best—
Go win, and not buy, lest you rue it."

T. G. W. H.


I work for the sun
alone through time
For his light rules
only here.
7 8 9
10 11 12 1
2 3 4 5 6
Hartley
1912

UTILITY.

He who fashioned me for ornament and use,
To please the eye and to impart the time,
Foreshadowed, too, a possible disuse,
And fearing this inscribed on me a rhyme.

Though forgotten for a season,
Since I mark but hours of sun;
Still, I've value for this reason—
I lend grace for years to come.

THE MOON AND THE DIAL.

I.

The moon peeped out on a cloudy night,
  And shone on an old stone wall;
It lit up the face of the dial bright
  That stood to the view of all.

II.

A traveller blessed its silvery beams
  That guided him on his way,
And called with laughter, Faith, it seems
  You're worth all the light of day!

III.

His eye detected the sundial's rhyme,
  And he read the writing clear:
I work for the sun alone through time,
  For his light rules only here.

IV.

Continue your work, the traveller said;
  But, still, I would have you know
That working for moon when sun has fled
  A greater power would show.

V.

He who made your dial and penned yon verse
  Could never to sea have been,
Or felt the force of a sailor's curse
  When no star or moon were seen.

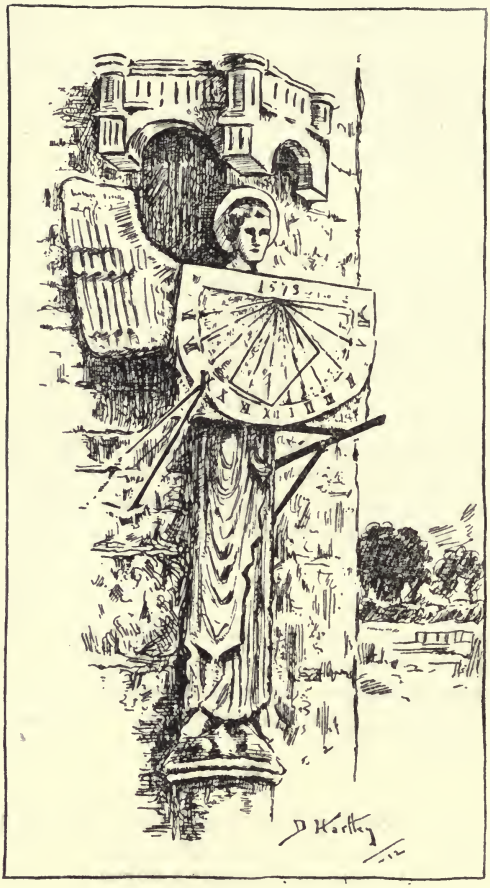
VI.

He could not have heard the blessings given
  On a sky as bright as day,
Or known beside sun's light in heaven
  The value of moonshine ray.

VII.

Doubtless he was not able to plan
  A dial to do for two;
But surely the most untutored man
  A better verse could do.

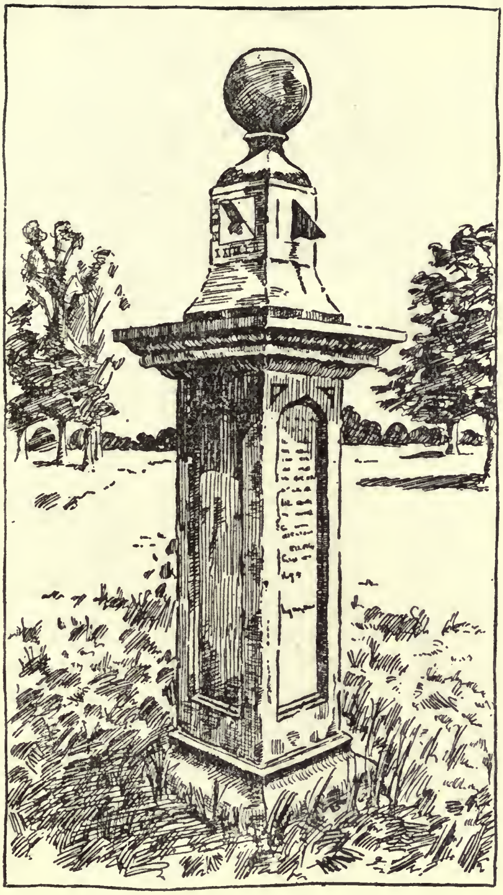
T. G. W. H.



SUNDIAL ON CHARTRES CATHEDRAL,
FRANCE.

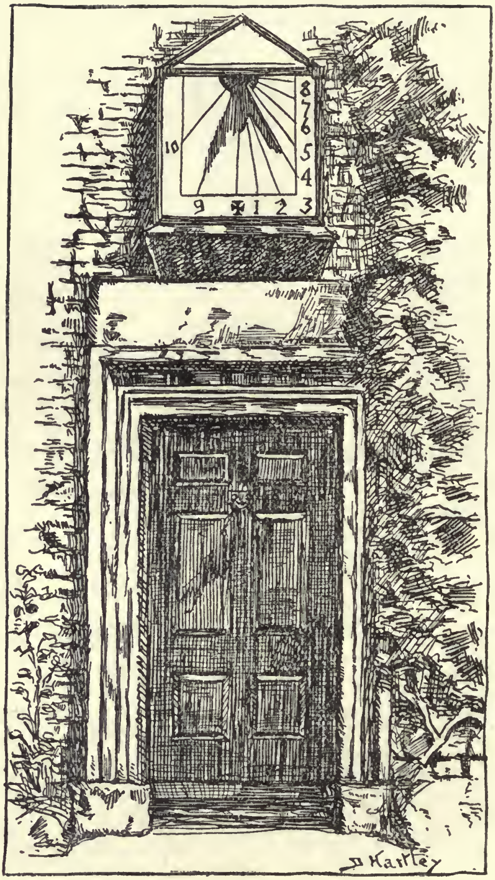
Date 1573.

Lord of light and dark we pray,
Guide us to the end of day,
And when hours of light are run,
Guard us till the hours of sun.



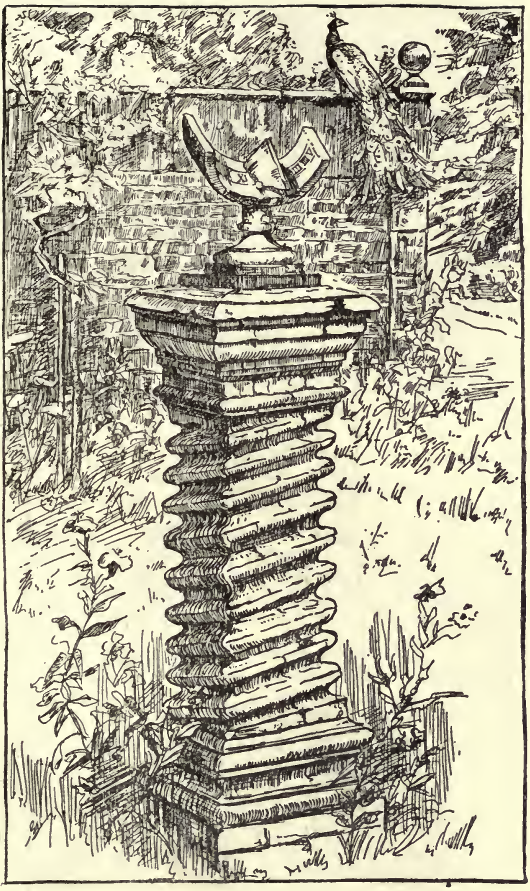
SUNDIAL ON KELWAYS' BRIDGE,
CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.

I have a lesson for all who have eyes,
And a motto for all who will learn.
Then hasten in time to be wise,
And the value of hours discern.


8
7
6
5
4
10
9 1 2 3
D Hartley

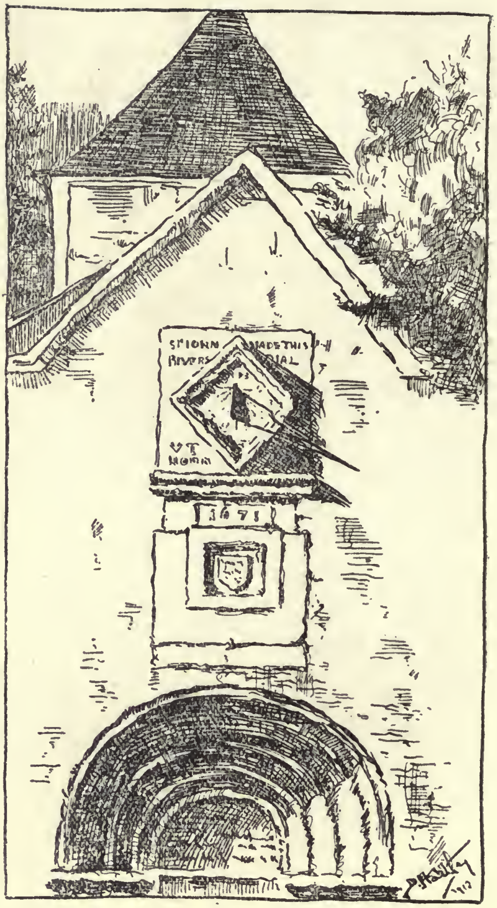
SUNDIAL ON OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
HAWKSHEAD.

Go, love thy Maker as thou ought,
  The brotherhood as well;
Then honour England's King as taught,
Nor let thy native land be bought,
  While hours I have to tell.



SUNDIAL AT DENTON, Nr. CANTERBURY.

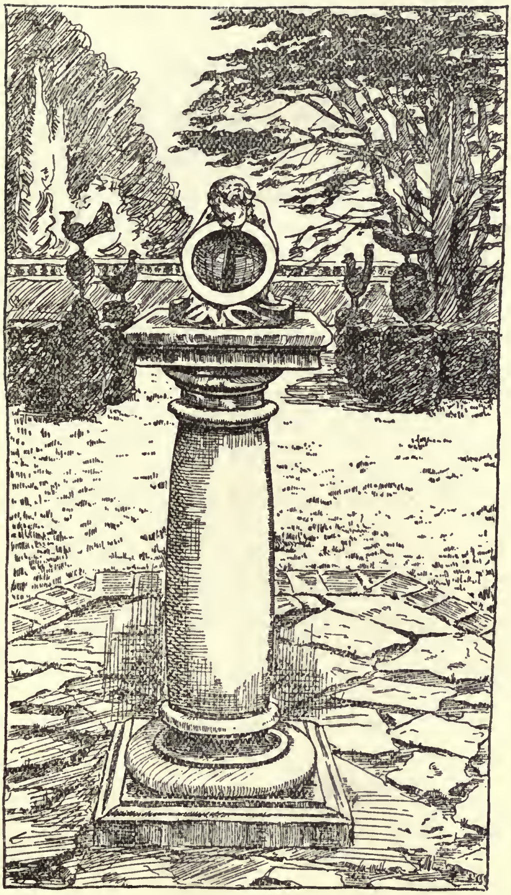
If some hardship you do mourn,
  Remember hours soon flee.
Thus every living creature born,
Though by some distraction torn,
  Must take things as they be.


SR IOHN MADE THIS
RIVERS DIAL
VT HORA
1671

SUNDIAL ON ASHURST CHURCH, KENT.

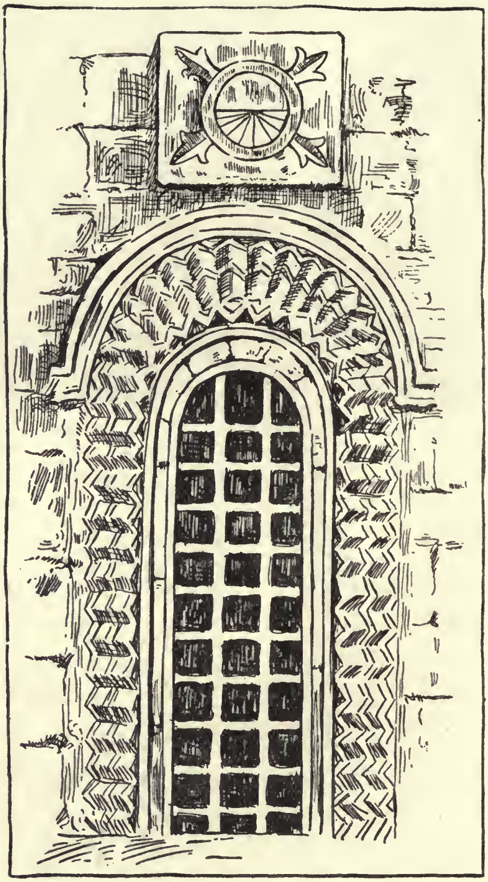
Dated 1643.

Men worry 'til 'tis light;
Then 'til it is dark;
They worry through the hours bright,
Forgetting how soon lost to sight,
Is time, that leaves its mark.



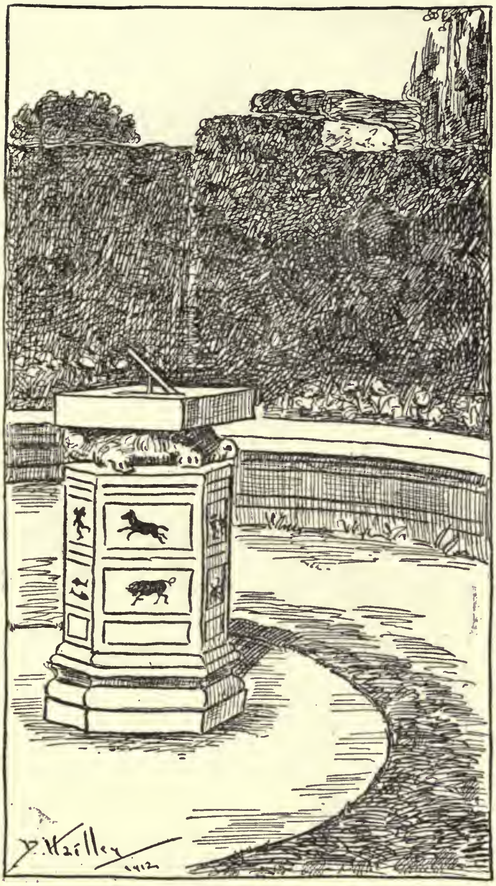
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

Men grumble at the sun,
  And also at the rain;
They grumble whilst the hours each one,
Speed on and show by minutes none,
  True cause why they complain.



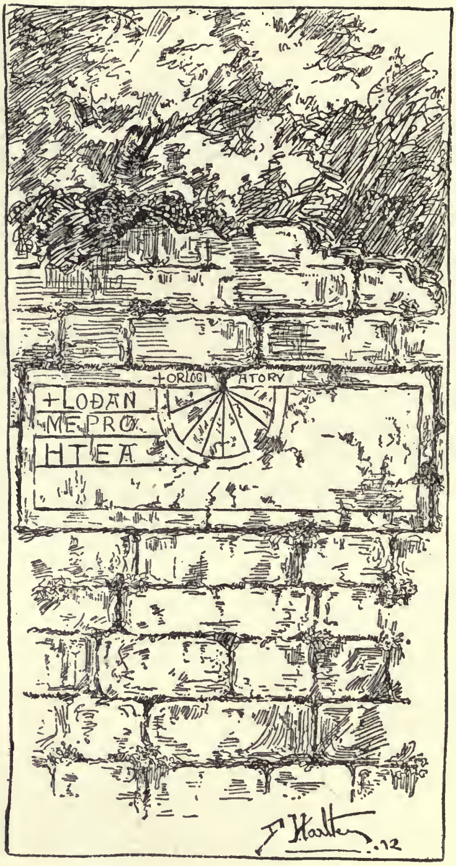
SAXON SUNDIAL BUILT IN OVER A NORMAN WINDOW.

The Saxons divided time into tides,
The Normans for hours found place;
But the English with minutes and seconds besides,
Added more lines than my dial divides,
And now fractions I'm likely to grace.



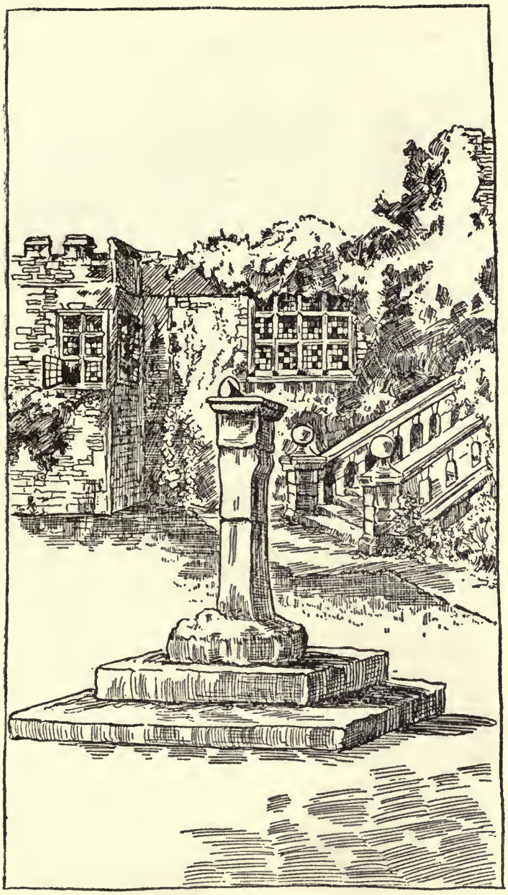
SUNDIAL, OPHIR FARM, WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK.

In Æsop's great race, 'twixt the tortoise and hare,
  The former he makes out the winner,
But the sun which took part on that day, I'll declare,
Defeated the tortoise and outran the hare,
  Though not placed by Æsop "the sinner."


+ORLOGI
ATORY
+LODAN
MEPRO
HTEA

SAXON SUNDIAL, GREAT EDSTONE.

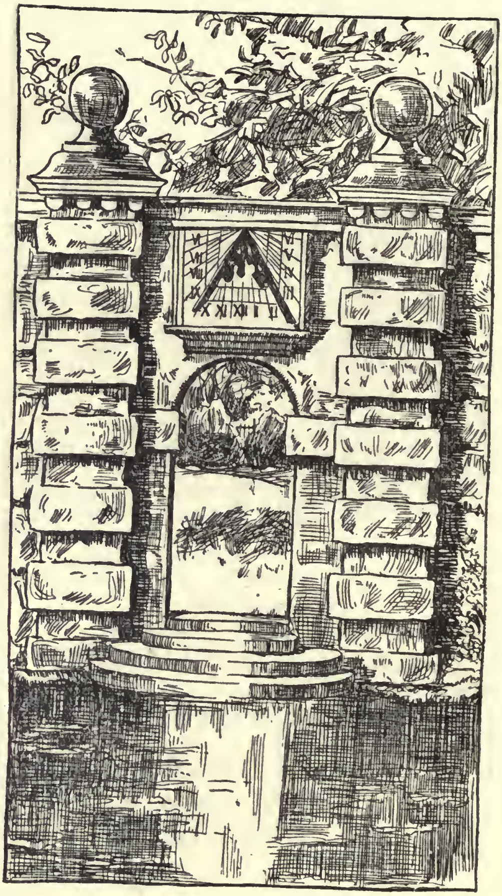
By this dial and ancient sign,
Mark men hours of sun;
But the Architect Divine,
Portions out such things as time,
Suited to each one.



SUNDIAL IN ECCLESFIELD CHURCHYARD, YORKSHIRE.

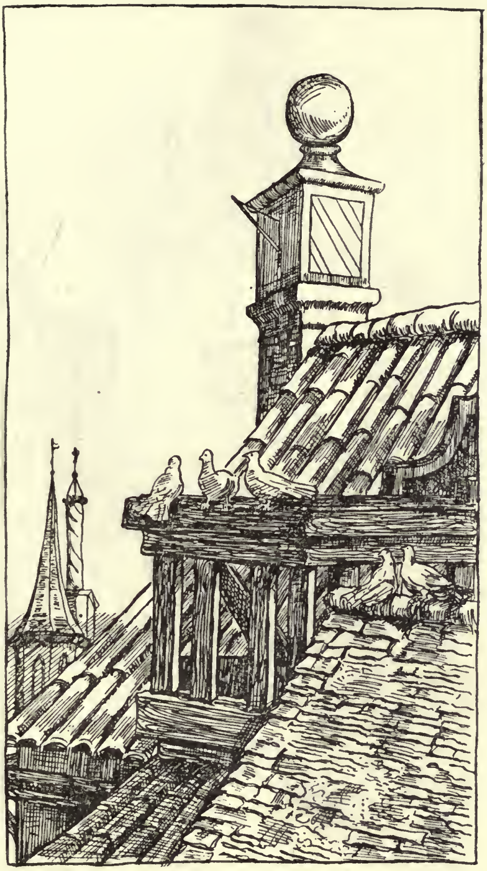
Dated 1862.

Finite men with finite minds,
  Can measure finite things;
But limitation always binds
 Each power, and Nature ever finds,
  Infinity needs wings.



SUNDIAL, EARLY 18th CENTURY.

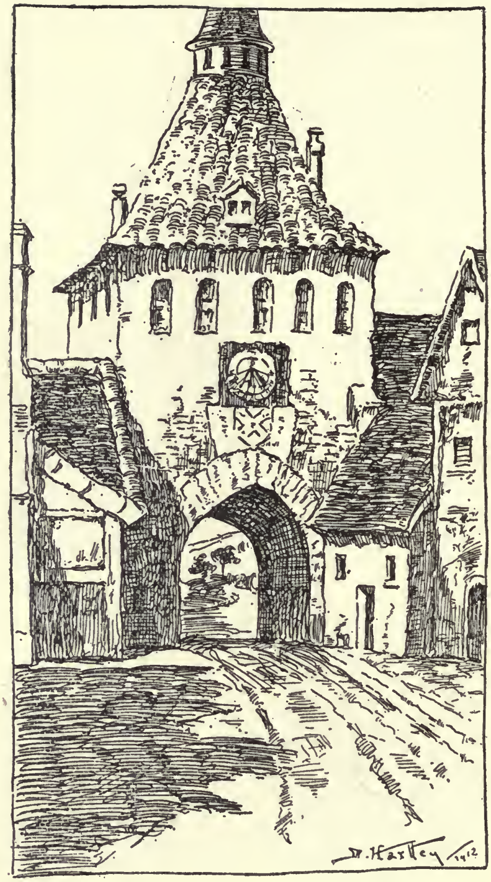
Flowing water runs apace,
  Swiftly and is gone;
So upon this dial's face,
Time, like water, takes its place,
  Ever moving on.



SUNDIAL AT LYDNEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

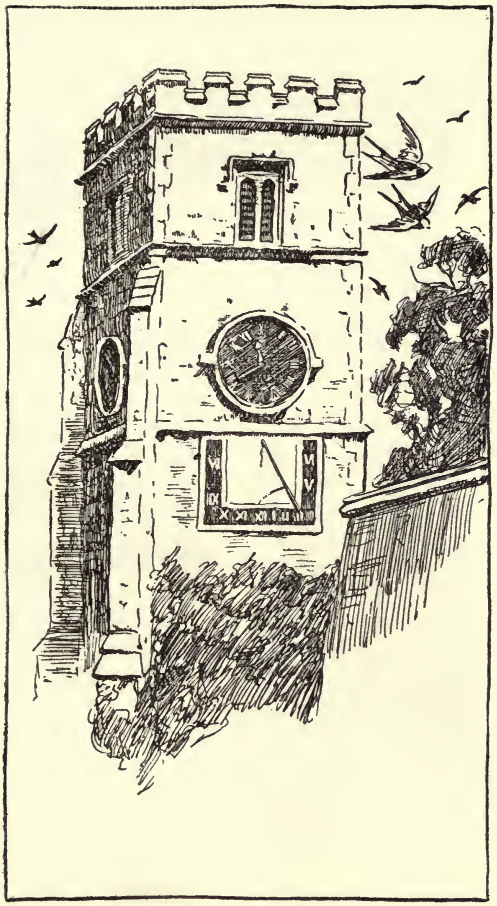
Date about 1688.

Hope, like the sun, doth rise
  Where care has set,
And though clouds veil her skies,
And disappointment vies,
  Hope shineth yet.



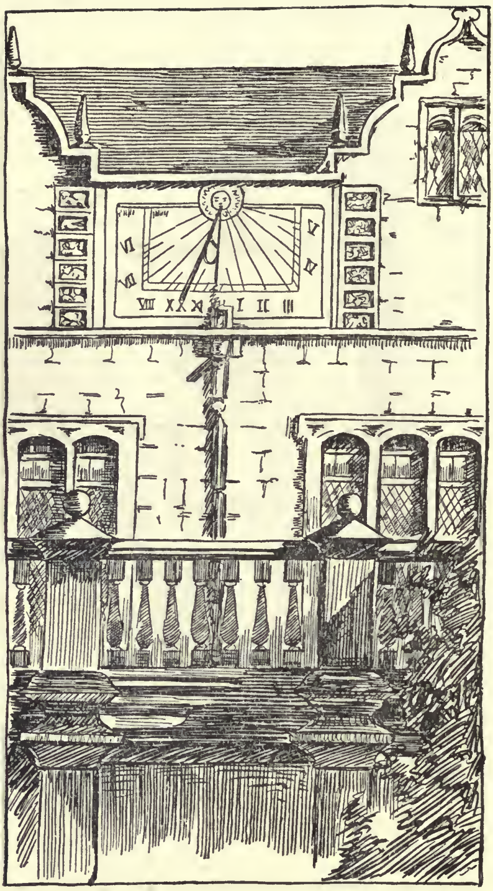
SUNDIAL AT CATTERICK, YORKSHIRE.

Now patience, mortals, patience know,
Who seek an hour to swiftly go,
For time when gone ne'er comes again,
And what's achieved will not remain.



SUNDIAL AT PUTNEY CHURCH.

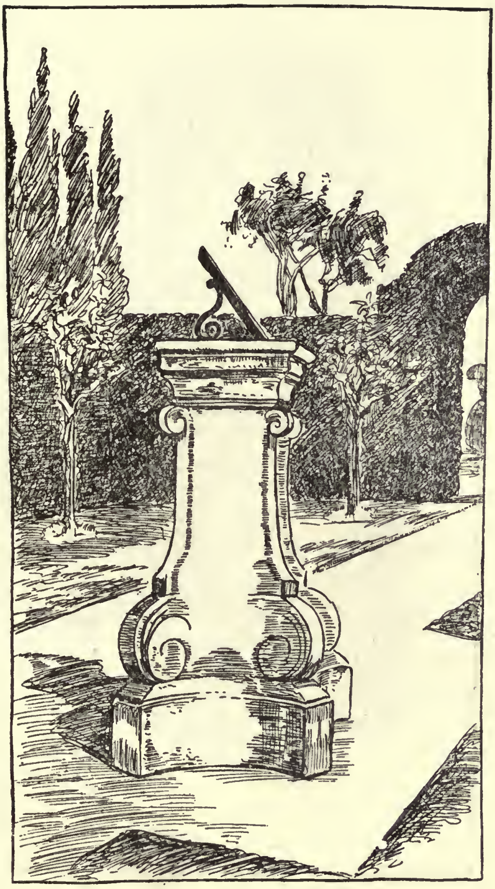
O, swift are the wings of a swallow,
And the vibrating sound of a chime;
But naught has been borne that can follow,
Such a thing as a moment of time.



SUNDIAL ON MELBURY CASTLE,
DORSETSHIRE.

Date 1890.

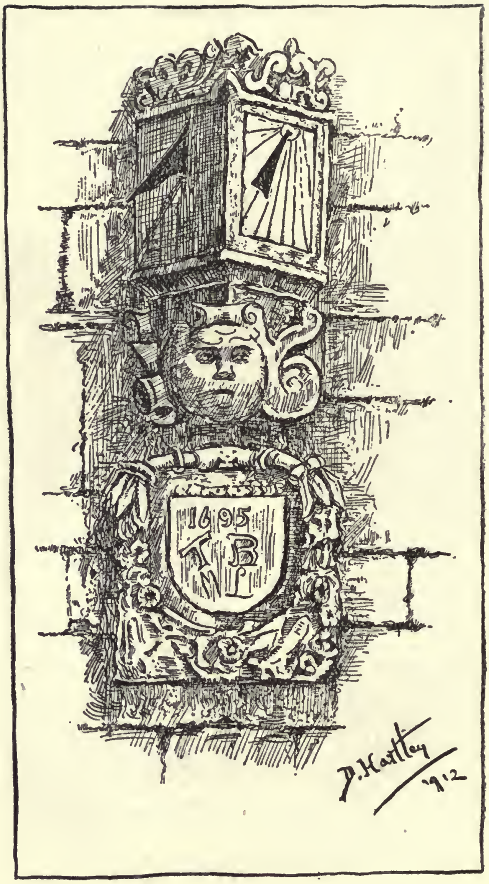
Learn to value life, each one,
  Judge by gifts received;
Count as gold the hours of sun,
Helping us in all works done,
  Far more than we'd believed.



SUNDIAL.

Date about 1740.

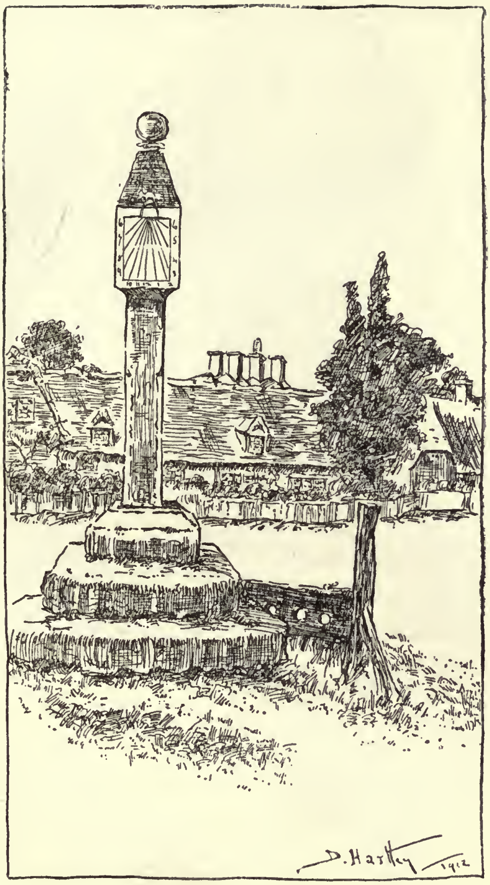
Nature may teach the time of year,
Frail man record the past;
But hours and minutes, ever dear,
Are noted surely by me here,
So long as I may last.



SUNDIAL AT ALLOA, SCOTLAND.

Date 1695.

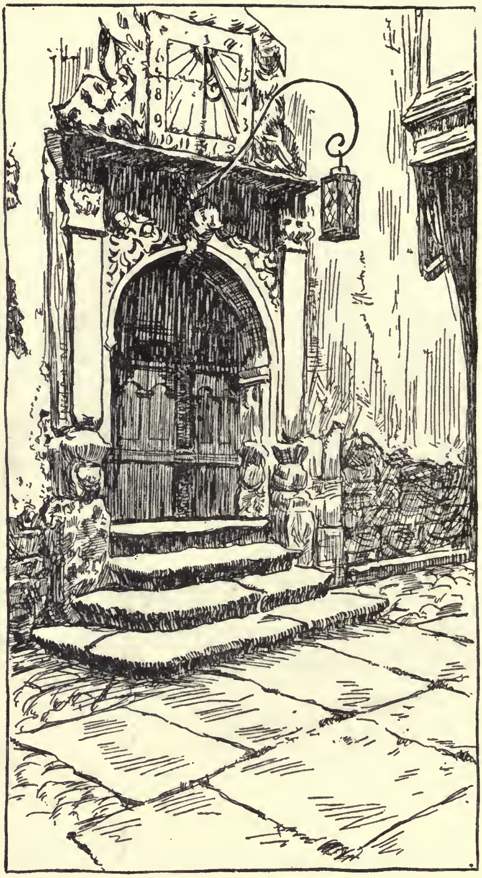
Some men will give you of their time,
  And others of their gold;
Let me but tend this simple rhyme,
Go, work your best while in your prime,
  Remembering you grow old.



SUNDIAL IN ABBEY GROUNDS, DRYBURG.

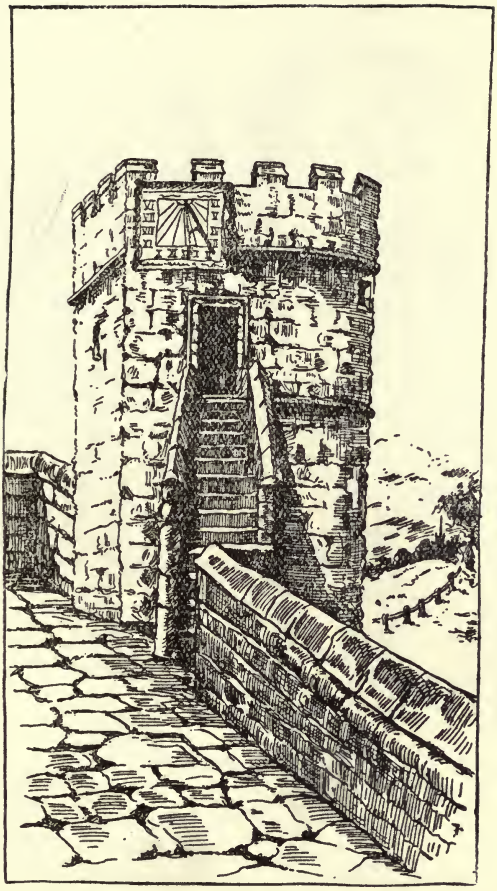
Date 1640.

I watch the tints of early dawn,
  The flickering light depart,
And through the hours of night 'til morn,
Patient I wait like one forlorn,
  The new-born day to start.



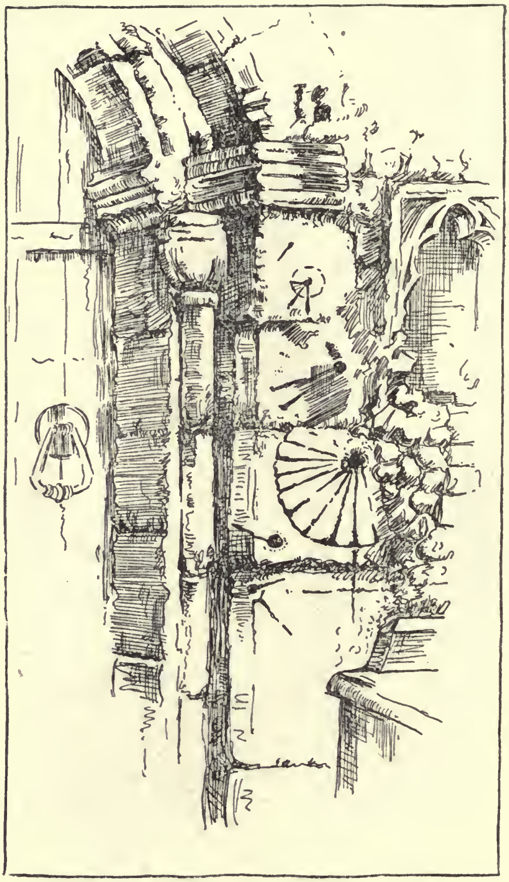
SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

He who hath no use for time,
  Is either a fool or dead;
And, if compulsory choice were mine,
The latter I'd be in halls sublime,
  Than a fool with useless head.



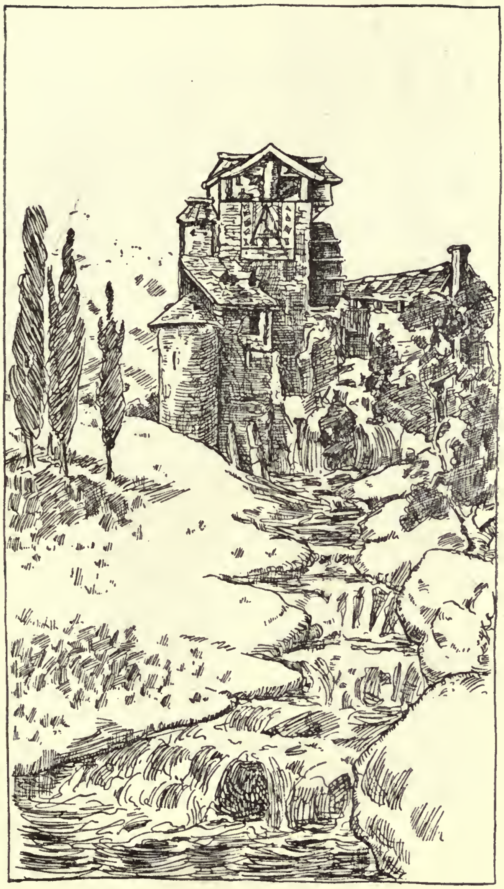
SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

Earthly kings may rise and fall,
  And rule with best endeavour;
But time supreme outlives them all,
Demands obedience to each call,
  And keeps his throne for ever.



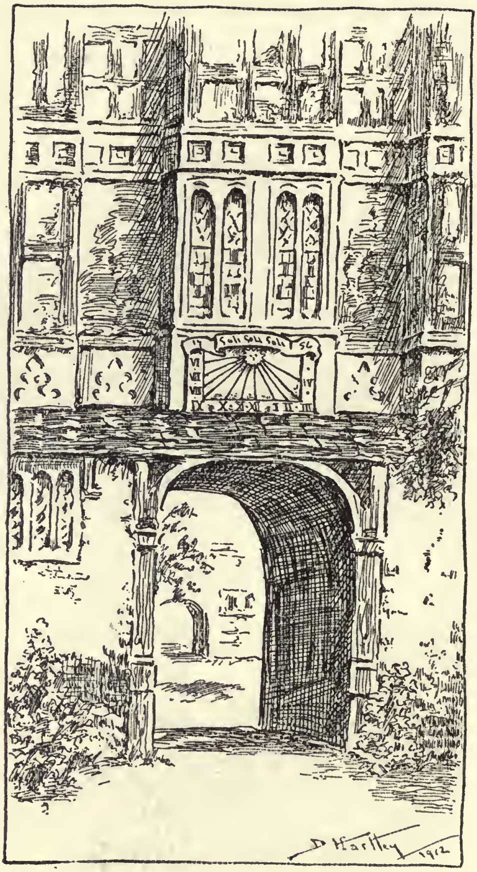
SAXON SUNDIALS ON PORCH AT MERSHAM CHURCH, KENT.

Thoughts eternal cast a gloom
  Over things of time;
Save with minds where there is room
To think beyond the world and tomb,
  About the sphere divine.



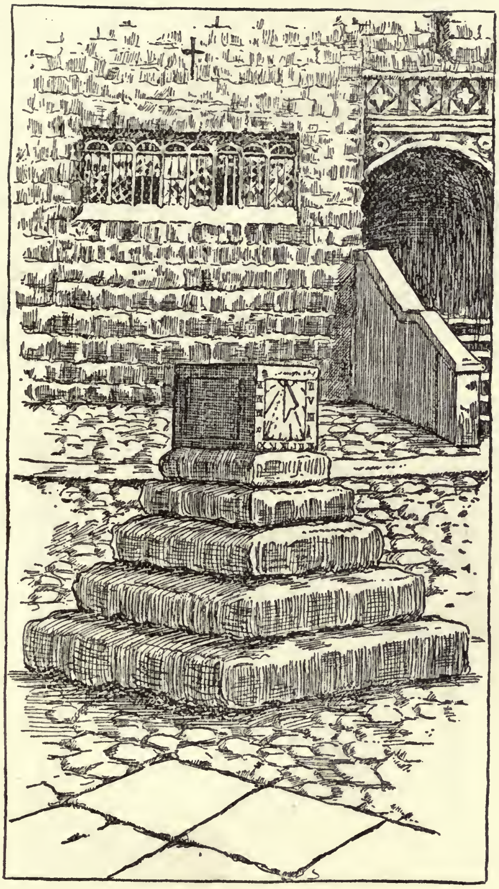
SUNDIAL, EARLY 17th CENTURY.

The glorious past all men recall,
  The present they pass by;
But every hour that now doth pall,
Shall live some mortal to enthral
  As part of history.


Soli Soli Soli
VI
VII
VIII
IV
IX X XI I II III
D Hartley 1912

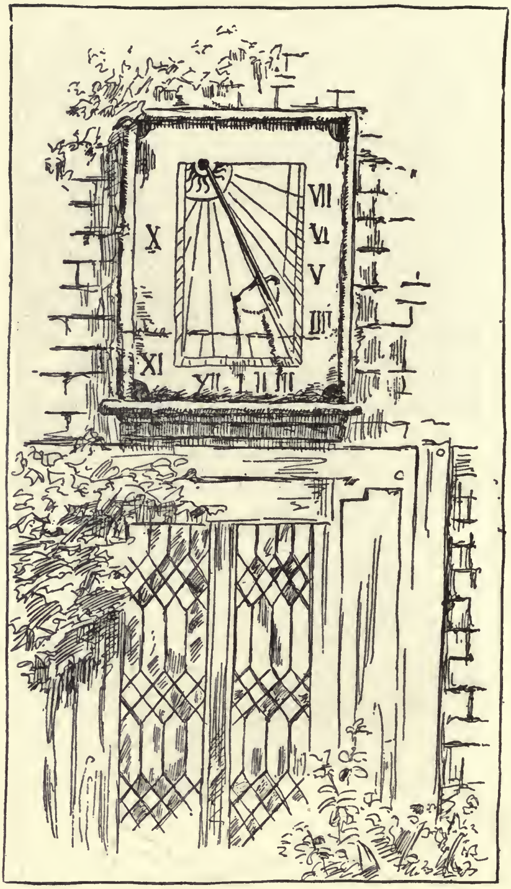
SUNDIAL ON OLD BUILDING, MONTHEY
CANTON, VALAIS.
Date 1756.

Like the ivy on a wall,
  Fond memory ever clings,
Bringing back the hours to all,
Those that please and those that pall,
  'Till death oblivion brings.



SUNDIAL AT THORPE PERROW,
YORKSHIRE.
Date 1756.

Life soon will be a dream,
  A shadow of the past;
And years that now each one doth deem
Momentous, soon shall cease to seem
  Aught but a flash at last.


VII
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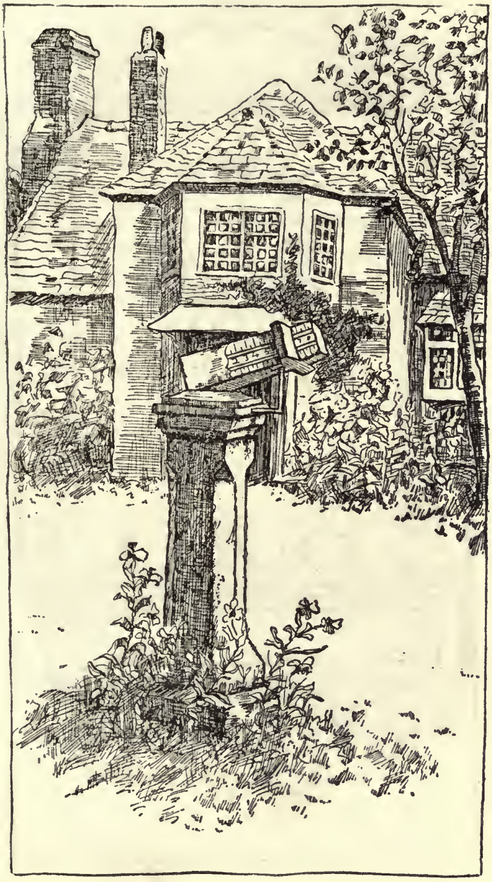
XII I II III

SUNDIAL ON A CHURCH, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Dated 1678.

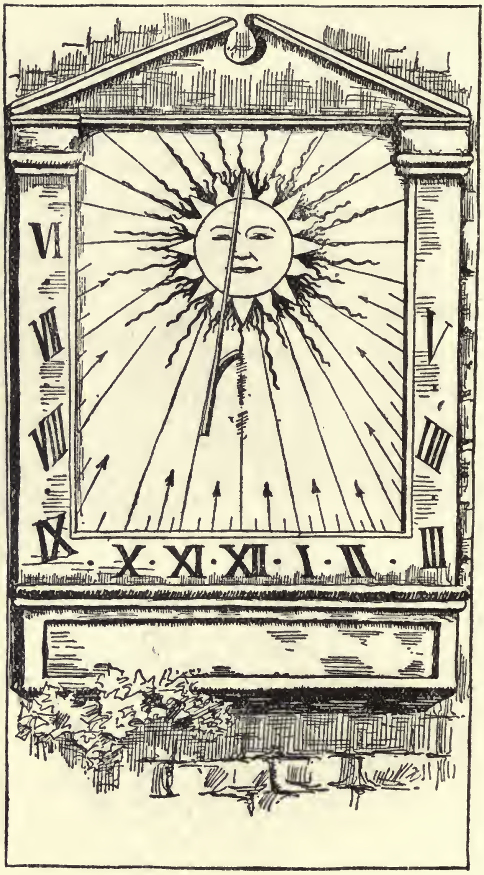
To-morrow is a dream,
  Thus when we awaken,
To all men it doth seem,
  Unless this view is taken,
A day they must redeem.



SUNDIAL AT SCOTSCRAIG, FIFESHIRE.

Date 17th Century.

This sundial cast away I found,
Bad men could not abide it,
It taught a lesson far too sound—
Stedfast to keep the daily round,
And never stray outside it.


VI
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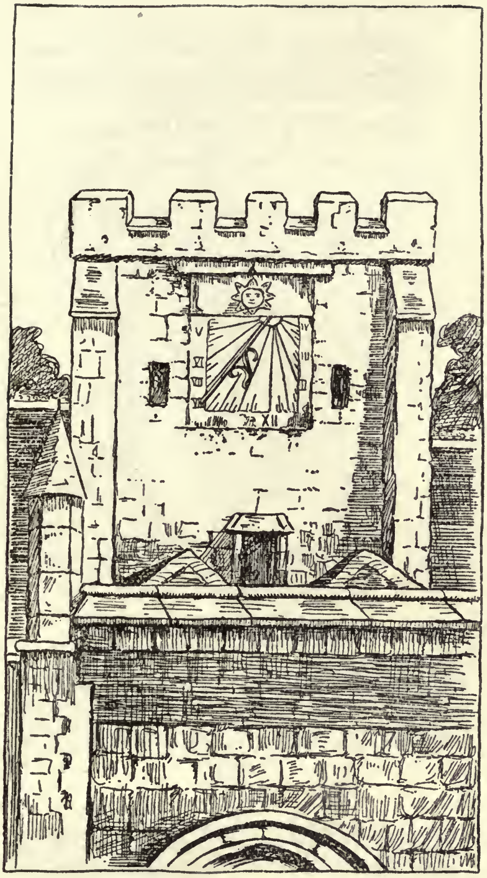
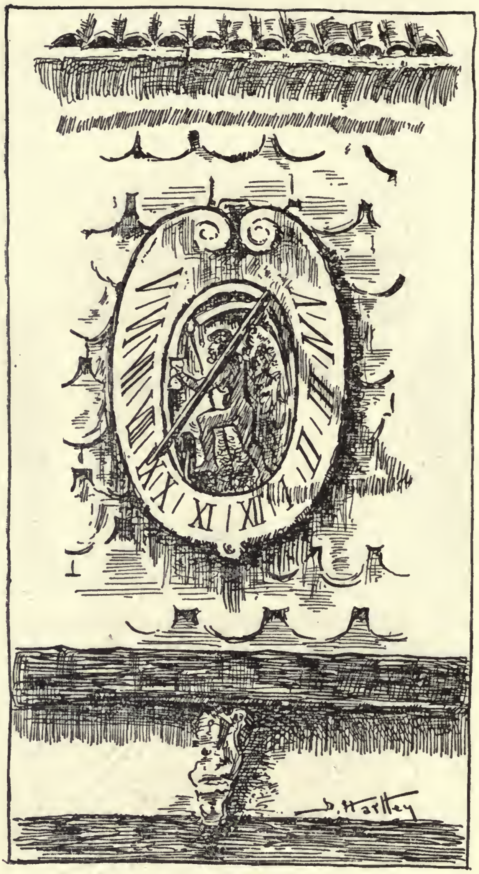
SUNDIAL, LATE 18TH CENTURY.

We depict the sun with smiling face,
  While the man in the moon looks dour,
Because old Sol keeps in his place,
Nor, Luna-like, gets in disgrace,
  But shines with all his power.



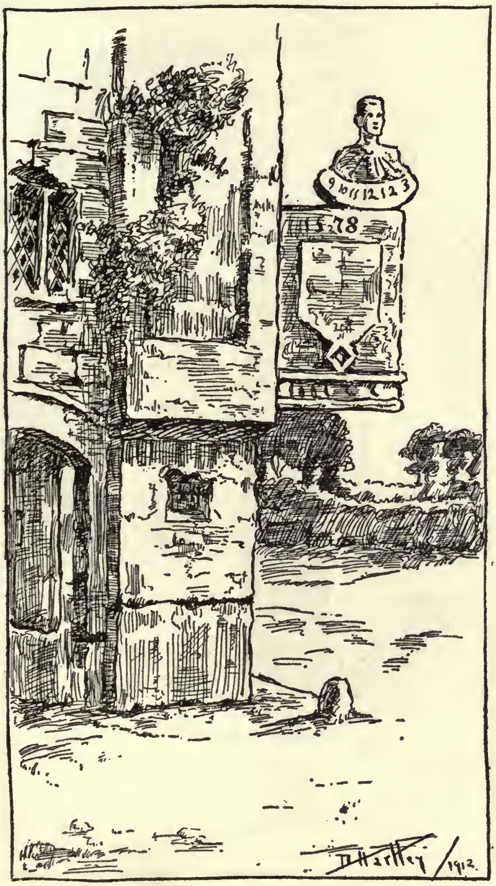
SUNDIAL ON HAYDON BRIDGE CHURCH,
NORTHUMBERLAND.
Date about 1796.

Our life is like a spark,
  It dies while it doth burn,
And though fond eyes its passage mark,
Yet when 'tis gone and all is dark,
  None of its place can learn.



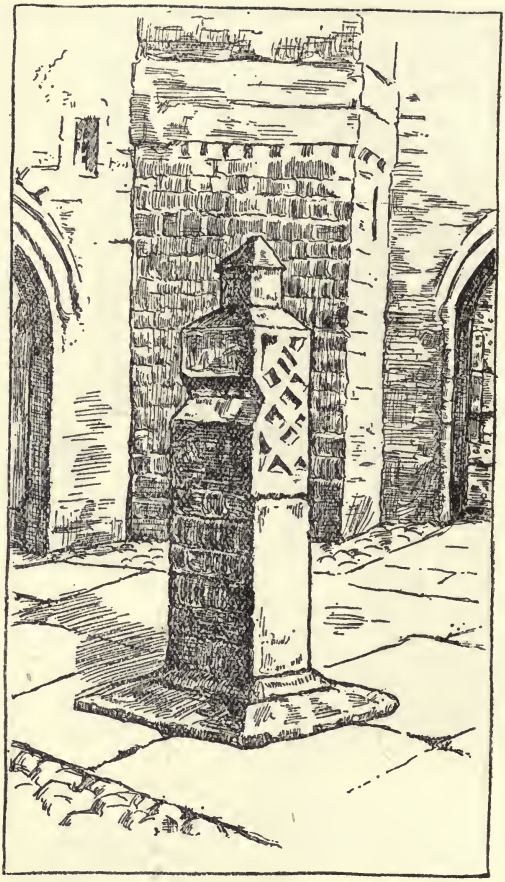
SUNDIAL OVER A SHOP AT RYE.

Time's scythe is always sharp and keen,
  Since he needs it hour by hour.
With steady step though never seen,
He swings his blade with serious mien,
  And levels bud and flower.


9 10 11 12 1 2 3
1578
D Hartley / 1912.

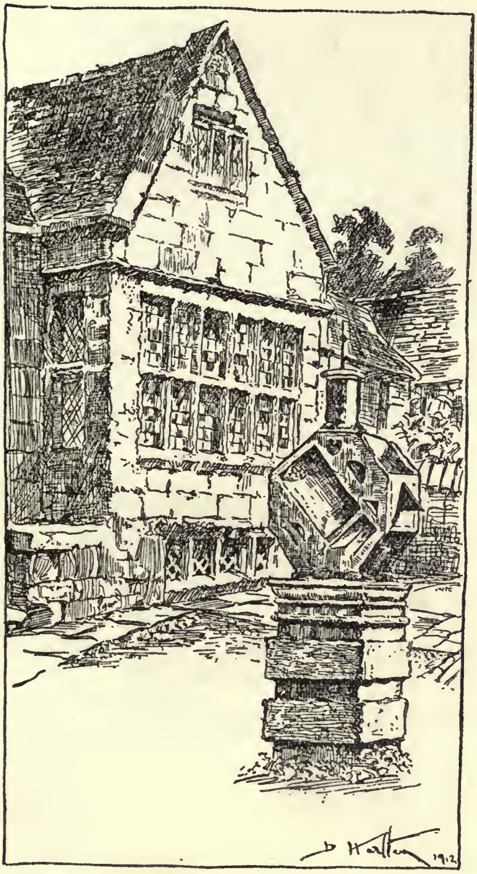
SUNDIAL ON CHÂTEAU DE JOSSELIN,
FRANCE.
Dated 1578.

No matter how common a stone may be,
  How simple a ray of sun;
Yet man with the aid of both, you see,
And the use of a gnomon continually,
  Shows the pace of each hour that's run.



SUNDIAL AT ELMLEY CASTLE,
WORCESTERSHIRE.

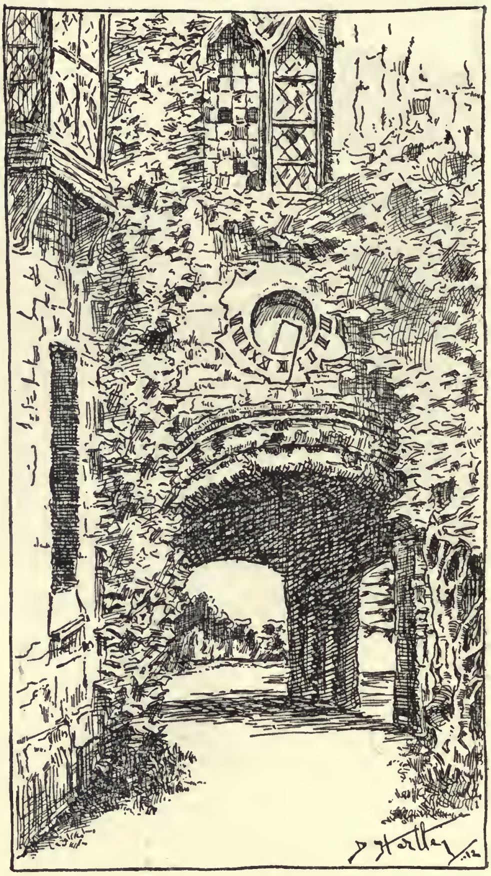
Time's called our enemy, and why?
  Because he goes so fast;
But when in grief to Time we cry,
And seek his aid with tear or sigh,
  He's found our friend at last.



SUNDIAL AT GREAT FOSTERS, NEAR EGHAM.

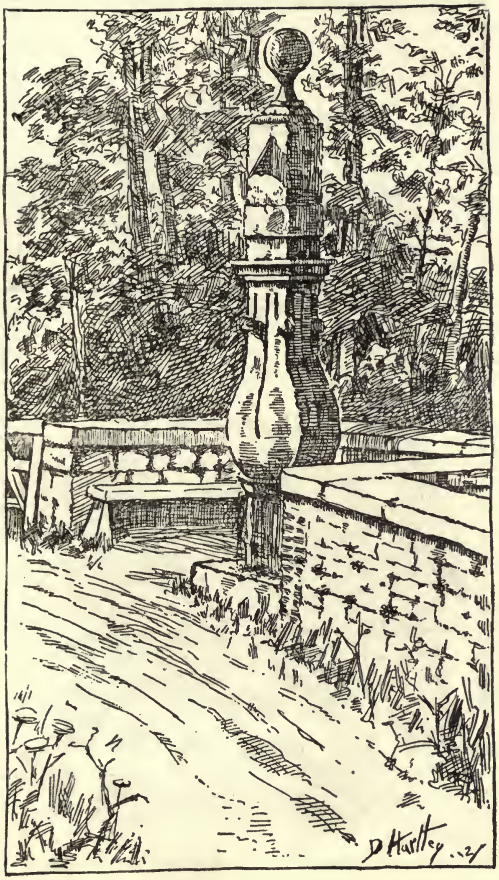
Date about 1700.

'Tis ever later than we thought,
By minutes or by hour;
Simply because though men are taught,
To read the time, as all men ought.
They fail to use the power.



A GERMAN SUNDIAL.

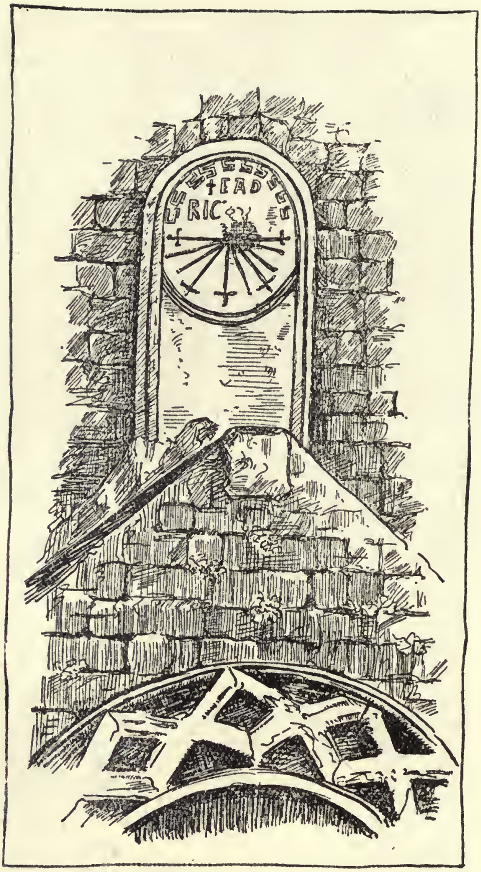
Infants all are moments dear
  Upon life's ancient dial,
Children as minutes too appear,
The youth an hour, the man a year,
Old age a flickering shadow there,
  That lingers for awhile.



SUNDIAL NEAR ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE.

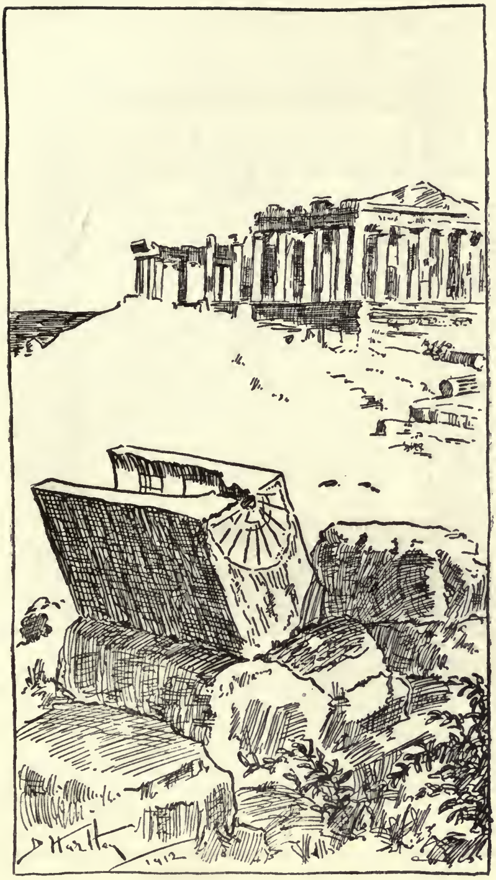
17th Century.

O Time, consoler of our grief,
  Physician great are you,
Bringing, as no one else, relief,
When things seemed hopeless past belief,
And pain had robbed us, like a thief,
  Of faith in all we knew.



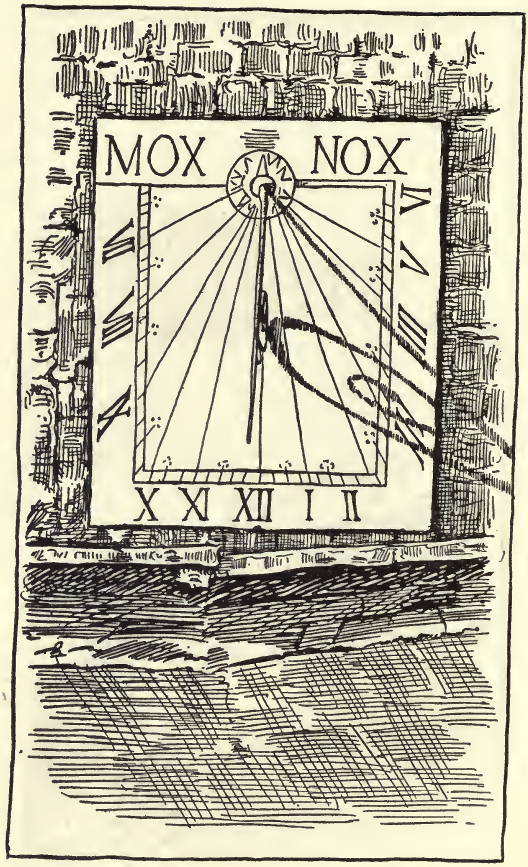
SAXON SUNDIAL, WITH INSCRIPTION, AT BISHOPSTONE.

We remember the years, the months, and days,
  That some notable acts recall;
But fail to note what this dial displays,
How the hours and minutes, in various ways,
Work out for each life that such time obeys;
  A record that all must appal.



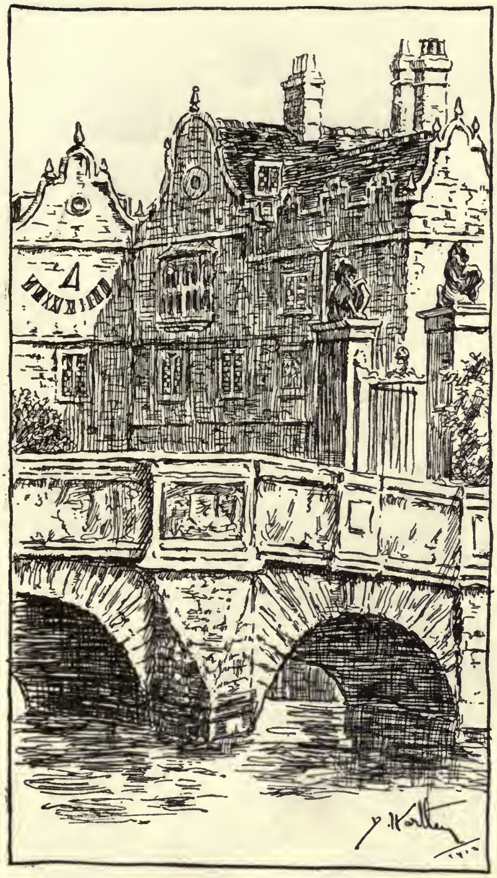
GREEK SUNDIAL IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

To the heavy heart the hours go slow,
  To the merry always fast;
Simply to teach and all men show,
That though some hours go fast or slow,
Equal chances men may know
  Of life's pleasures while they last.


MOX
NOX
X XI XII I II

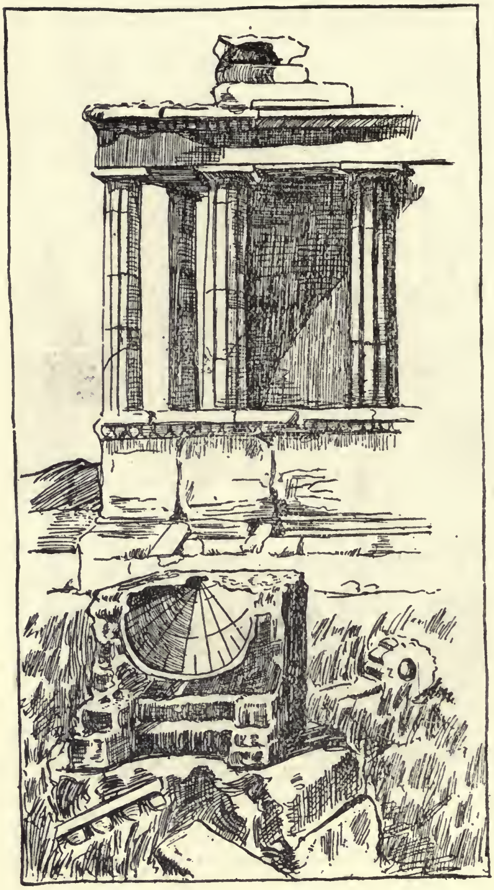
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

Like the psalmist each man says,
Remember not my youthful ways;
Present let my sins ne'er be,
When I pray think Thou of me.
And dear Lord, through life we find,
  Sins forgiven, mercy kind.



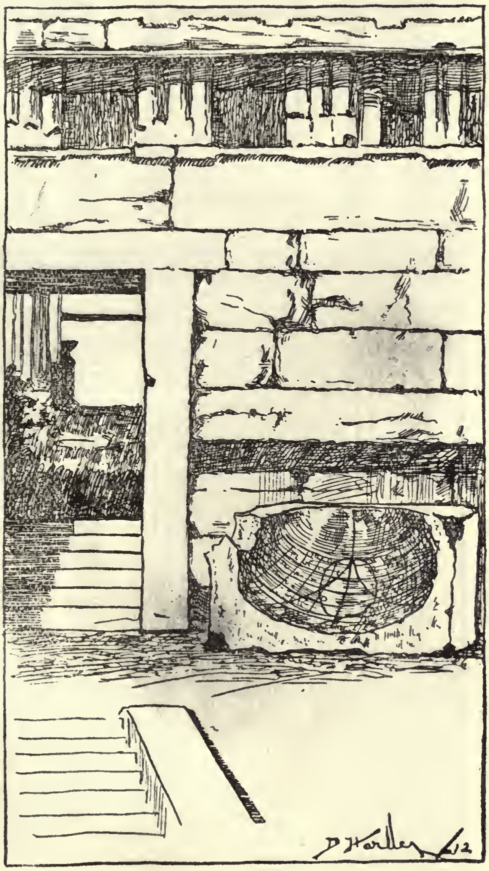
SUNDIAL, AUSSEE, GERMANY.

No man can hope to save of time,
For ever on the move;
'Tis like the sand unsoaked with brine,
Which, firmly held, and we call mine,
Leaks through the fingers just like slime,
And simple claims disprove.



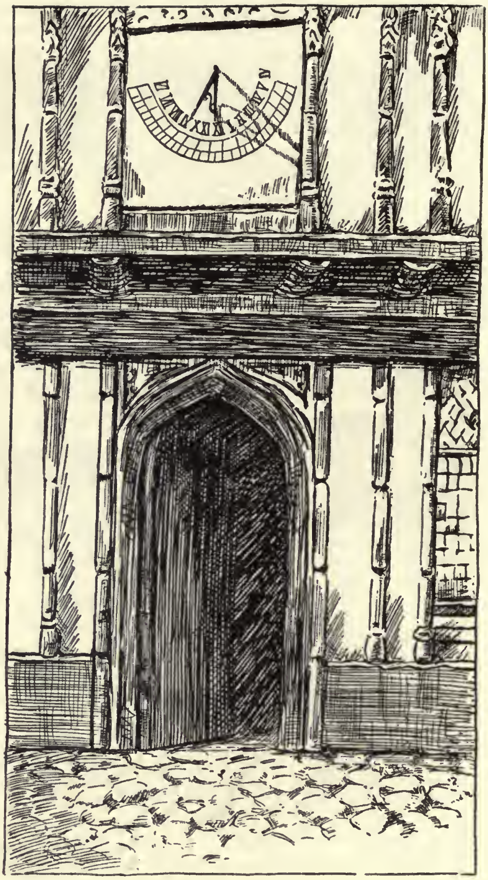
GREEK SUNDIAL.

The sun is my best friend;
  Pray who is thine?
Learn, man, where'er you wend,
True kindness to extend
To thy friends to the end,
  As I to mine.



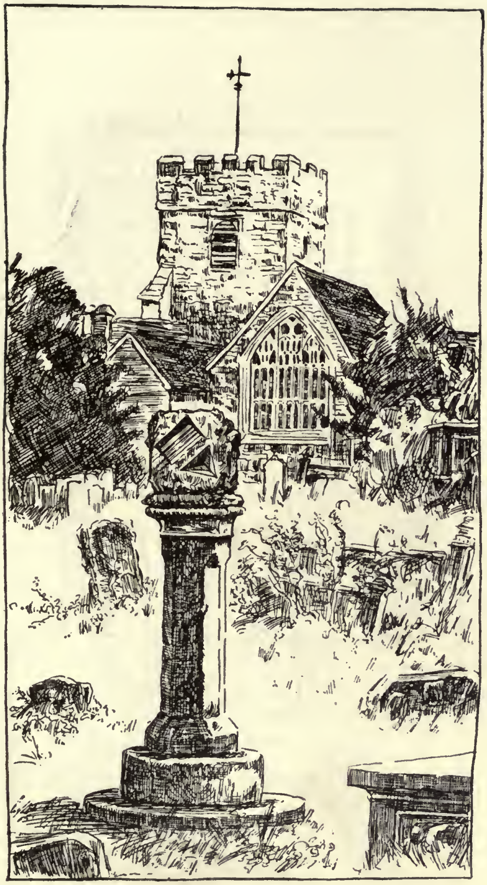
SUNDIAL, GRÆCO-ROMAN, THE VATICAN, ROME.

Like me, true loyalty go show,
  Ought else is simply treason.
He only serves his king below,
Who prays each day that he may know,
How best his foes to overthrow,
  And get his wants in reason.



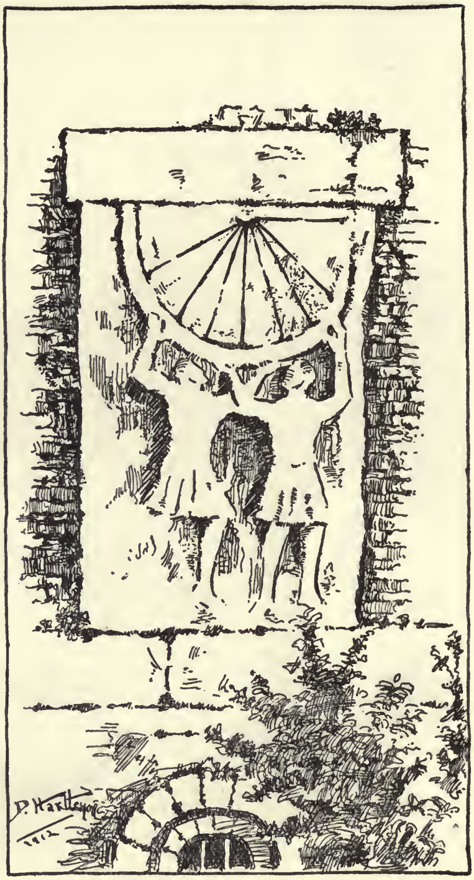
SUNDIAL, GERMAN TOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

All the world's a-sighing,
A-crying and a-dying,
But spite of every trial,
That e'er shall vex or rile,
I stand a happy dial.



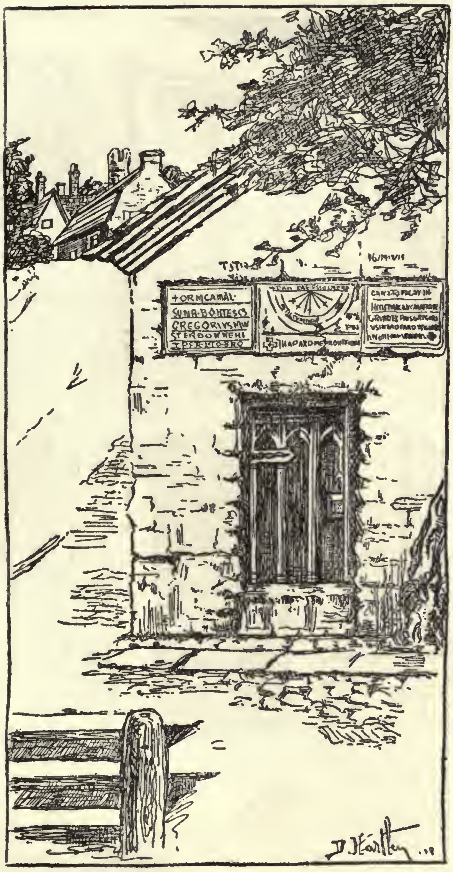
ROMAN SUNDIAL, THE MUSEUM, DOVER.

With me no deceiving,
For seeing's believing.
The hours that I send,
Learn thou to extend,
Or if broken go mend.



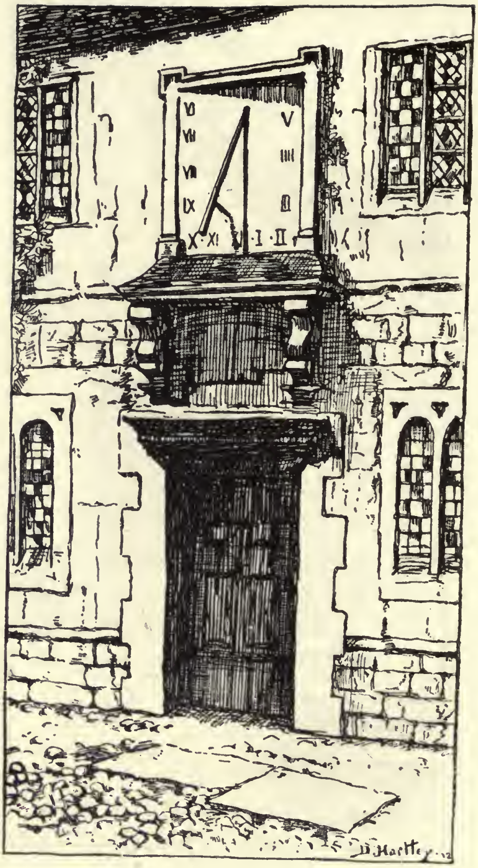
SAXON SUNDIAL, LANGFORD CHURCH,
BERKS.

Youth and age can ne'er agree
  On the pace I go,
But they ask continually;
Youth I move more rapidly,
  Age less speed I show.


+ORMGAMAL·
SVNA·BOHTESCS
GREGORIVSMIN
STERDONKEHI

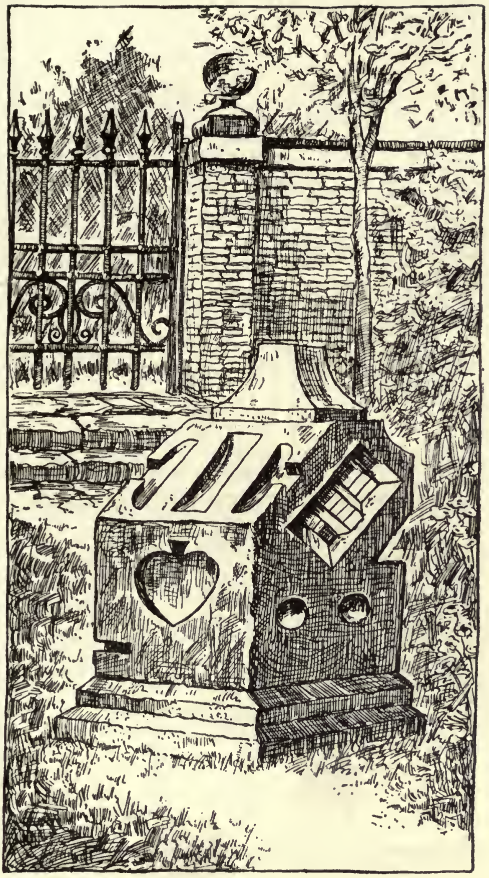
SAXON SUNDIAL AT KIRKDALE,
YORKSHIRE.

Time may rob us of our gold,
Or of some high estate;
But cannot for a day withhold,
Learning and wisdom manifold,
Reward of labour great.



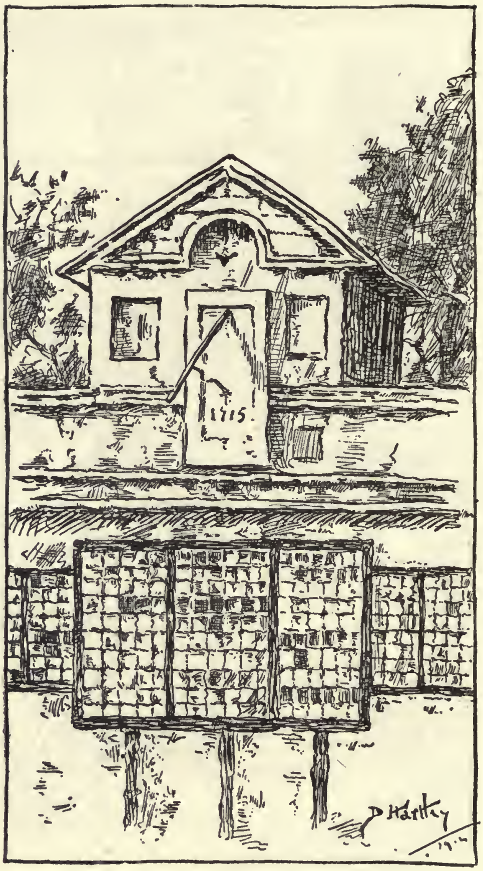
SUNDIAL ON OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, HAWKSHEAD.

How are you, mortal, did you say?
Why, just the same as yesterday.
But, questioner, let me ask you,
How is the day? and how are you?



SUNDIAL AT UPTON, NORTHANTS.

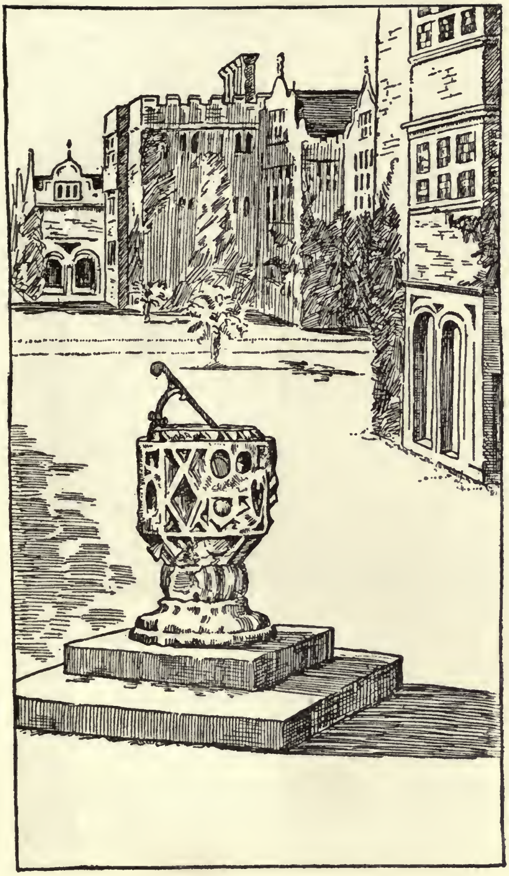
If any fault with me you claim,
The man who altered me's to blame.
Let not then the dial or sun
Suffer for another one.


1715.
D Hartley
1902

SUNDIAL ON DIAL HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

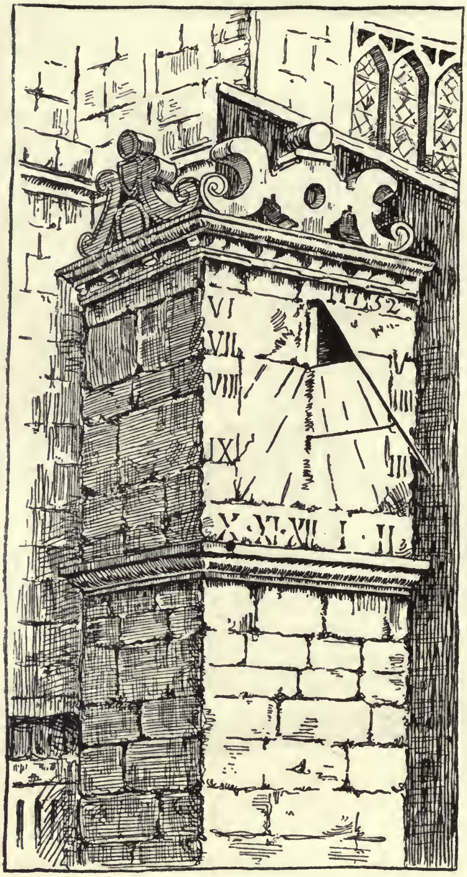
Date 1715.

Go, let this day a pattern be
Of each lived for eternity,
And let the hours, every one,
Show evils vanquished, good deeds done.



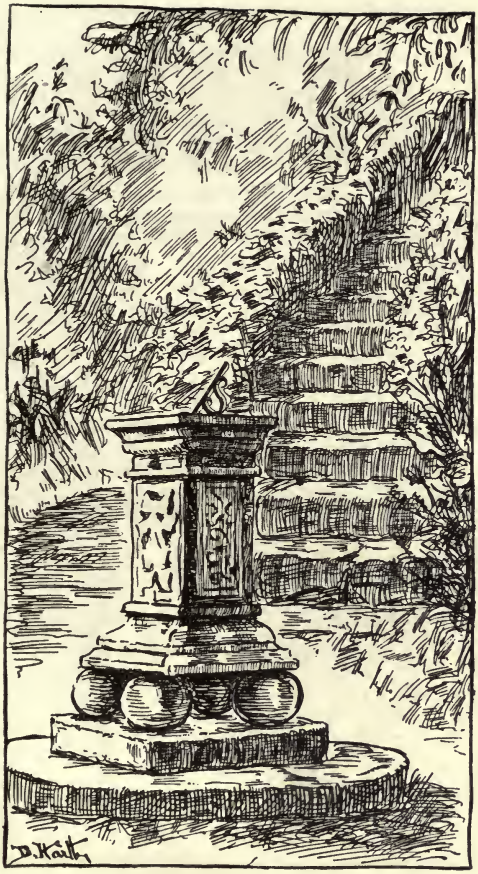
SUNDIAL, BADMINTON HOUSE,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Believe me, mortals, when I say,
The past is what we make to-day;
So let us heed each hour of time,
E'er age gives way to youth and prime.


1752
VI
VII
VIII
IX
X·XI·XII·I·II

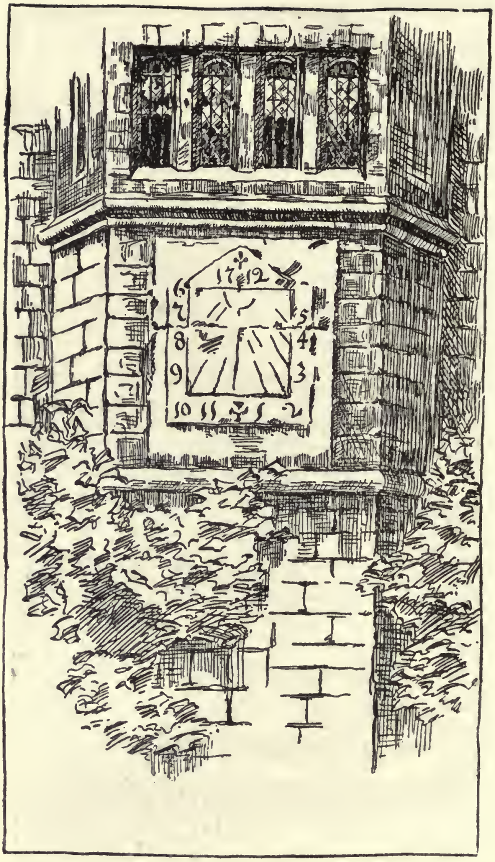
SUNDIAL AT WIMBORNE MINSTER,
DORSETSHIRE.

O, Light of Light, come ever shine,
And show to me Thy way, not mine;
Nor let the hours wasted be,
That all too soon return to Thee.



SUNDIAL AT ABERDOUR.

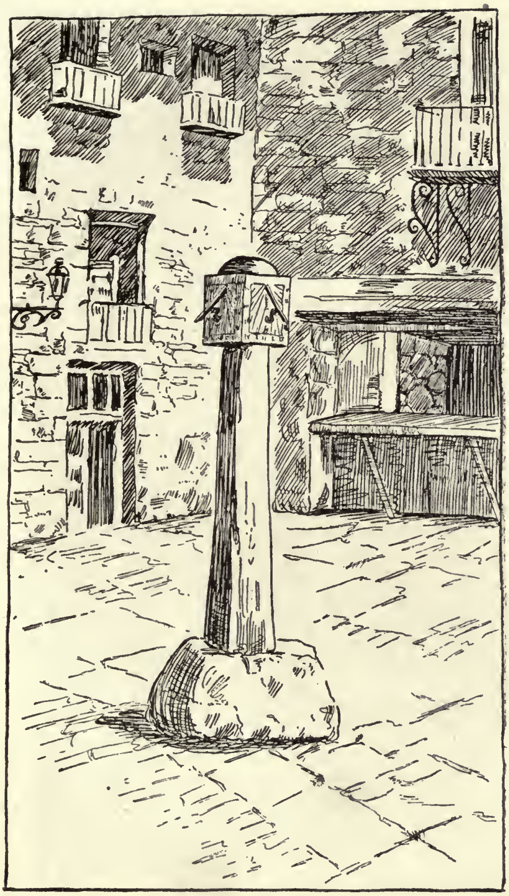
Let the present ever be
Thy greatest care continually;
Future is not in thy hand,
Or past again at thy command.



SUNDIAL IN CLOISTER GARDENS,
WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

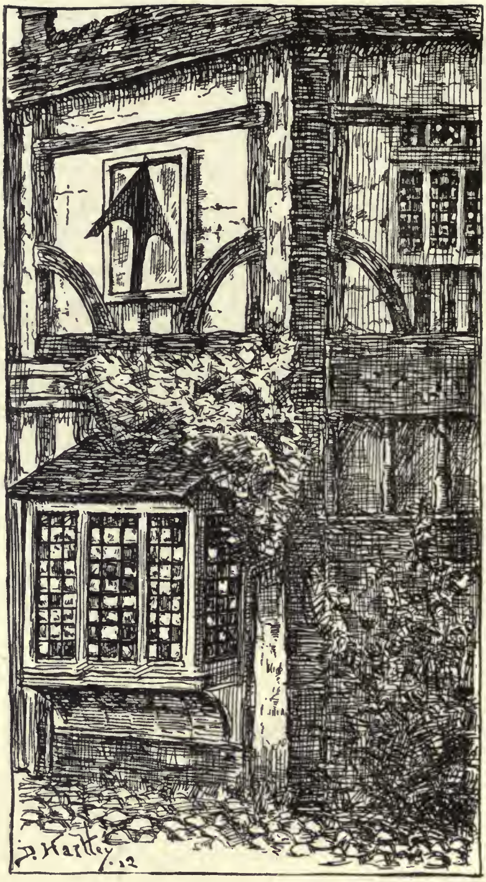
Dated 1712.

Like the smoke I soon shall go,
Journeying where no man doth know;
Though with the smoke doubtless I must
Revisit earth again in dust.



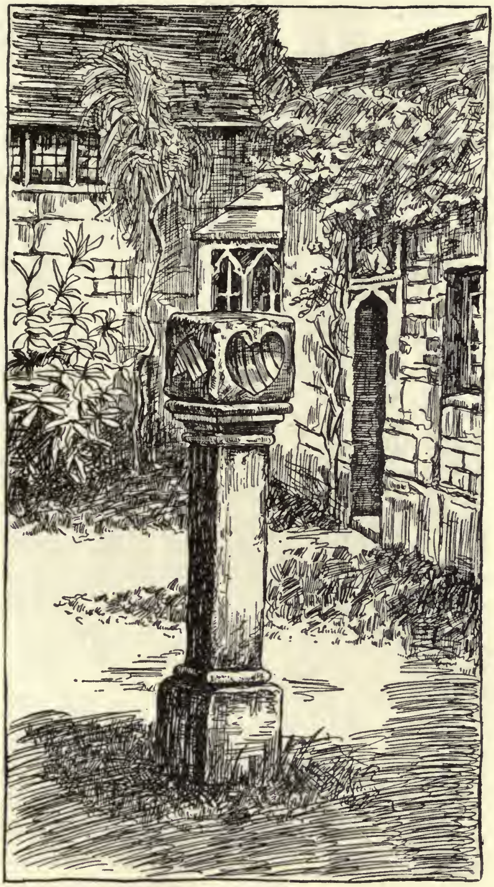
SUNDIAL IN ASHLEWORTH CHURCHYARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Learn to make the most of time,
For to waste it is a crime,
And some day we give account
Of loss and gain's exact amount.



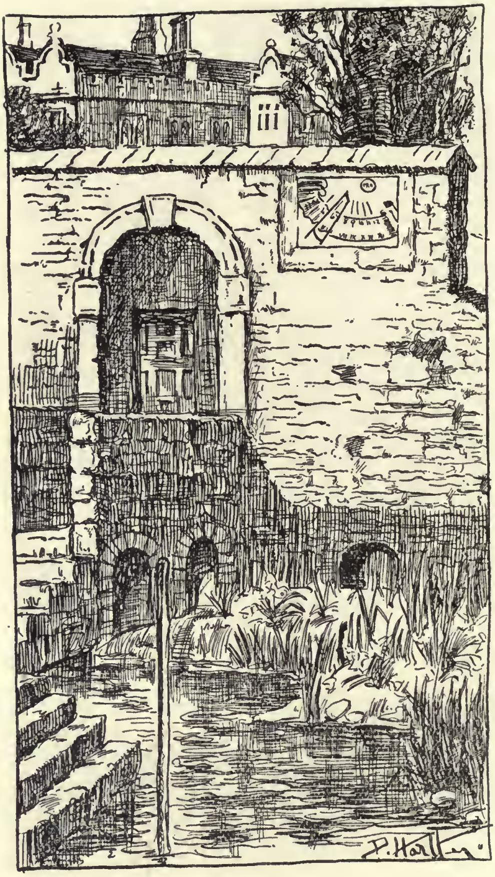
GLASS SUNDIAL, 17TH CENTURY.

If you threw yesterday away,
Then make up for your loss to-day;
Life is short and quickly run,
Haste, for soon the day is done.



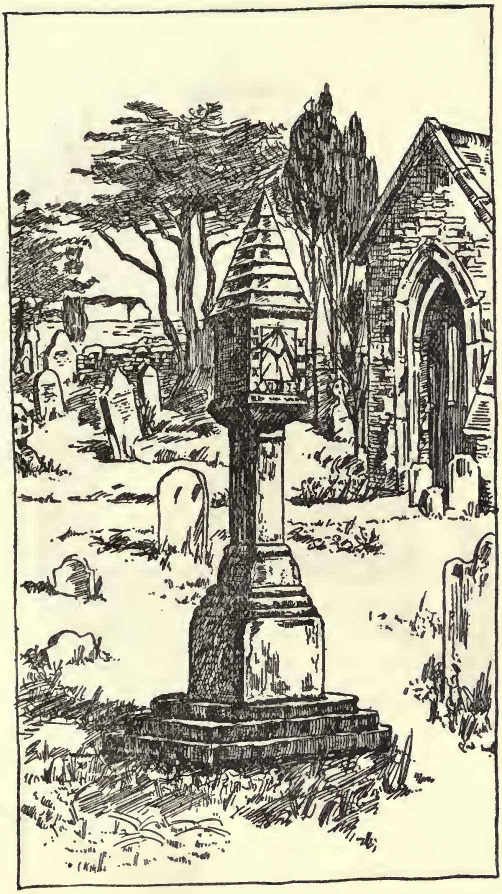
ROMAN SUNDIAL IN DOVER MUSEUM.

Memory echo of the past,
Faint or clear for ever last;
Bring back happy hours each one,
But hide the rest, let not them come.



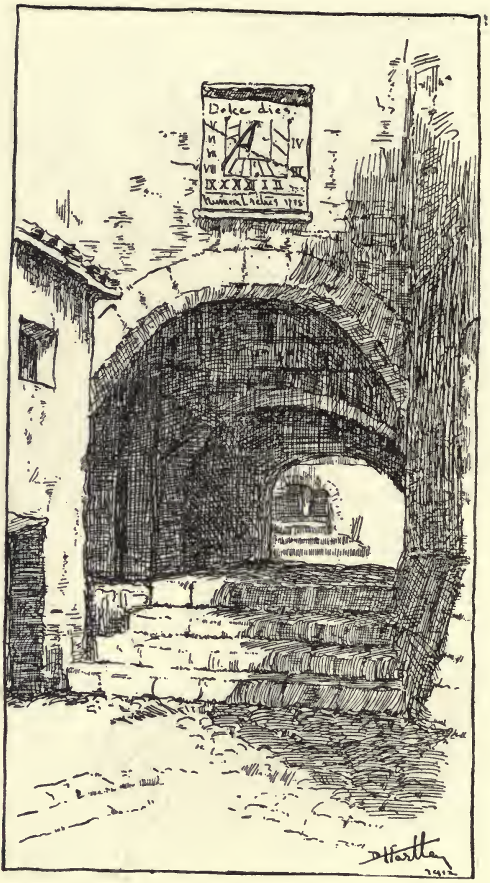
SUNDIAL, EARLY 17TH CENTURY.

No matter how the hours fly,
Men with faith on me rely;
Neither have they found me wrong,
Though I have lived so very long.



SUNDIAL, EARLY 17TH CENTURY.

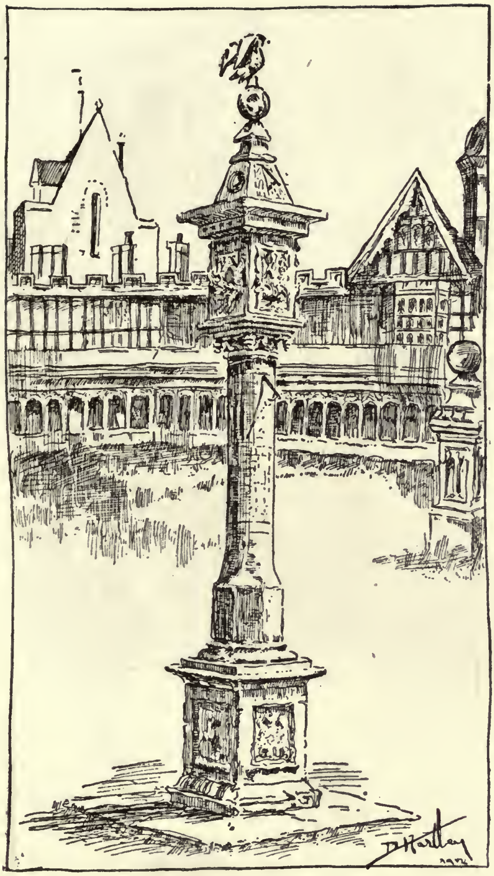
God made the sun to rule the day,
And man made me to mark each ray;
Therefor with the two, you know,
Nought's amiss with light below.


Doke dies.
IV
VII
IX X XI XII I II III
1735
D Hartley
1912

SUNDIAL.

Date 1735.

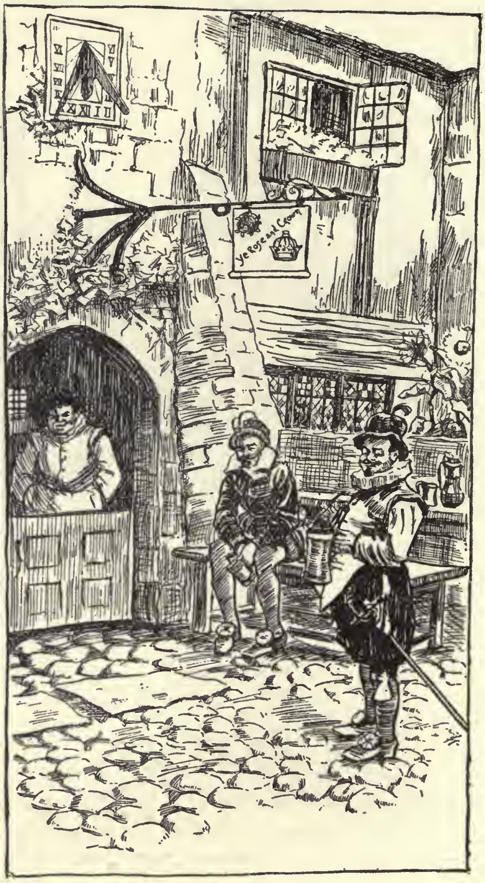
Pilgrim dedicate each hour
To the source of light and power;
Thus before thy journey ends
No fears shall cloud the last He sends.



SUNDIAL AT CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

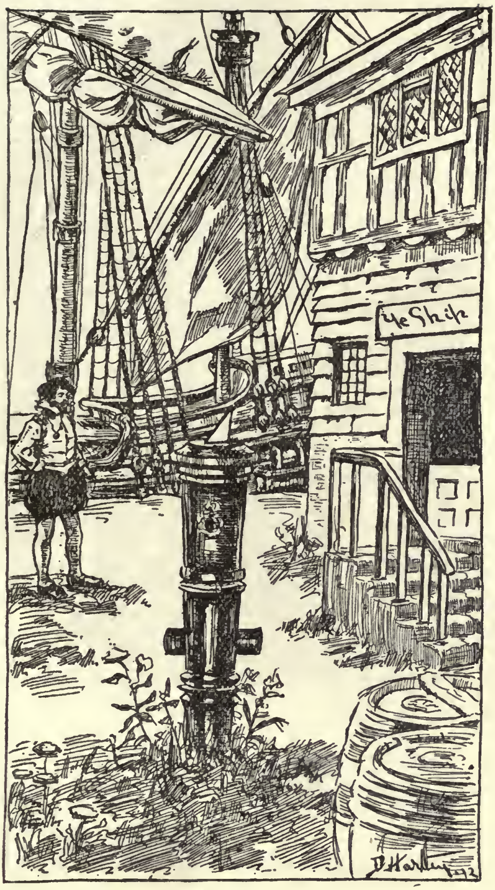
Date 1581.

Soldier, though the time you mark,
Mark not time 'till it is dark.
Good drill, like mine, I'd have you know;
Turn to the right and forward go.



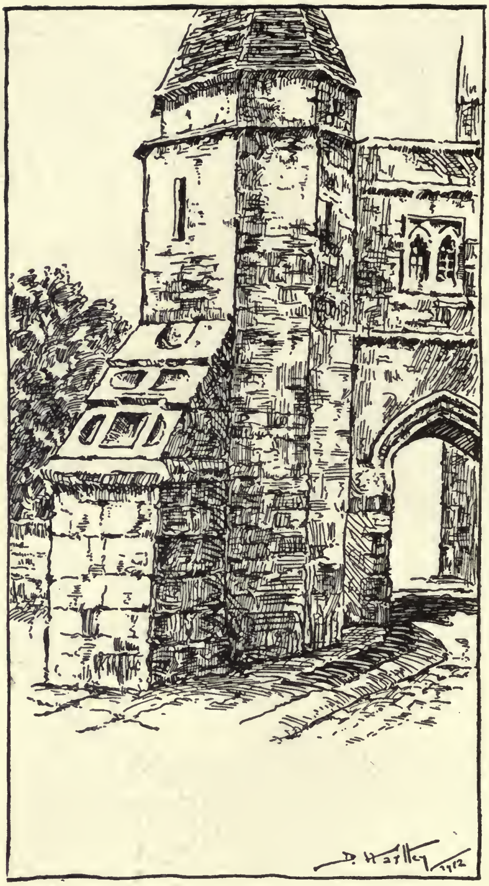
SUNDIAL, HOLLAND, 17TH CENTURY.

On every hostelry a dial you'd see,
Could some but have their way throughout this land,
Thus clocks within and dials without, surely,
"Time, gentlemen," they'd better understand.



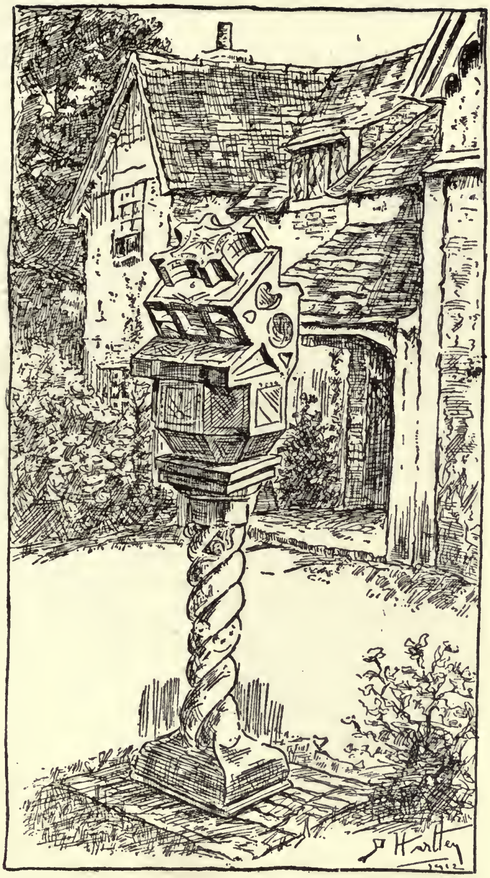
SUNDIAL ON AN ANCIENT CANNON.

Man, like a brave ship on the ocean of life,
  Sets out for a country sublime;
And when he has weathered each turbulent strife,
  He is beached on the sands of time.



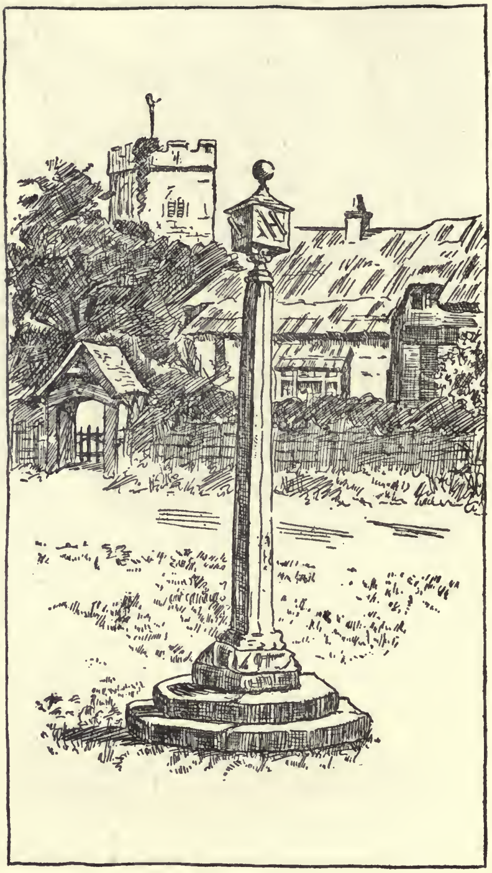
SUNDIAL AT BLEADON, SOMERSET.

If I fall into decay,
Man must note the time of day;
And himself the hours must mark,
From early dawn until the dark.



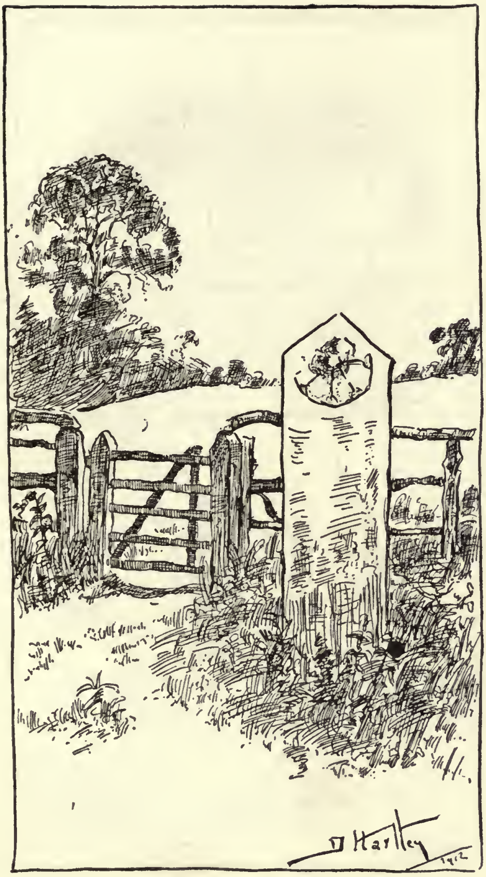
SUNDIAL AT WOODHOUSELEE.

My dial is a picture rare,
On which the lives of all appear;
And he who studies me shall know
The value of his days below.



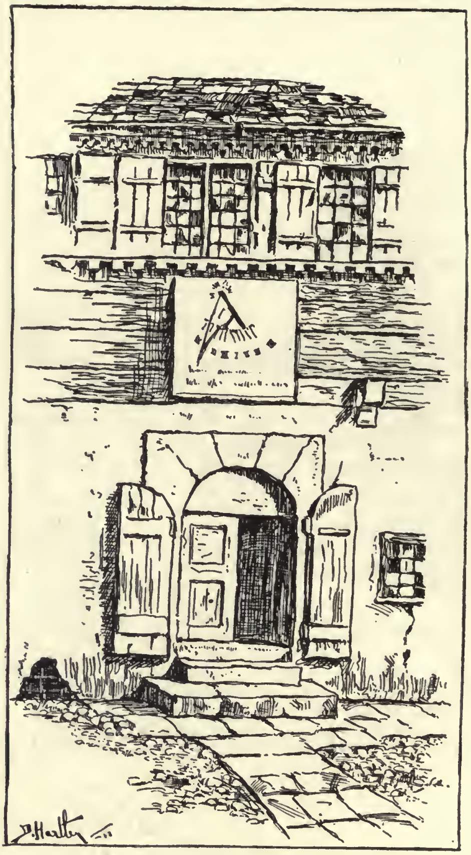
SUNDIAL IN MALVERN PRIORY CHURCHYARD.

He who would a fortune show,
Must expect some care to know,
For the same is never free
From wealth men seek incessantly.



SUNDIAL AT INISCALTRA, OR HOLY ISLE, LOUGH DERG.

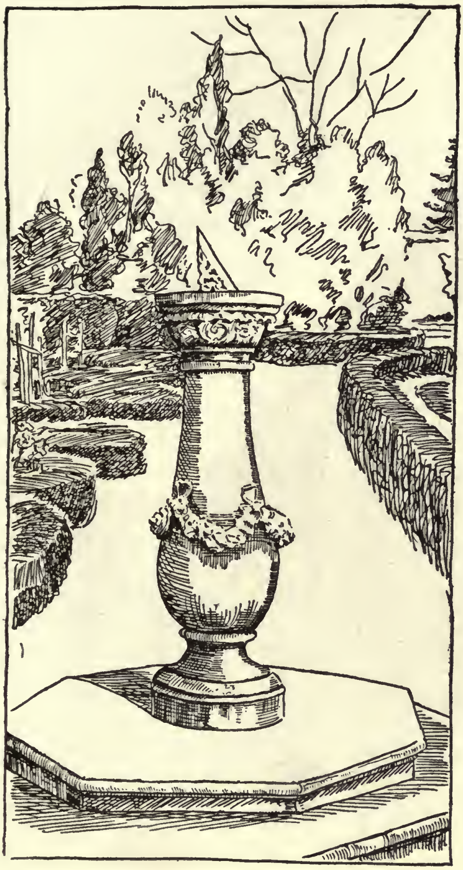
Love like a ring it hath no end,
Nor yet the path I daily wend;
Time and love do therefore show
Eternity to all below.



SUNDIAL ON AN INN AT ROUGEMENT, SWITZERLAND.

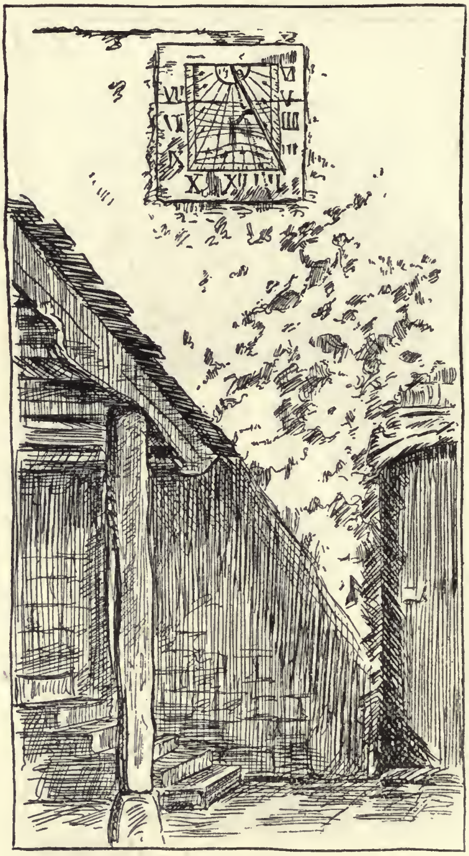
Every hour improved by thee,
  Is banked by Father Time,
And in future years to be,
  The Interest is thine.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



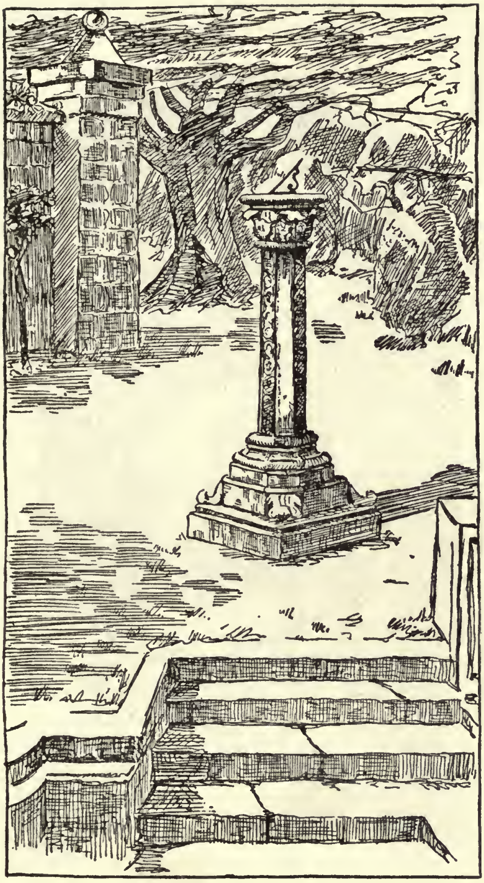
SUNDIAL AT MINLEY MANOR.

Take like me what is given
Whose source is in heaven,
For all gifts from above
Are sent us in love.



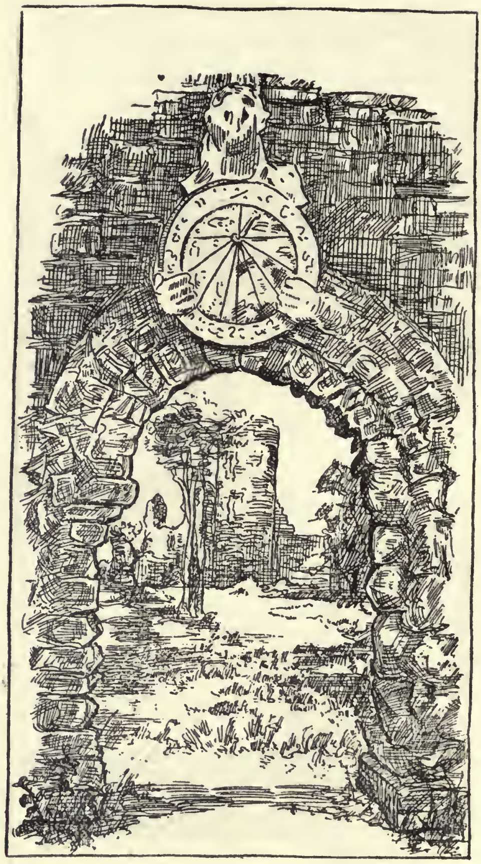
SUNDIAL ON AN OLD HOUSE, SARUM CLOSE,
SALISBURY.
Date 1749.

If to-night in peace you'd rest,
Let this day know of your best;
It is not late to make amends
Or to improve the time He sends.



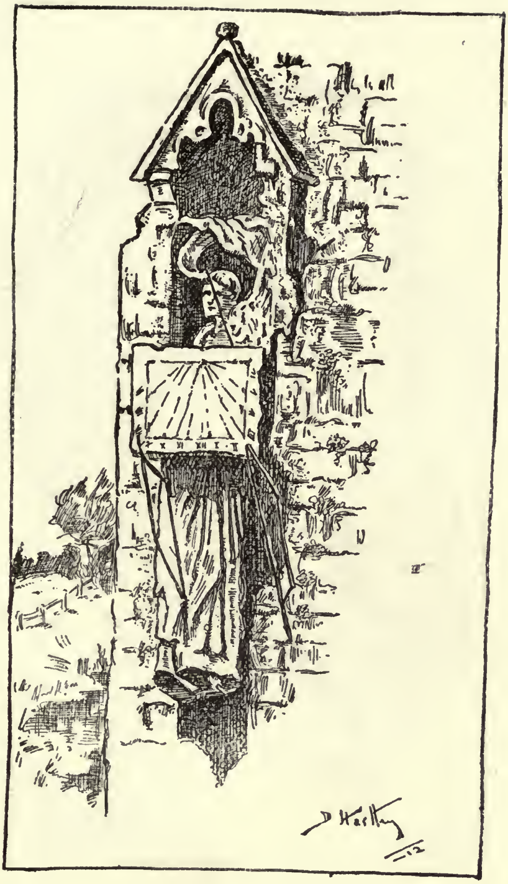
SUNDIAL 20th CENTURY.

Time enough with all if they
Would do the day's work in the day;
But men delight to change the year,
Upsetting hours as they appear.



SUNDIAL, NORTH STOKE, OXFORDSHIRE.

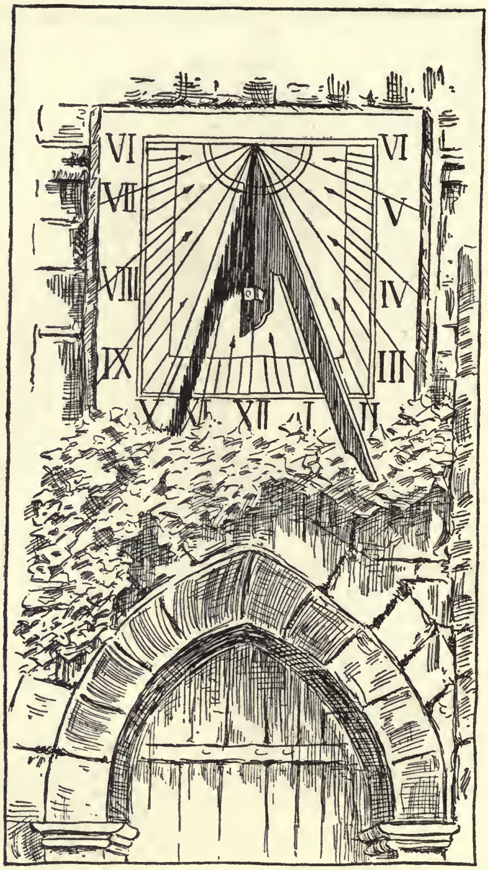
Our life's a chain,
  Which doth comprise,
No link the same,
  In shape or size.



SUNDIAL ON LAON CATHEDRAL, FRANCE.

Date 1748.

Learn to live,
  Man say I;
E'er I give,
  Learn to die.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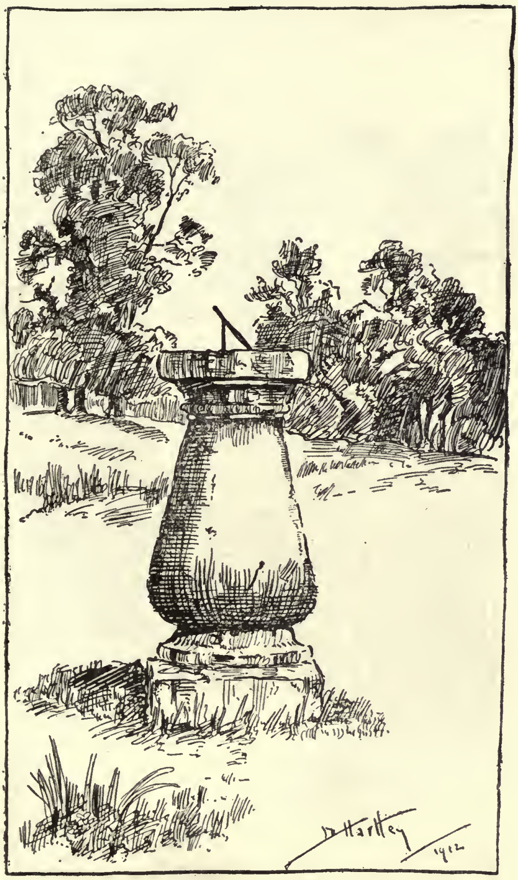
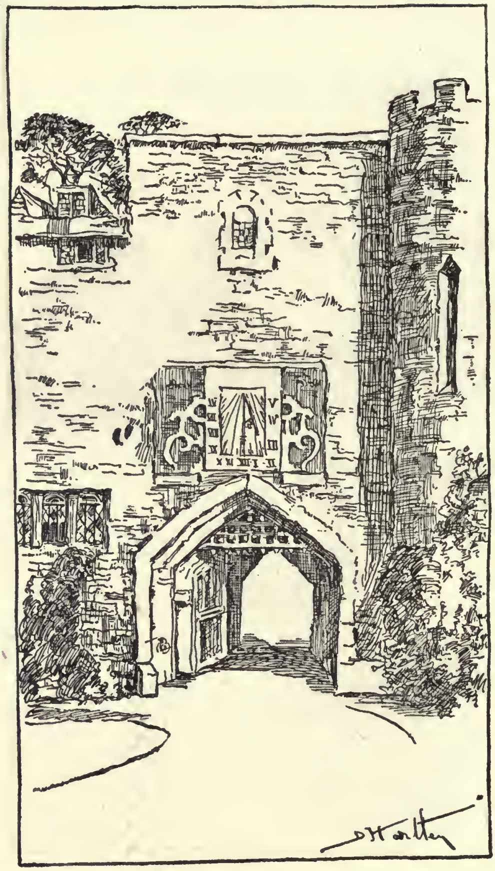
SUNDIAL 18th CENTURY.

He who dedicates each hour,
To a power divine;
Receives full oft the Christian dower,
Life's water turned to wine.



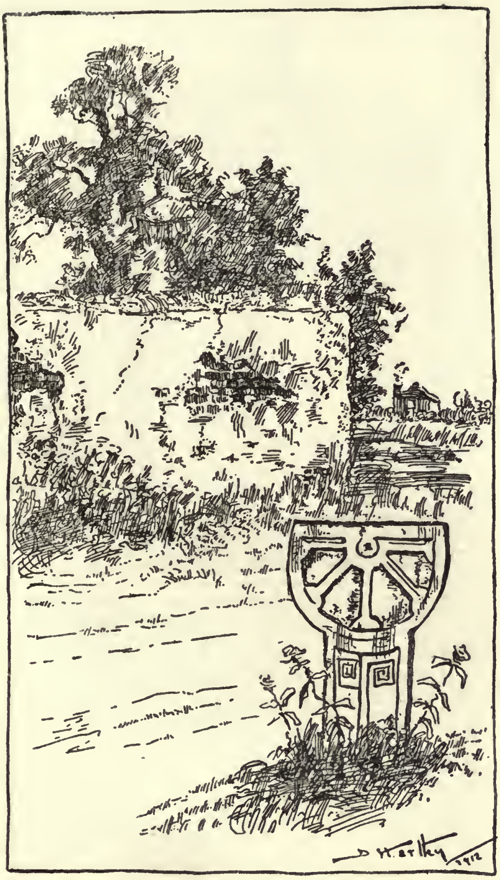
SUNDIAL AT EMERY PLACE, BRIDGEWOOD,
COLUMBIA.

Never let true friendship rust,
  Through lack of kind attention.
For without a friend to trust,
  Life's troubles won't bear mention.



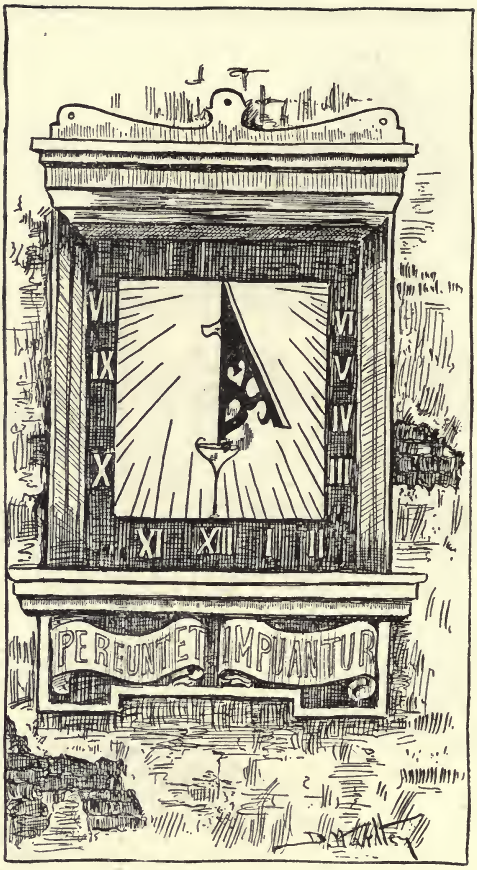
SUNDIAL AT COMPTON WYNYATES, WARWICKSHIRE.

Would'st thou be great?
  Then let each hour
For thee create,
  Fresh springs of power.



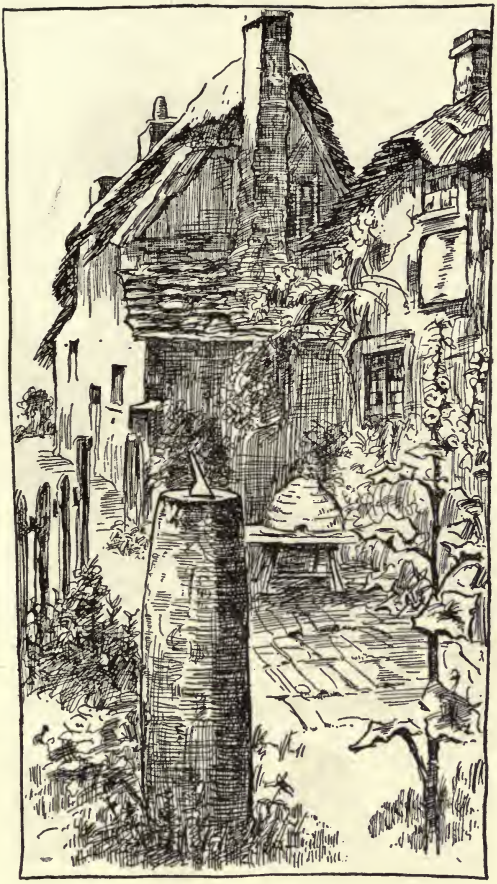
SUNDIAL AT KILMALKEDAR, IRELAND.

May thy hours be long,
  And thy days be bright;
May thy cares be few,
  And thy burdens light.


PEREUNT ET IMPUTANTUR

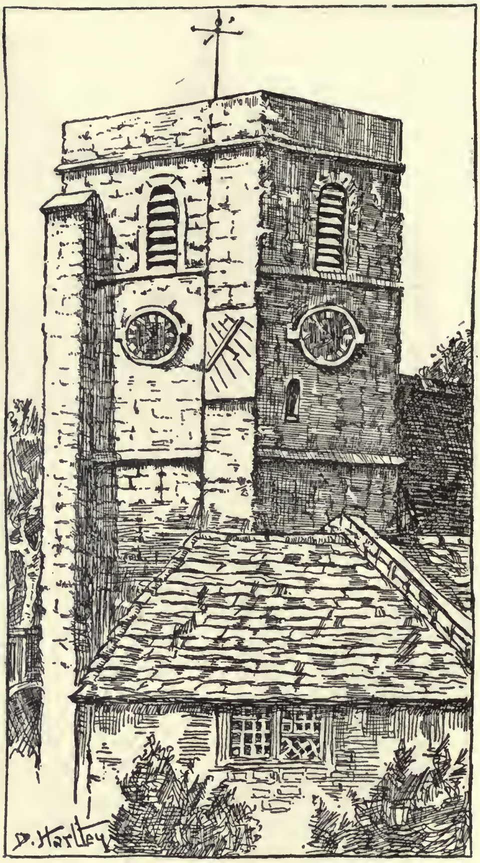
SUNDIAL ON THE DUTCH REFORM CHURCH,
NEW YORK.

I am watching,
Nor alone,
Mark I hours,
Upon this stone.



SUNDIAL OF MARY WASHINGTON,
FREDWICKSBERG, VIRGINIA.

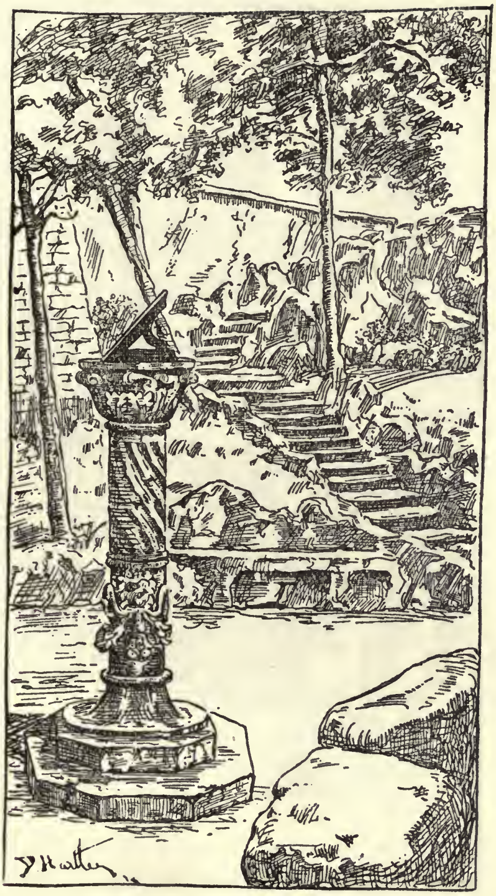
When you find,
You're behind,
Time is kind,
Never mind.



SUNDIAL ON CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.

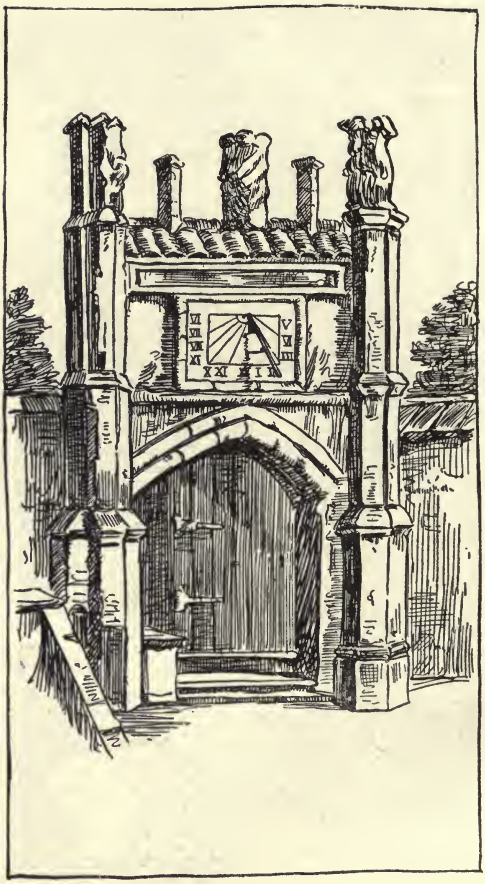
Date 1860.

Time's too short
  To dream away;
All men ought
  To watch and pray.



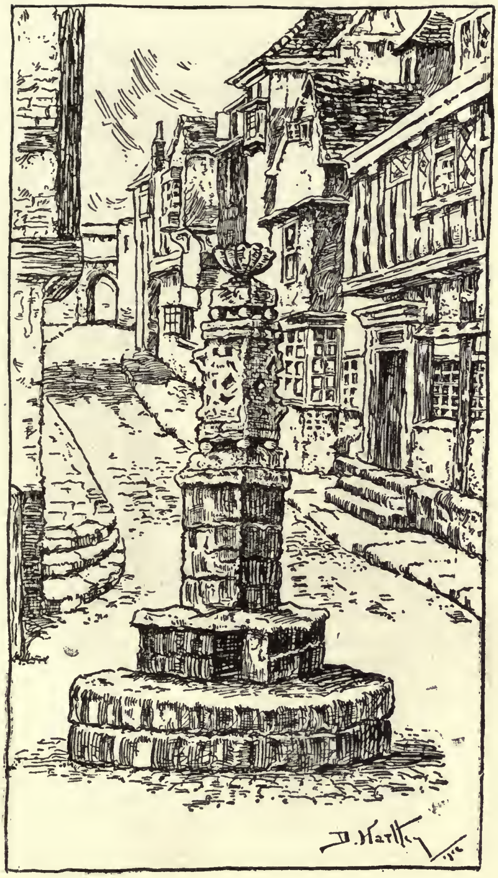
SUNDIAL LATE 19th CENTURY.

Each day is new;
  Some rays of light,
Are born for you,
  Then lost to sight.



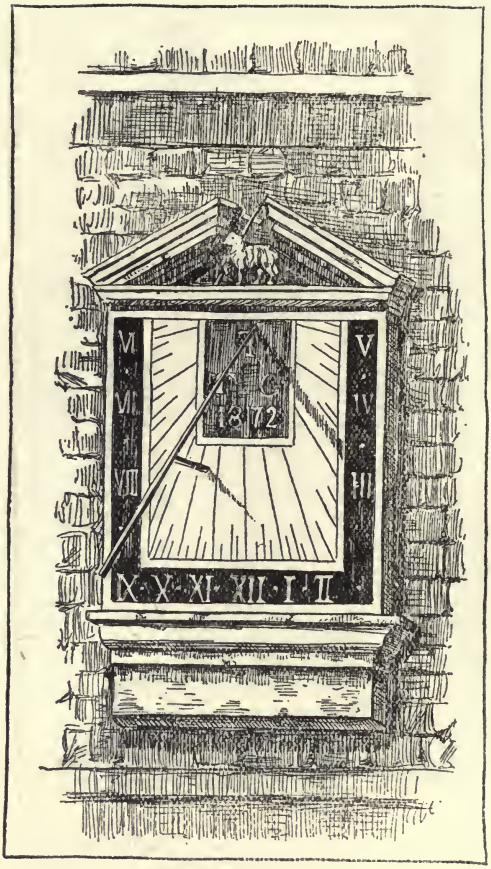
SUNDIAL 17th CENTURY.

From darkness to light,
  From the light to dark,
I to and from sight,
  Pass on to my mark.



SUNDIAL WILTON CROSS, WILTSHIRE.

Good morning, Sir
  Pray note ye time;
I've kept my hour,
  Hast thou kept thine?


1872
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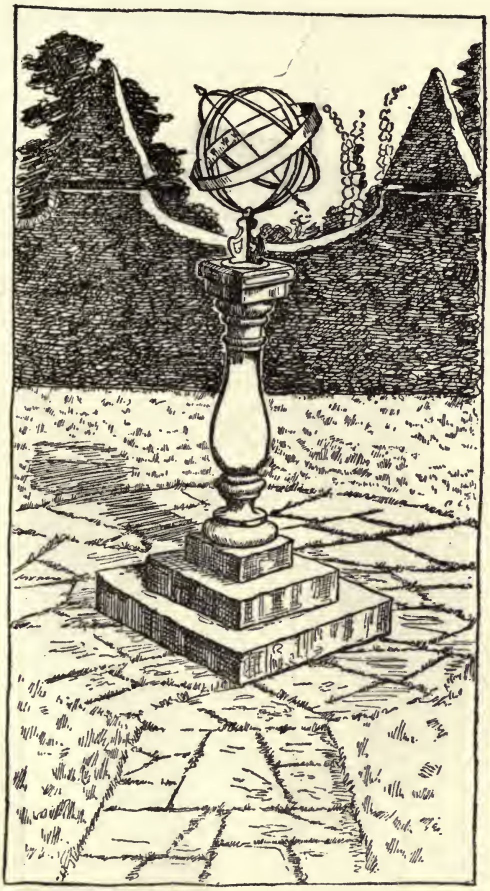
SUNDIAL ON THE CITY TEMPLE.

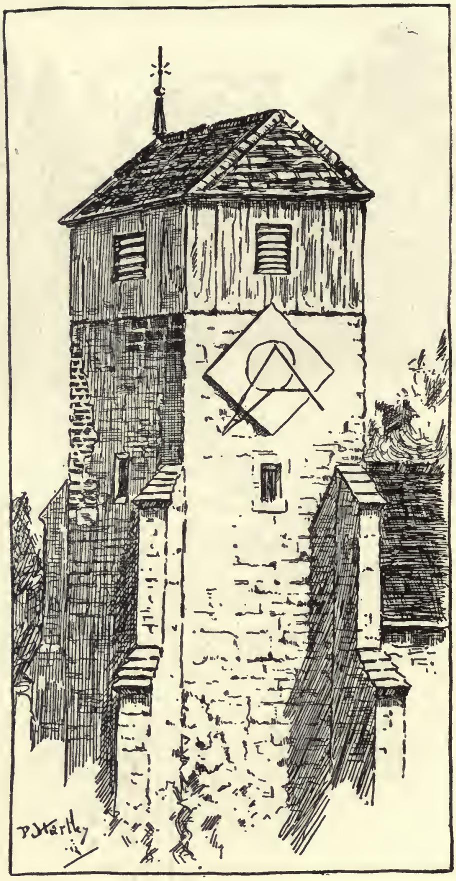
Date 1872.

Traveller think of the chances there be
To philosophise on this dial;
Think thou of thy life against Eternity,
Go, ponder and pray for awhile.



SUNDIAL 20th CENTURY.

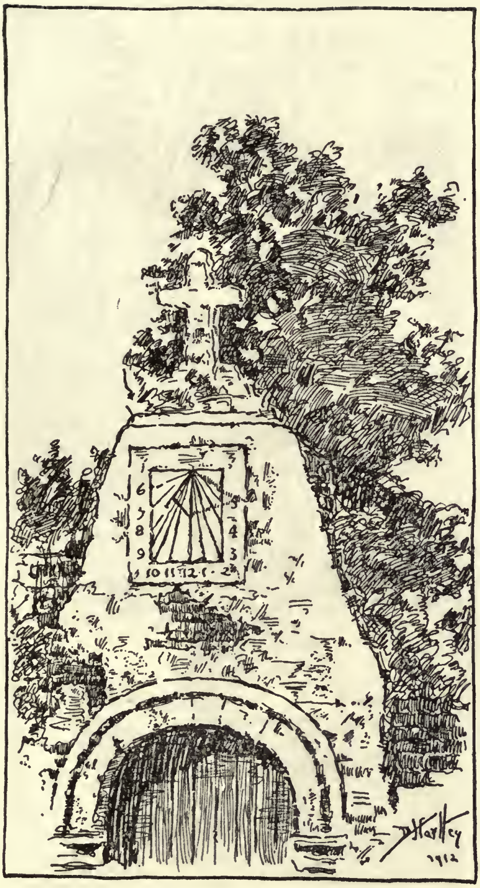
Speech is silver, so I have been told,
  And some virtue for copper there be,
But far above all is a silence that's gold
  What a valuable sundial you see.



SUNDIAL ON LEE CHURCH.

Date 1760.

Amen it is so,
  Amen so let it be.
Mortals learn to know
  Time's of Eternity.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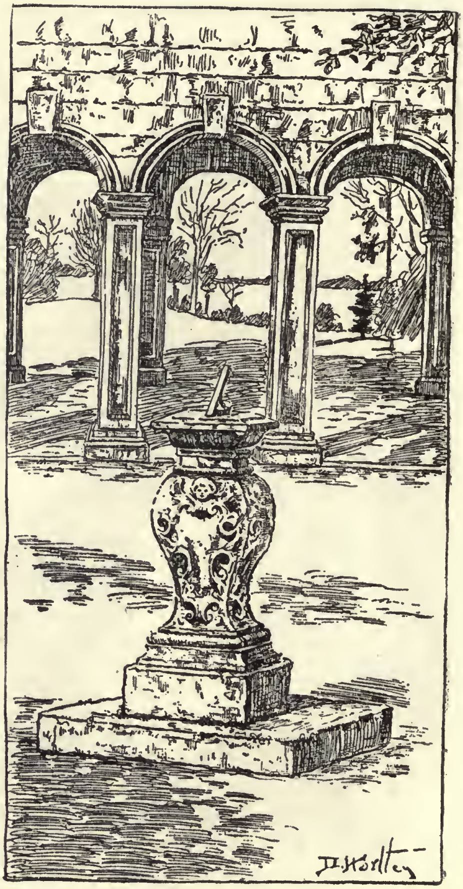
D Hartley
1912

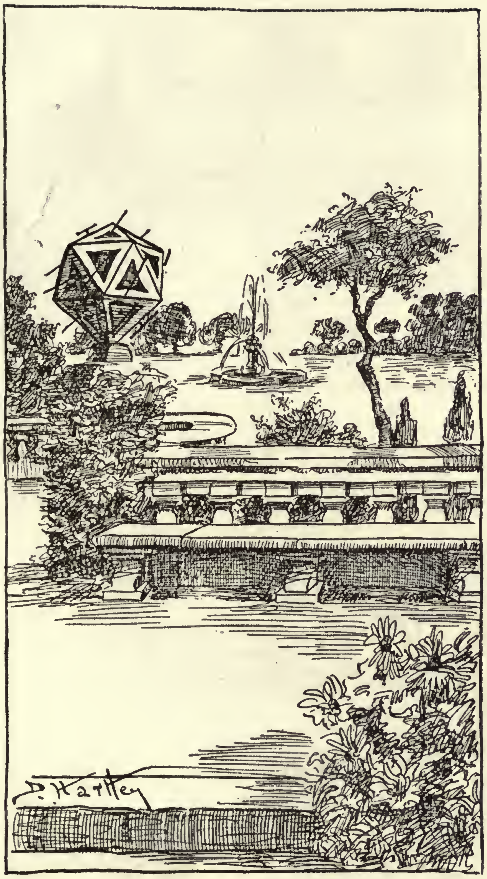
SUNDIAL ON A CHURCH, MARWENSTOW, CORNWALL.

Lead kindly light,
  Illuminate my way;
Let thy effulgence bright,
  Turn night to day.



SUNDIAL 20th CENTURY.

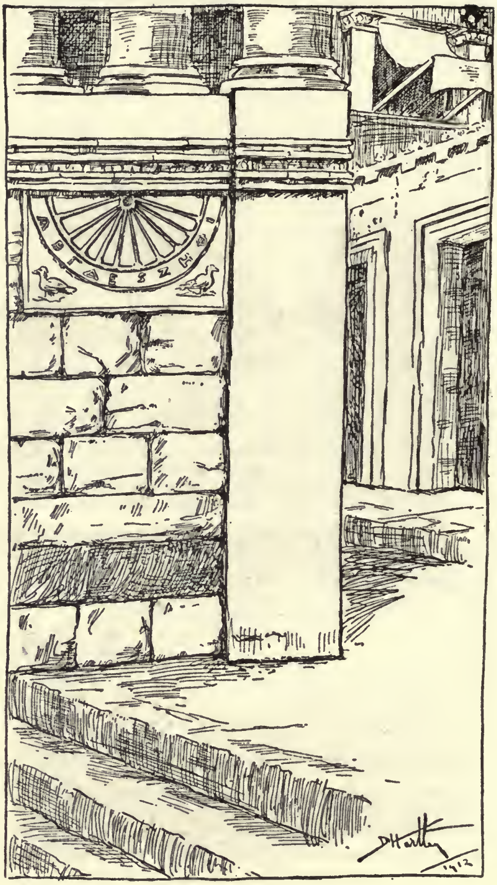
Such is life,
  Short as a day;
Full of strife,
  Work, thought, and play.



SUNDIAL AT WALTON HALL, NEAR WAKEFIELD.

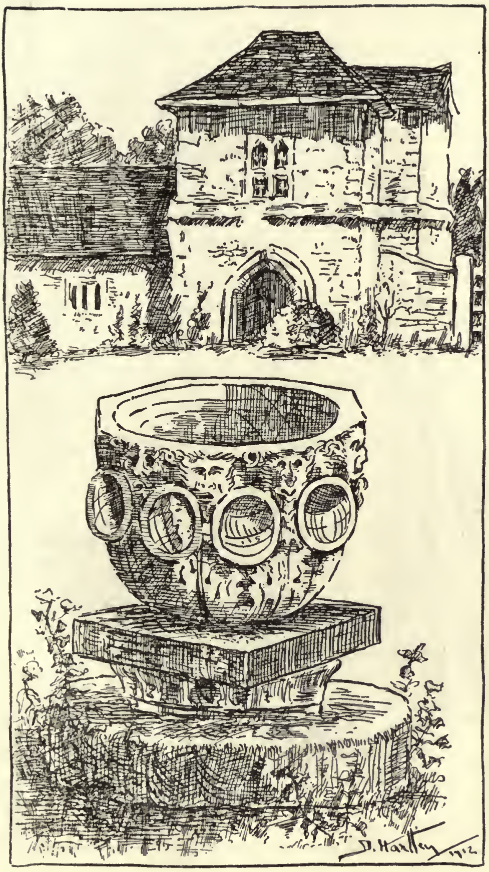
Date 1813.

Halt I'll never,
  Stop me if you can;
I move for ever,
  In spite of man.



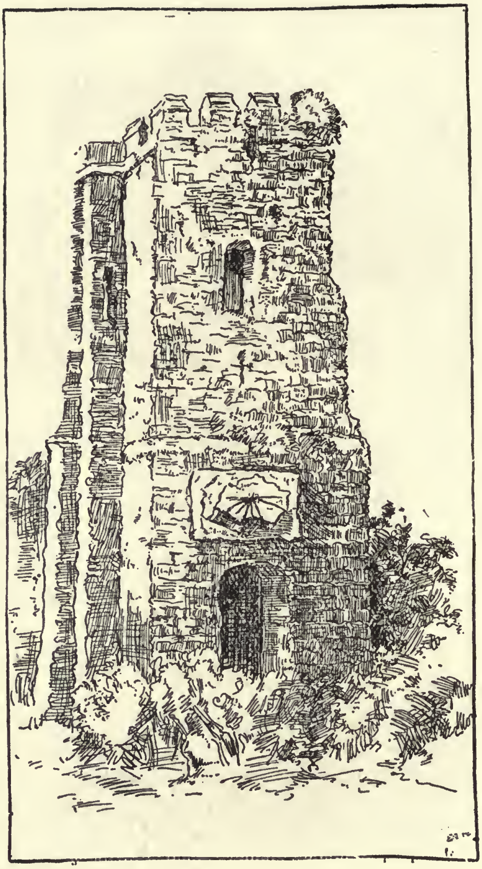
EARLY GREEK DIAL, ORCHOMENES, BOEOTIA.

I have no use for twilight,
  For the rays of the silvery moon;
Sol's brightest beams are my light,
  Depart they ever so soon.



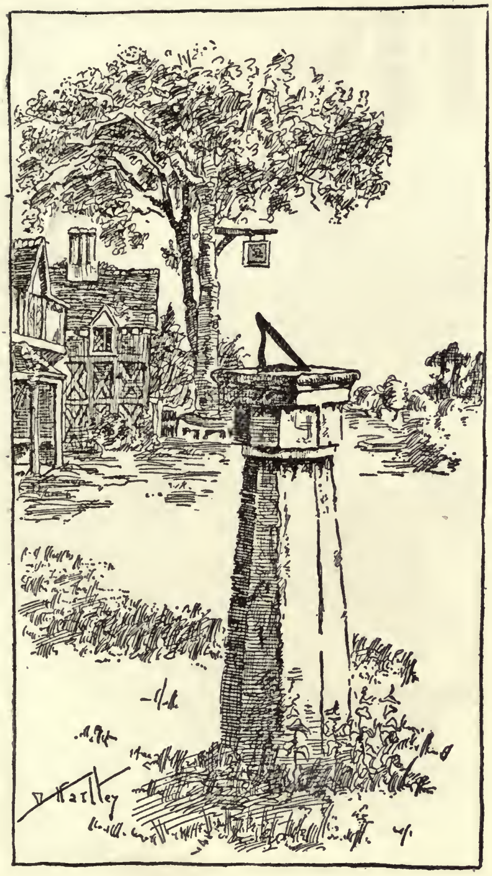
SUNDIAL AT HADDINGTON, SCOTLAND.

When man a fortune would repair,
Hours and minutes take their share;
But when the same he throws away,
He reckons life but by the day.



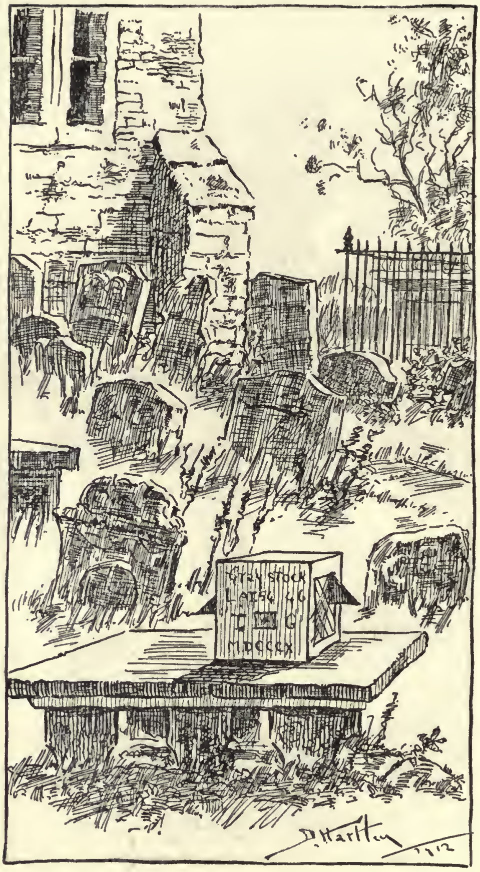
SUNDIAL AT STOKE D'ABERNON, SURREY.

We liken boundless things to time,
  To teach unending span,
But fail to show in prose or rhyme,
  Its origin's from man.



SUNDIAL AT TRAVELLER'S REST, NEW YORK. 1770.

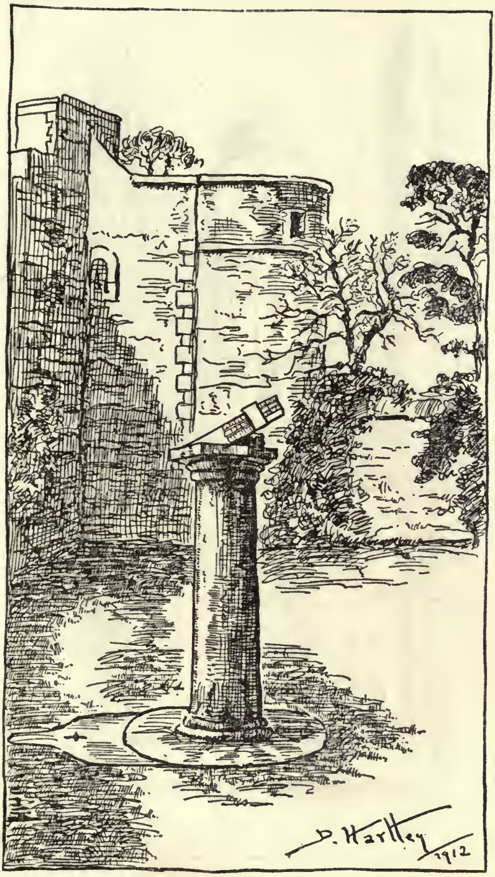
Traveller, gaze on this dial and pray
  That your life may be full of sun;
With hours retarded day by day,
  And pleasure in every one.


GREYSTOCK
MDCCCX

SUNDIAL IN GREYSTOKE CHURCHYARD.

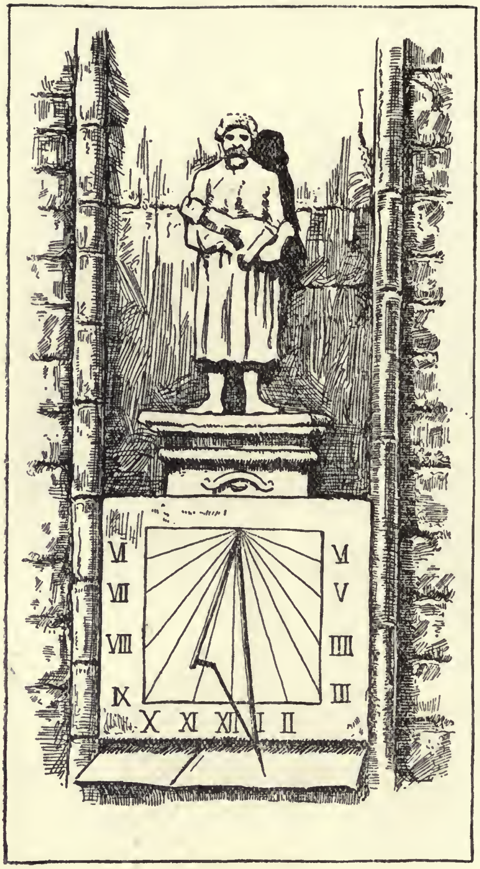
Date 1810.

Upon the evil and the good,
Ever sun doth shine;
But what's so seldom understood,
Is charity divine.



SUNDIAL AT SHENSTONE VICARAGE,
LICHFIELD.

If I mark a day of loss,
  Gain one shade can give,
'Tis the shadow of the cross,
  That bids dead hours live.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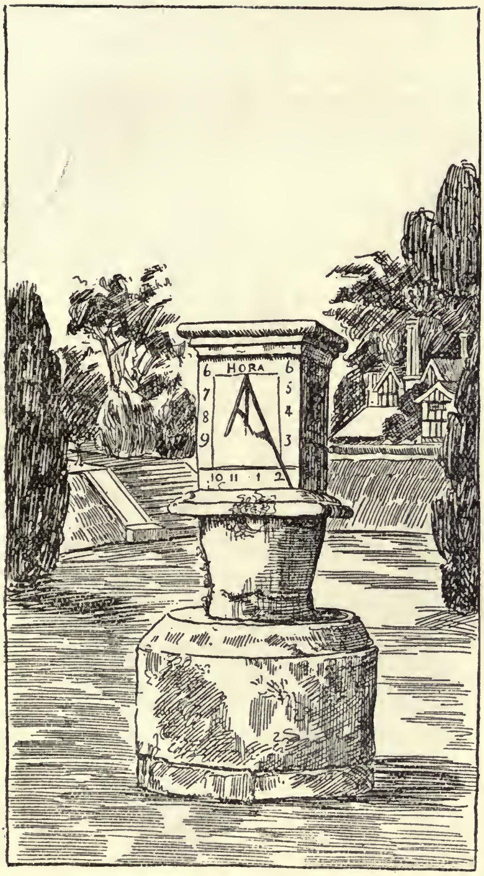
SUNDIAL AT BOLTON ABBEY.

Smile traveller, smile,
  Look happy and banish all care;
There's time on the face of this dial,
  For a laugh, but never a tear.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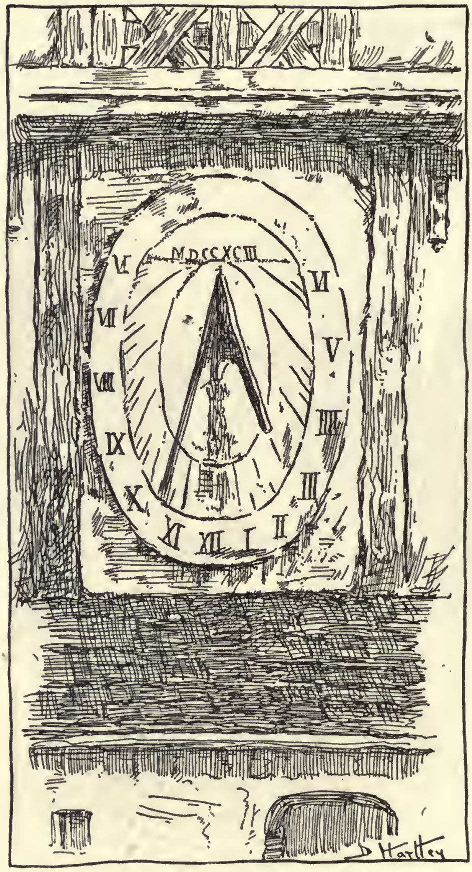
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY,

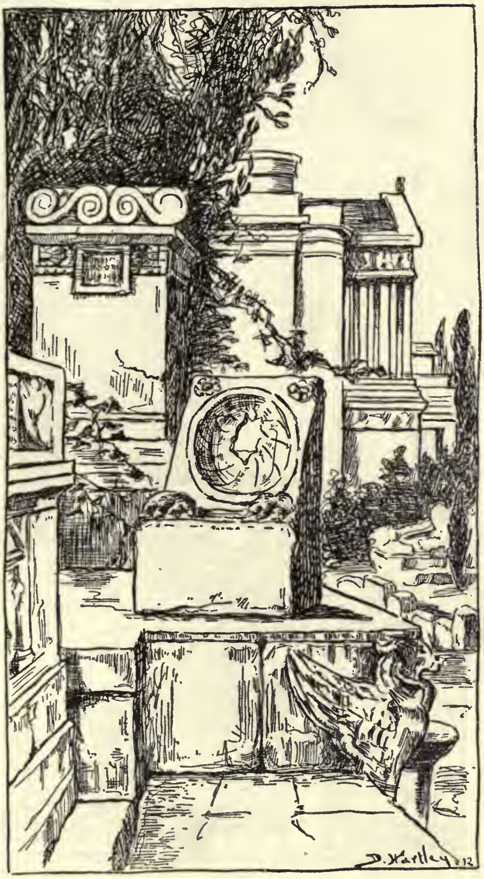
Necessity's the mother of invention,
  Found true in every clime,
Then let this dial now mention,
  She's the grandmamma of time.


MDCCXCIII
D Hartley

SUNDIAL ON BAKEWELL CHURCH.

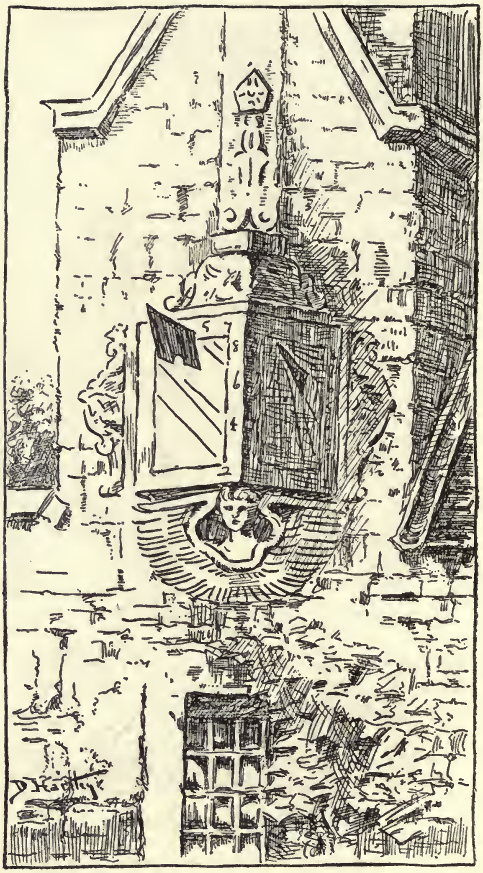
Date 1793.

An hour to live.
  An hour to spend.
An hour to give,
  Help to a friend.



EARLY GREEK SUNDIAL IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM.

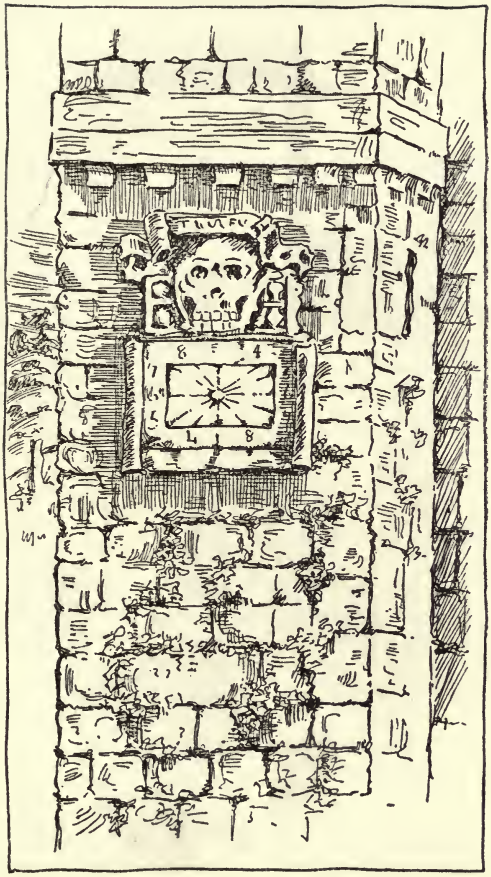
To age, good-day,
  To youth, good-bye,
Man like each ray,
  Is born to die.



SUNDIAL, HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, SCOTLAND.

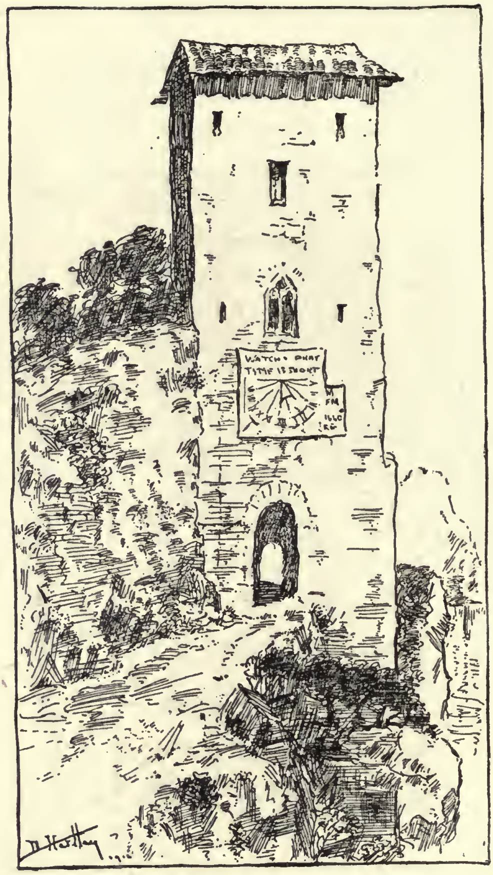
Date about 1632.

No enemy have I,
  I treat all men the same,
And daily do I try,
  Lost friendships to reclaim.



SUNDIAL, GRAYFRIARS BURIAL GROUND,
PERTH.

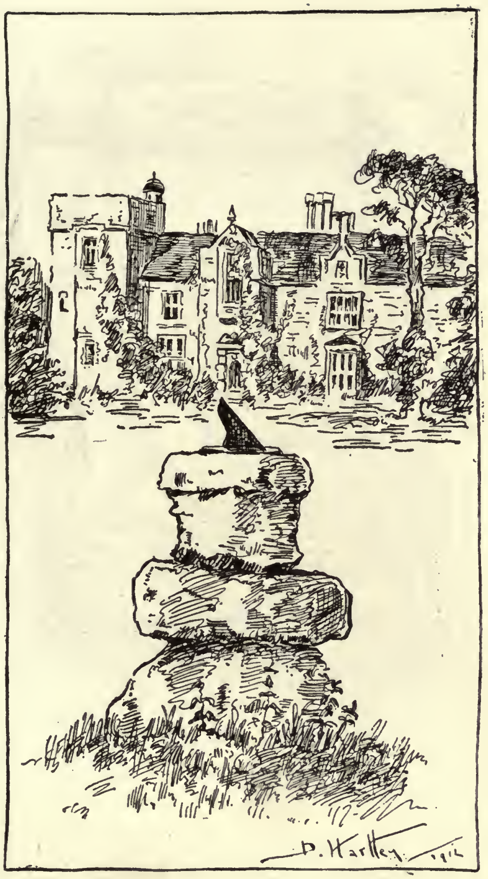
Learn thou to live;
  You question me, then I
This answer give:
  Thus shall you learn to die.


WATCH • PRAY
TYME IS SHORT
FM
1640

SUNDIAL AT YARROW KIRK.

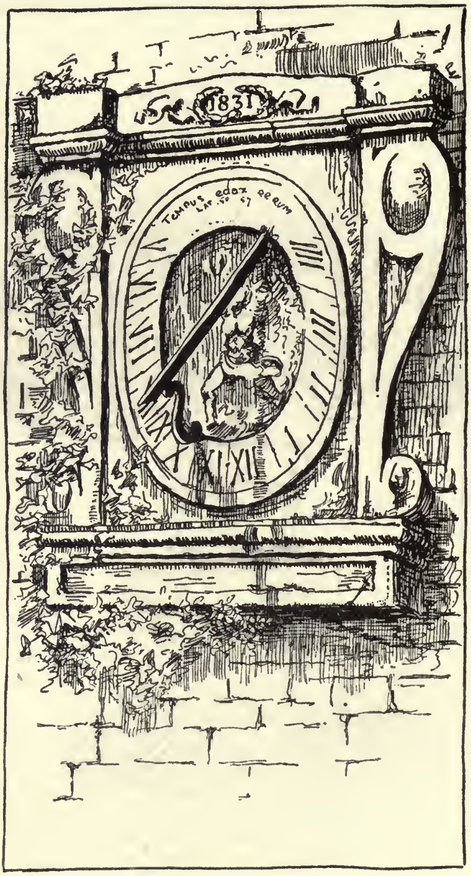
Date 1640.

I serve all men the same,
  Kings, nobles, rich and poor,
For all go whence they came,
  In time to earth once more.



SUNDIAL FROM PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

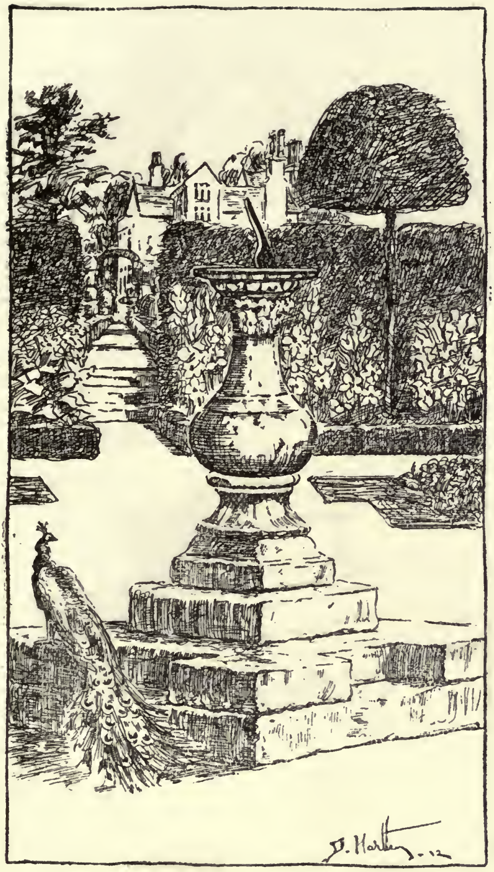
No man can ever calculate
  Of years the present sum,
Or tell by certain estimate
  How many are to come.


1831
Tempus edax rerum

SUNDIAL ON THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, RYE.

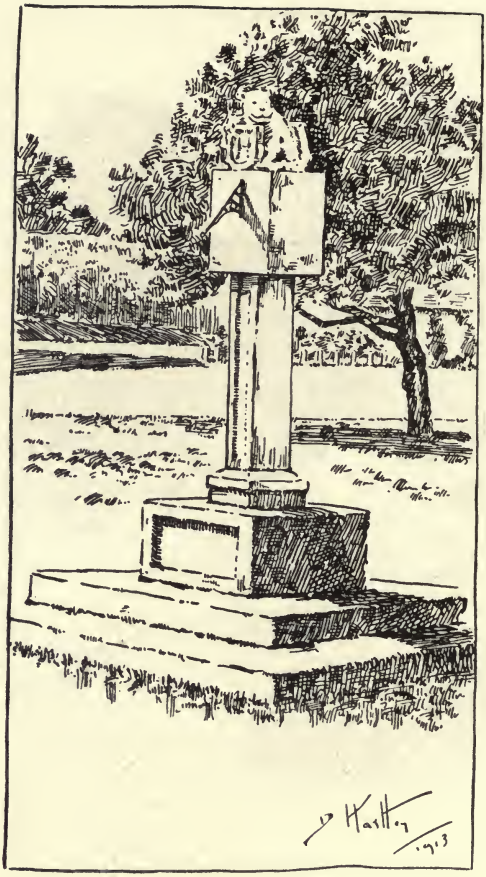
Date 1831.

Time moveth steadily away;
And, save for this dial,
We should never know the day,
Or hours that now do smile.



SUNDIAL 19th CENTURY.

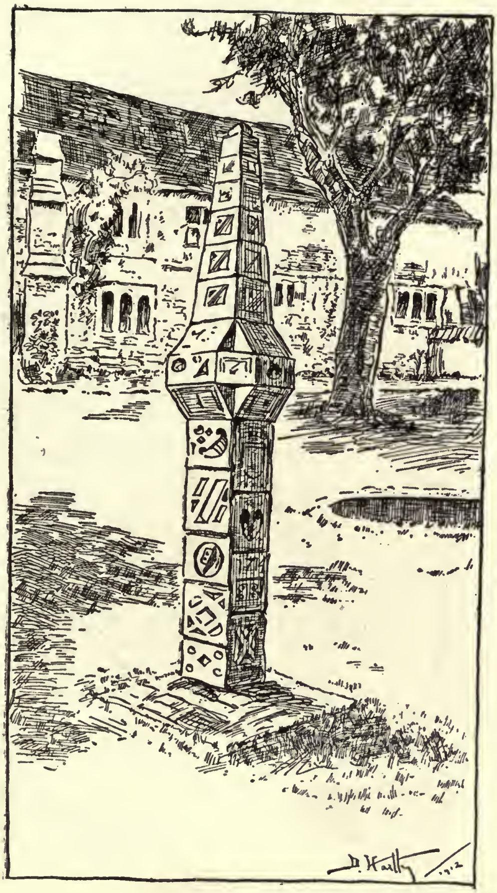
Time dissolves like the dew,
It descends like the rain,
For it visits this earth,
But will never remain.



A SCHOOL SUNDIAL AT ST. ANDREWS.

Late 19th Century.

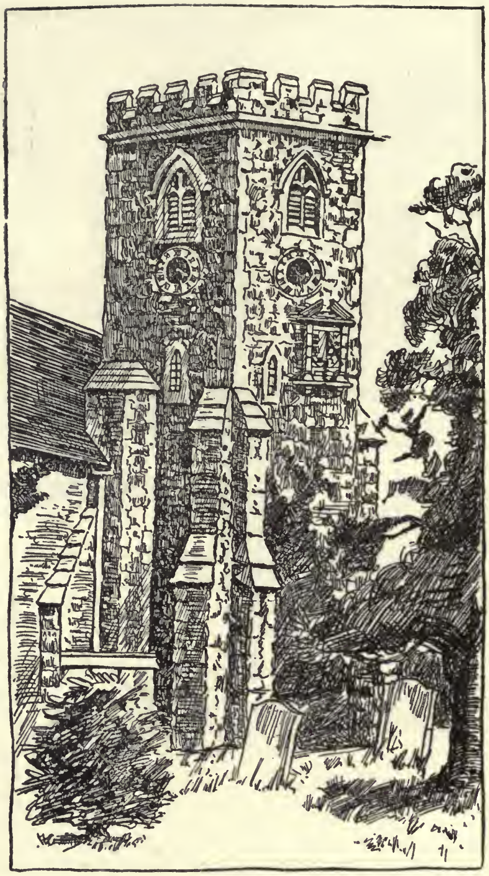
Be hours light or dim,
All of a chain are links;
Then evil be to him,
Who any evil thinks.



SUNDIAL AT TONGUE HOUSE,
SUTHERLAND.

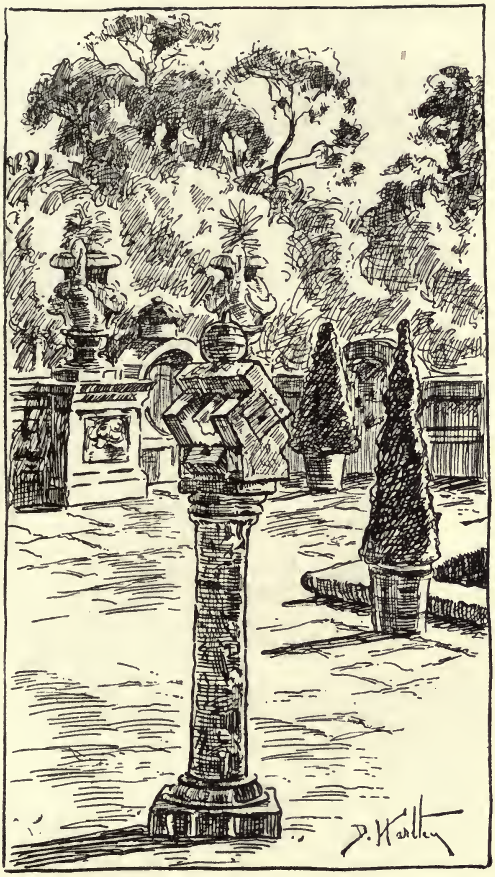
Date 1714.

Get on with your work,
 It will soon be night,
And all that you shirk
 Sees to-morrow's light.



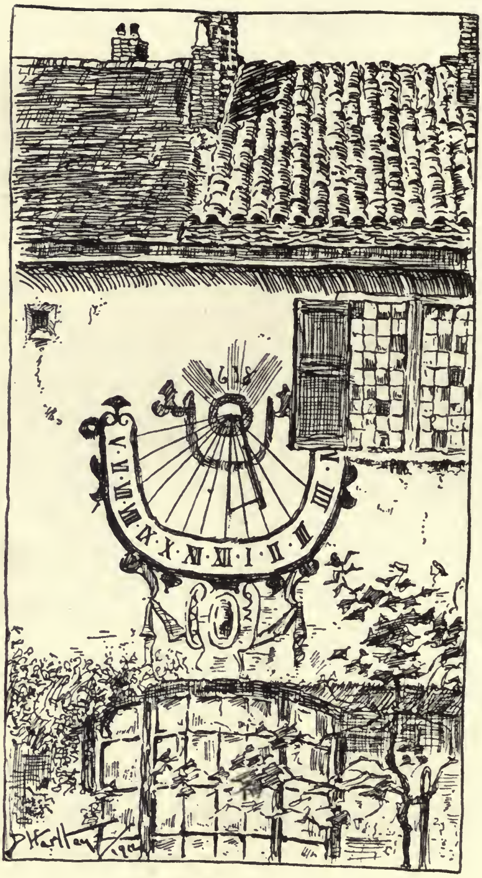
SUNDIAL ON OLD WILLESDEN CHURCH, MIDDLESEX.

O, let no ruthless act destroy,
Aught that our Maker doth employ,
To live a life and so to teach,
Some mutual lesson each to each.



SUNDIAL AT CHEESBURN, NORTHUMBERLAND.

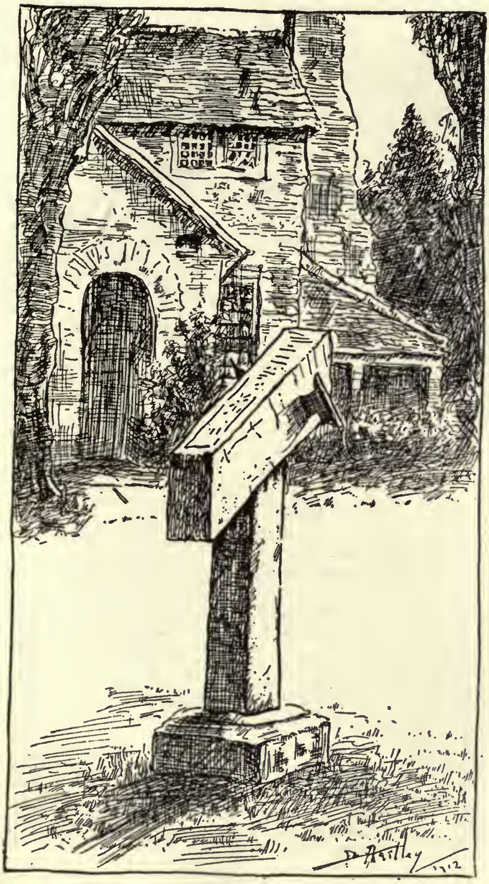
Time, passes fast away,
And like grasses turned to hay,
Holding a fragrance of the past,
So time a memory while we last.



SUNDIAL, BAVERHAUS, GERMANY.

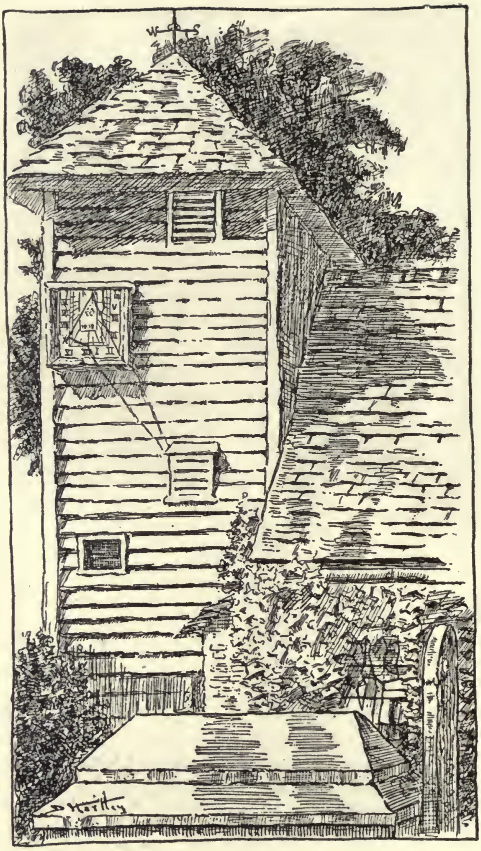
Date 1618.

I bid you all good day,
For there's no time to waste,
So look, then turn away;
And haste, haste, haste.



SUNDIAL IN THE NORMAN KEEP, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

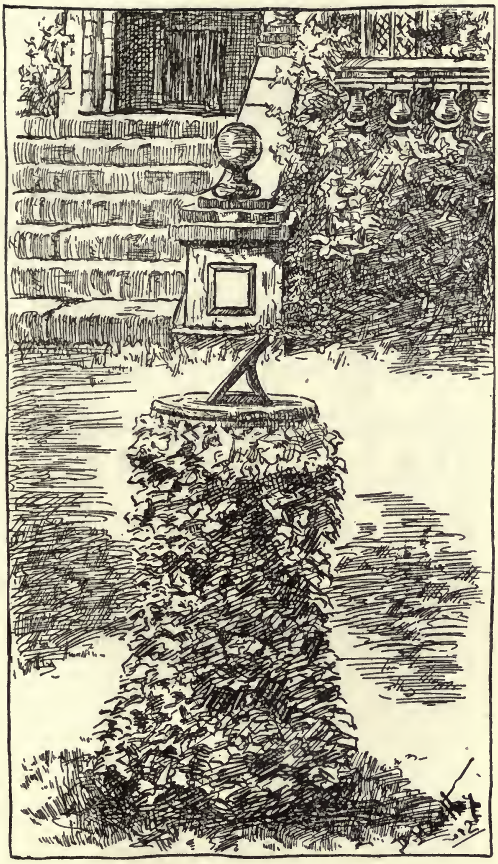
This day may be your last,
To revel in the light,
So let no hour go past
To sadden what is bright.



SUNDIAL ON PERIVALE, MIDDLESEX.

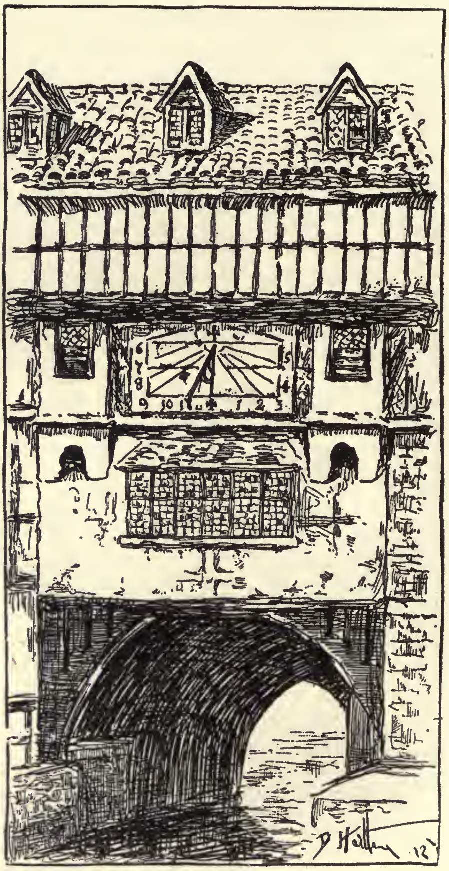
Date 1818.

Since all things change,
Time, I, and thou,
O, let's arrange
To live well now.



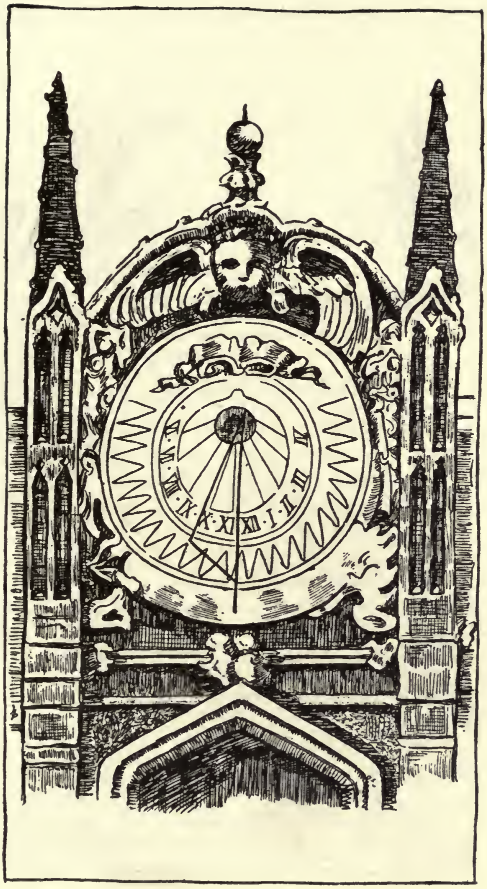
SUNDIAL, GERMANY. 18th CENTURY.

We're a long time dead,
And life is short,
So keep this day,
As all men ought.



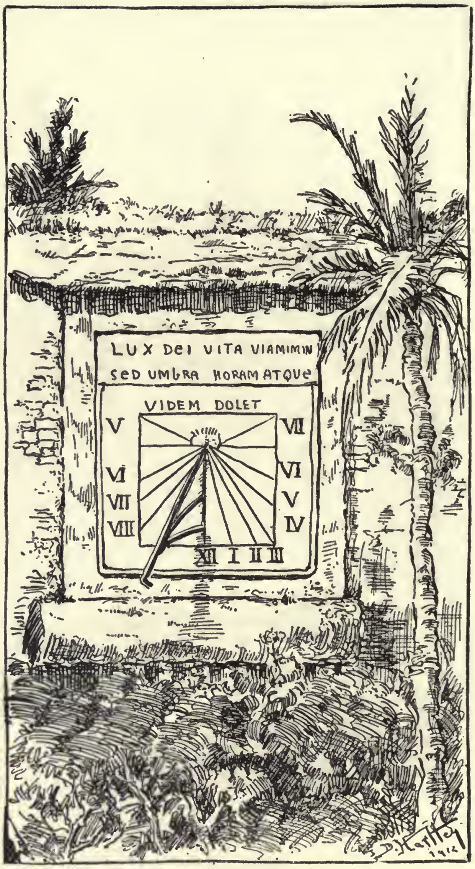
SUNDIAL EARLY 17th CENTURY.

The end inevitable face,
  All hours too soon are run;
And for those who take thy place,
  Leave record of work done.



SUNDIAL, ALL SOULS, OXFORD.

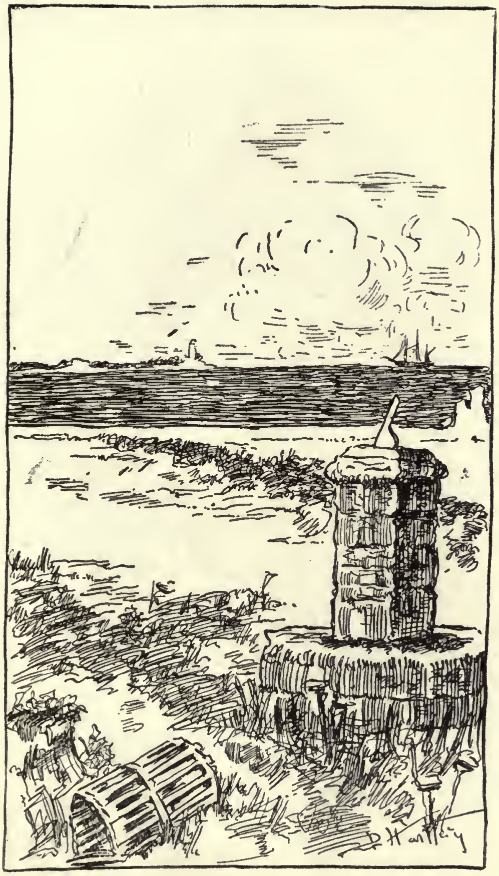
This day that Thou hast given, Lord,
To waste no mortal can afford,
For from its hours can fashioned be,
Ladders to lift us up to Thee.


LUX DEI VITA VIAMIMIN
SED UMBRA HORAM ATQUE
VIDEM DOLET
V
VI
VII
VIII
VII
VI
V
IV
XII I II III

SUNDIAL AT ST. BARBARA MISSION, CALIFORNIA.

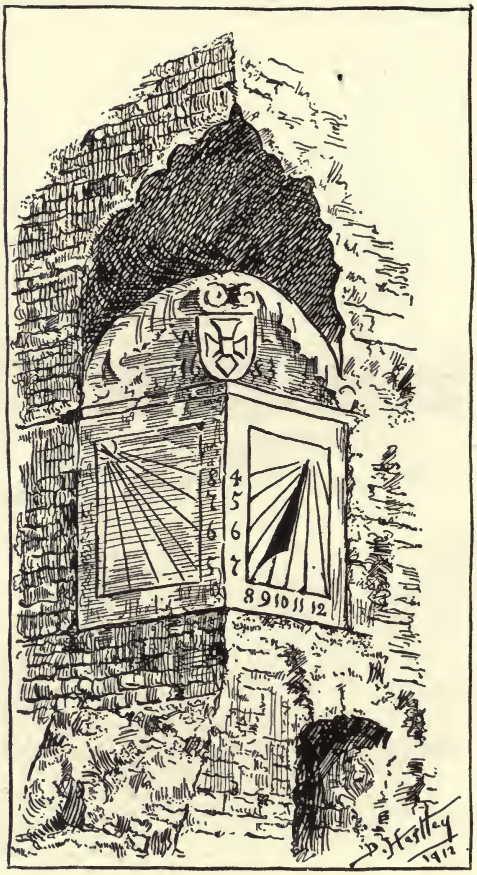
Date 1786.

Enjoy the day, live every hour,
And let this thought stick fast—
That if for killing time we've power,
Time killeth us at last.



SUNDIAL 18th CENTURY.

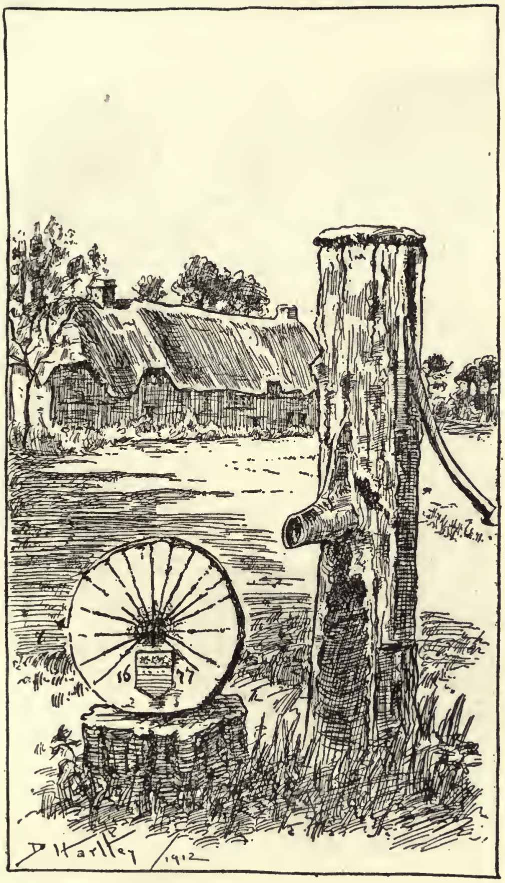
The ocean is likened to time,
  Because of its boundless expanse;
But men who have sailed to each clime,
  Discredit such talk as romance.


16 83
8 7 6 5
4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12

SUNDIAL ON LIBERTON HOUSE, MID-LOTHIAN.

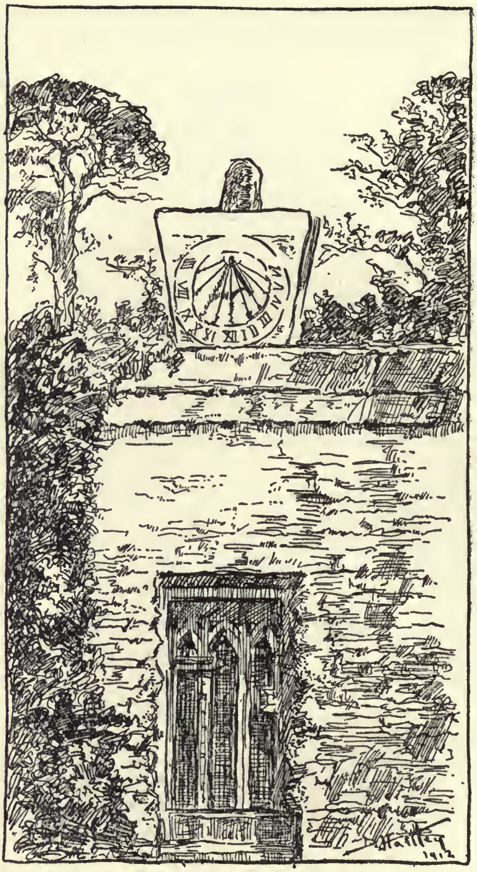
Date 1683.

Each moment finds the past increased,
So swiftly Time moves on;
The bells for Matins scarce have ceased,
Ere it is Evensong.



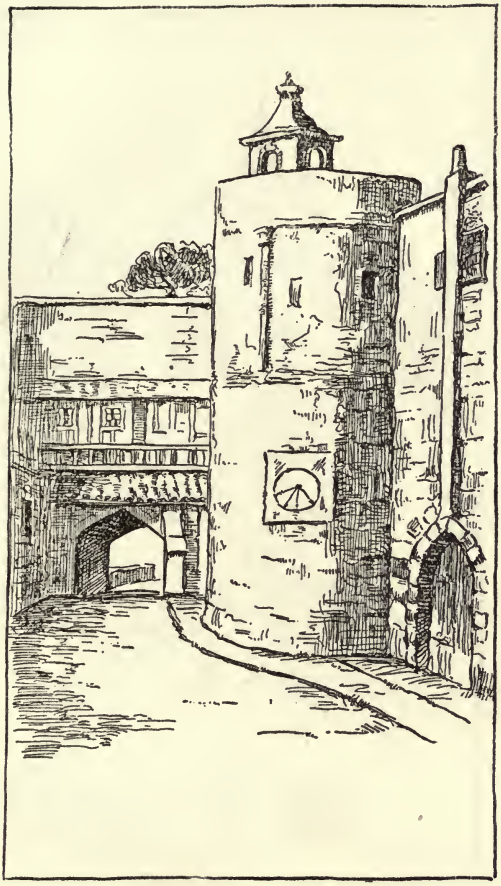
SUNDIAL AT WASHINGTON'S HOUSE,
LITTLE BRIGHTON, NORTHANTS.

'Tis man alone divides the day,
  Observing hours called Time,
But birds and beasts the sun's bright ray
  With care in every clime.



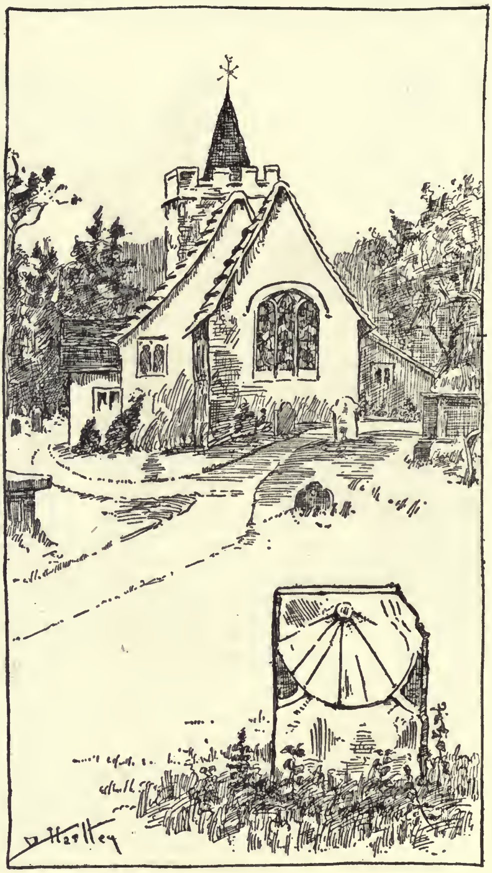
SUNDIAL NEAR DANBY MILL, LEYBURN,
YORKSHIRE.

Ever keep a smiling face,
  Finding mirth some room;
Hours and minutes flow apace,
  Life's too short for gloom.



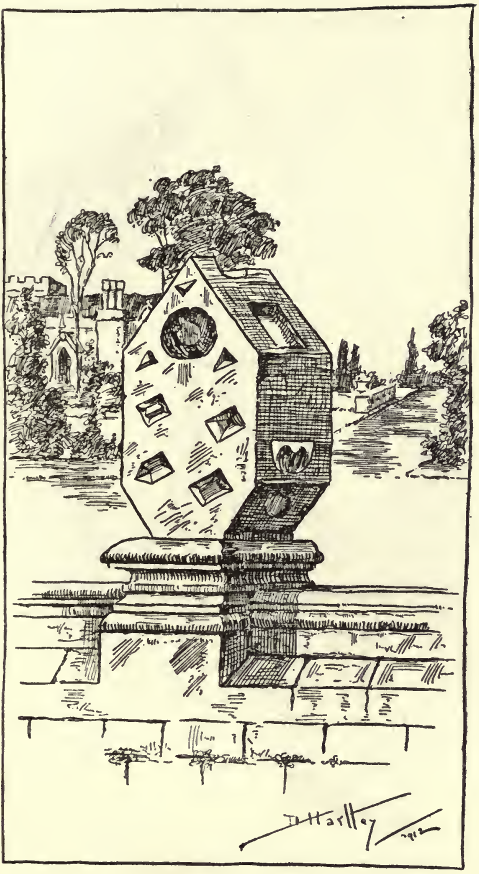
SUNDIAL AT GRAFTON REGIS.

Our life is like a chain,
  Made up of hours now passed,
Yet only those remain
  Fashioned for such to last.



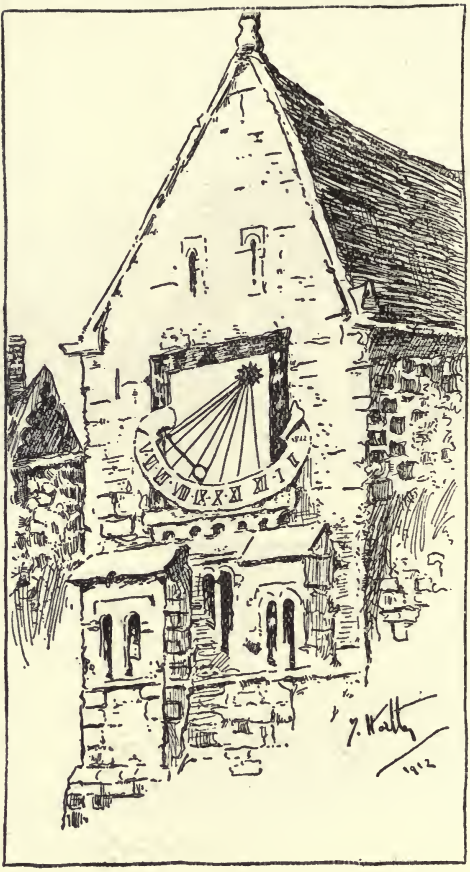
SUNDIAL AT SAUL, Co. DOWN, IRELAND.

I number none but cloudless hours,
So through the years to be,
May the King of heavenly powers
Reckon bright hours to thee.



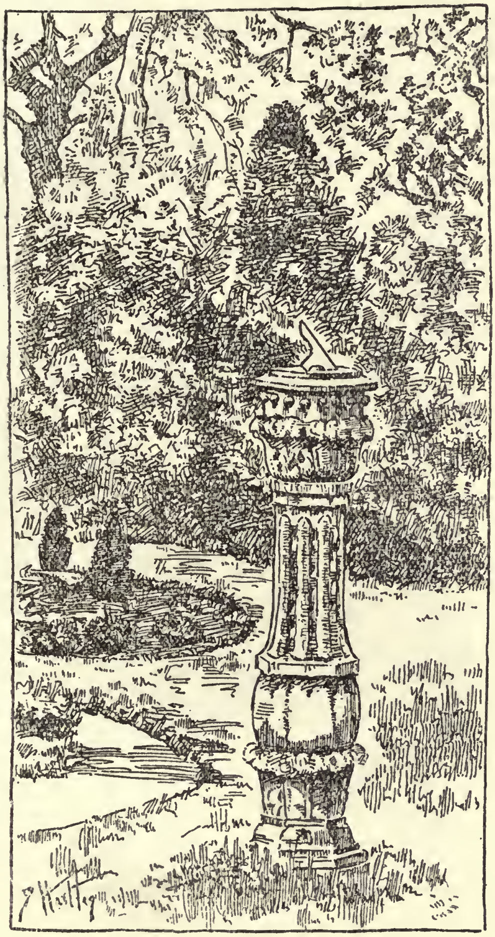
SUNDIAL AT THE OLD MANOR HOUSE,
WESTWOOD, Nr. BRADFORD, WILTS.

Whereso'er your treasure lies,
There will be your greatest ties;
Ever, then, your riches send,
Forward to your journey's end.



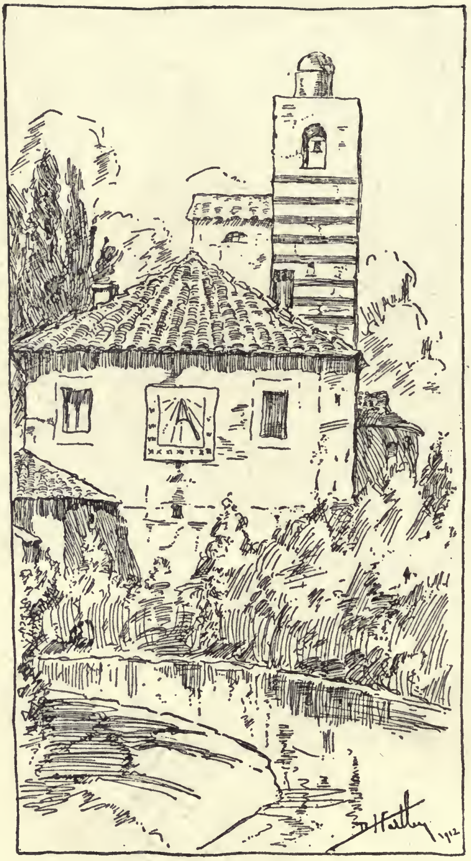
GERMAN SUNDIAL, EARLY 17th CENTURY.

" All's well that ends well ",
Bear this fact in mind.
Start at the end then you can tell,
That all your hours were kind.



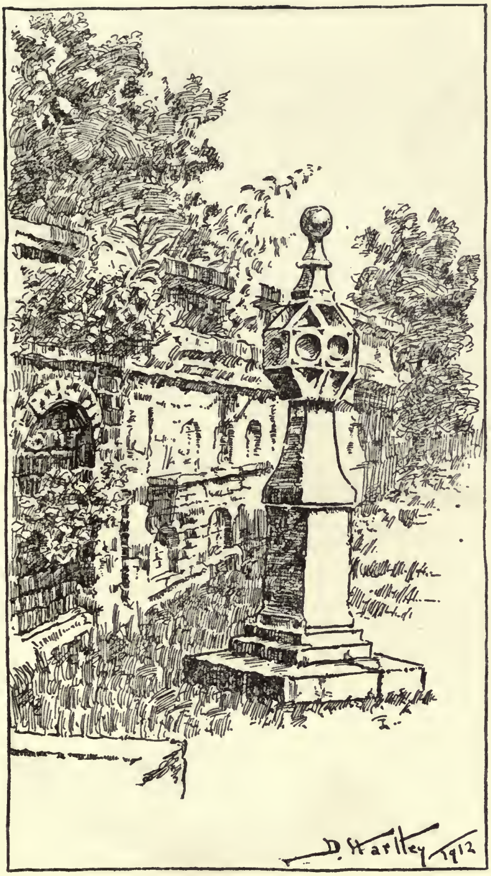
SUNDIAL, GRITTLETON HOUSE, CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.

Traveller, note this hour that I mark,
  It shall never return;
Though hours I register after dark,
  Count not from these to learn.



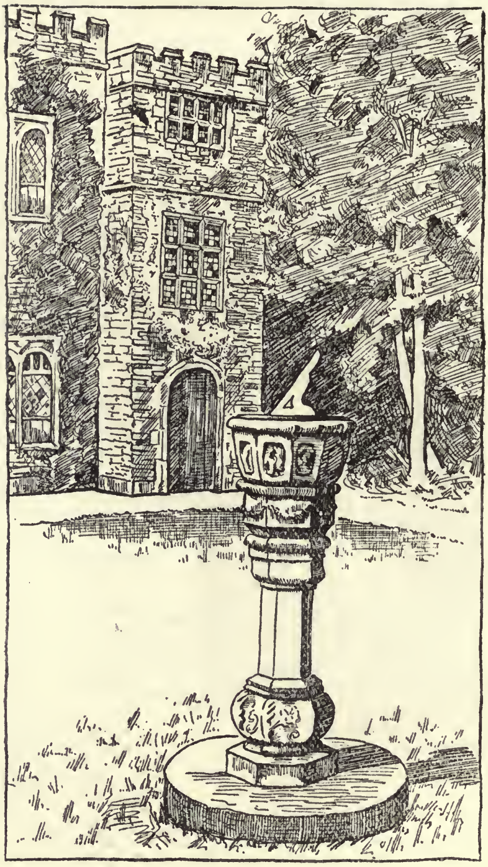
SUNDIAL ON BUILDING,
"THE BELFRY TOWER," PRA, THE RIVIERA.

Nothing is certain,
  Not even the hour,
For clouds like a curtain,
  Restrict the sun's power.


D. Hartley 1912

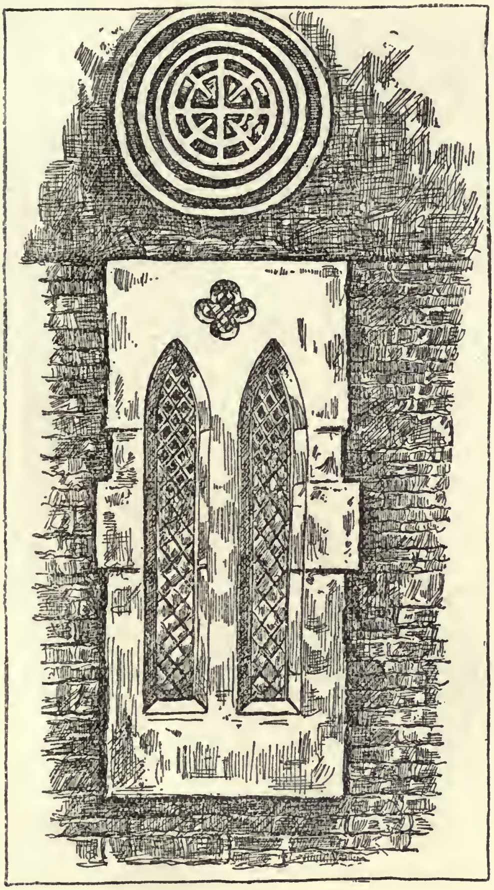
SUNDIAL, SCOTLAND, 17th CENTURY.

Go, reckon my hour,
  Then note time of day;
But remember I've power,
  To mark thine the same way.



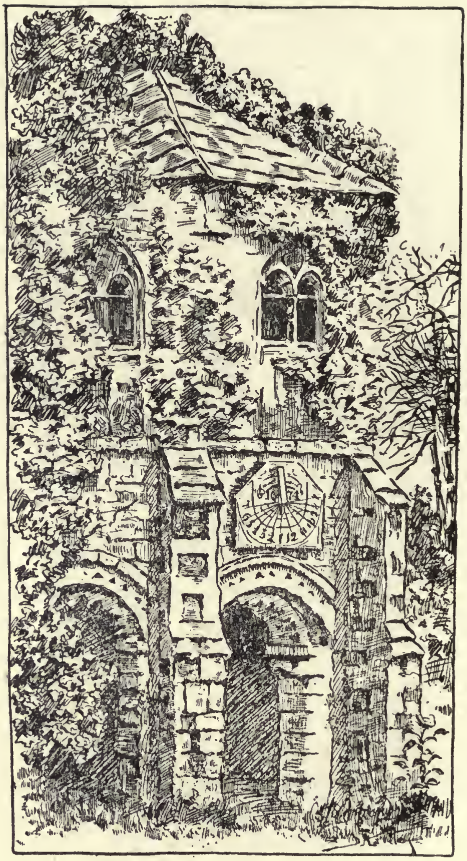
SUNDIAL IN THE FELLOWS' GARDENS,
CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

Love's like ye sun,
  It comes and it goes;
Love's like ye tide,
  It ebbs and it flows.



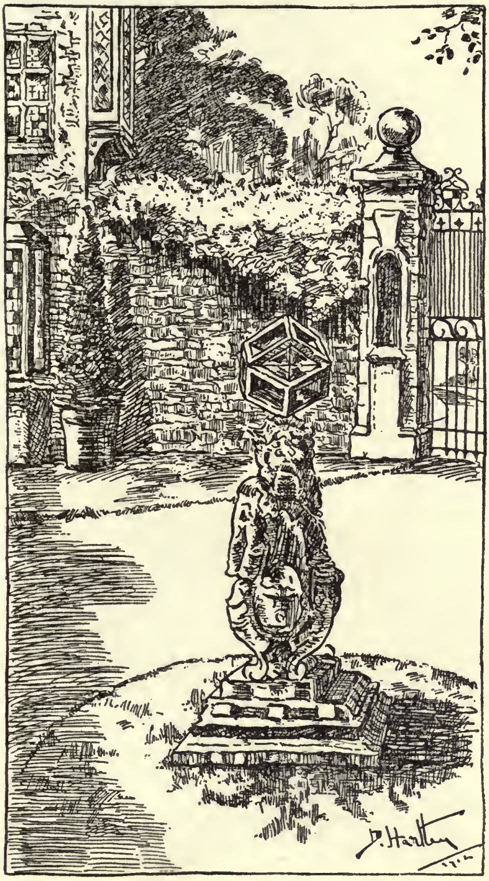
SUNDIAL ON ST. CUTHBERT'S CHURCH,
DARLINGTON.

I divide ye hours,
  And man ye days,
But ye heavenly powers
  Ye sun's bright rays.



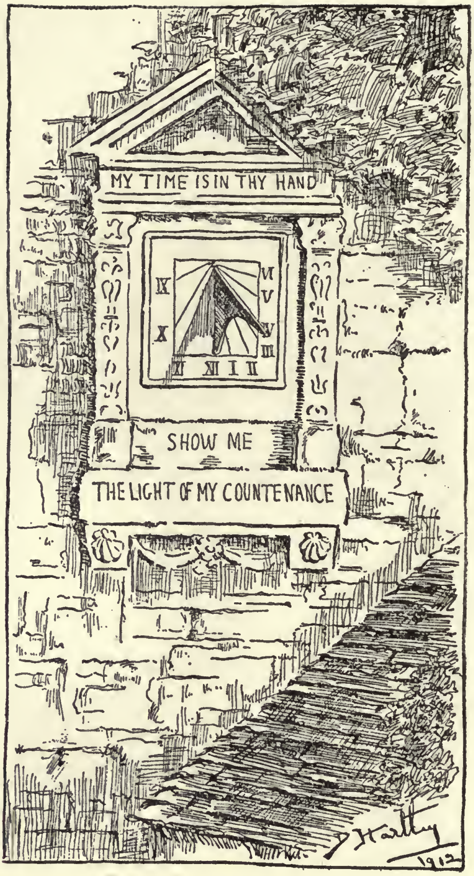
SUNDIAL. Date 1674.

This hour is thine,
To mark if fine.
All hours are mine,
When sun doth shine.



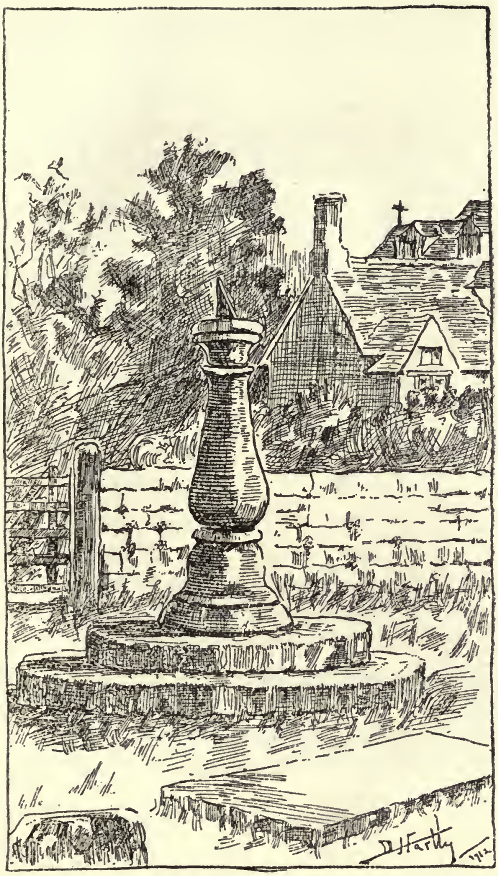
SUNDIAL IN THE GROUNDS, LEE CASTLE, LANARKSHIRE.

Fear not the dark,
  Fear thou the light;
For men but mark,
  Things clear to sight.


MY TIME IS IN THY HAND
SHOW ME
THE LIGHT OF MY COUNTENANCE
1912

SUNDIAL AT ABBEYFIELD, Nr. SHEFFIELD.

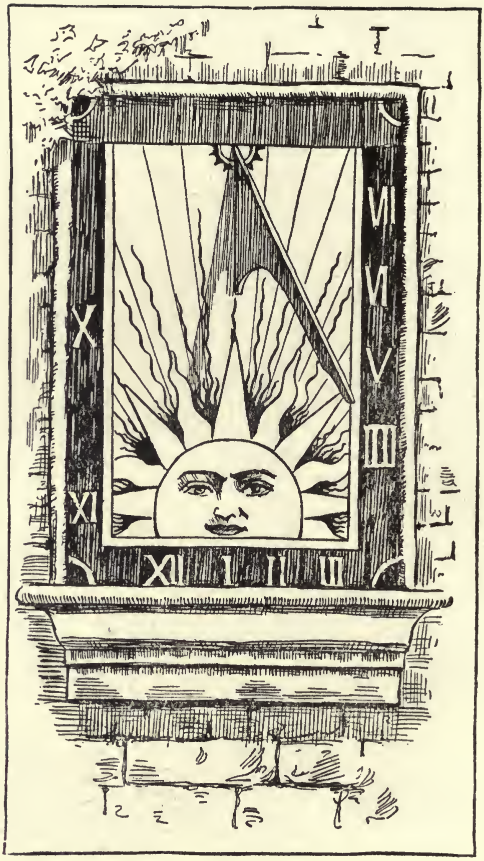
He put me high up for to make,
Men ever upward glances take;
So by degrees in times they see,
God's light and love reflect in me.



SUNDIAL IN LEYLAND CHURCHYARD,
LANCASHIRE.

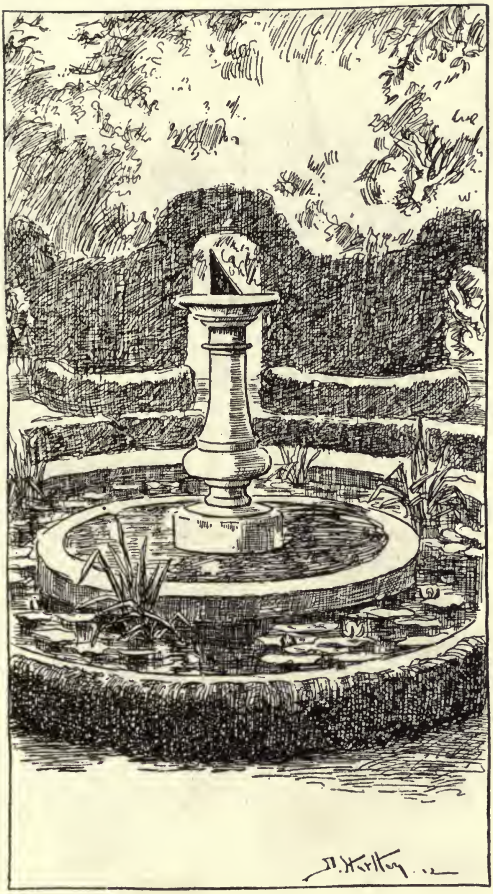
Date 1714.

Blessed the hours which are dead,
For they died in the Lord.
More blessed men of whom 'tis said,
They kept His holy word.


X
XI
XII
I
II
III
IIII
V
VI
VII

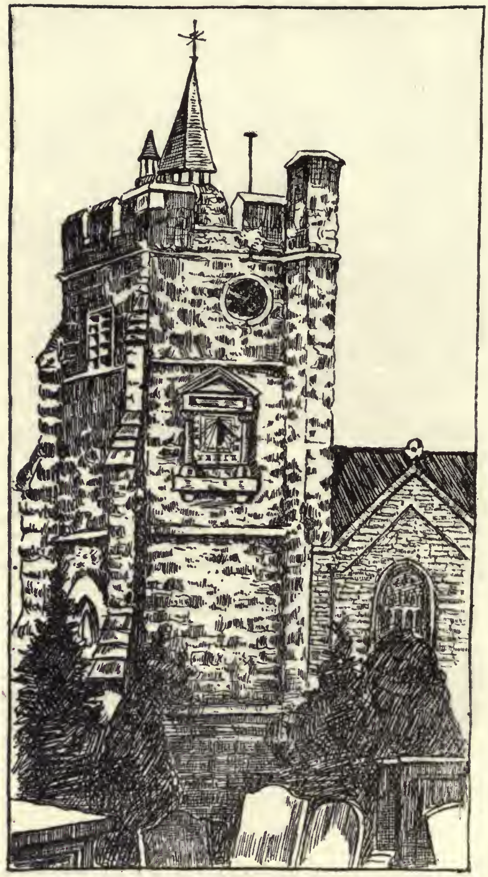
SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

Insure against the ravages of time,
  Provide some years of rest for thy old age;
Go, make good use of days while in your prime,
  The Sun gives chances to enrich life's page.



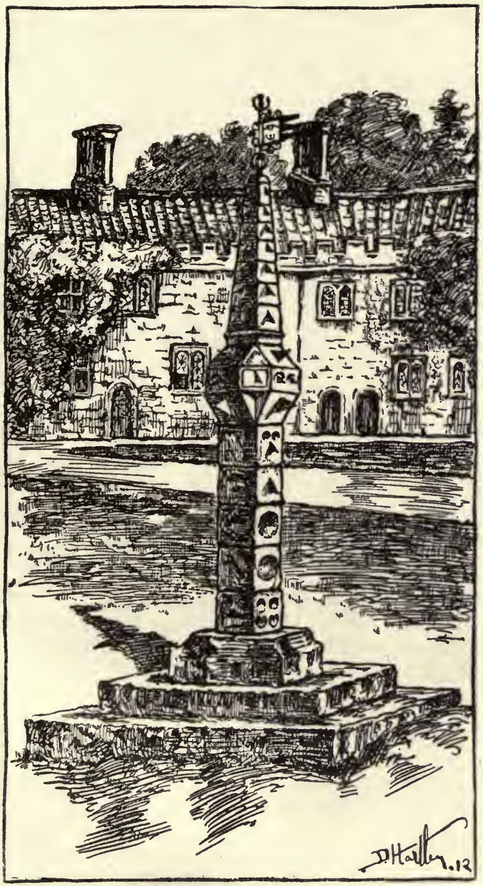
SUNDIAL IN GUNNERSBURY PARK.

Rise up with the birds, go to bed with the same,
And at the sundial you will never complain.
But if time you'd know in the midst of the night,
Then mark each cock-crow before it is light.



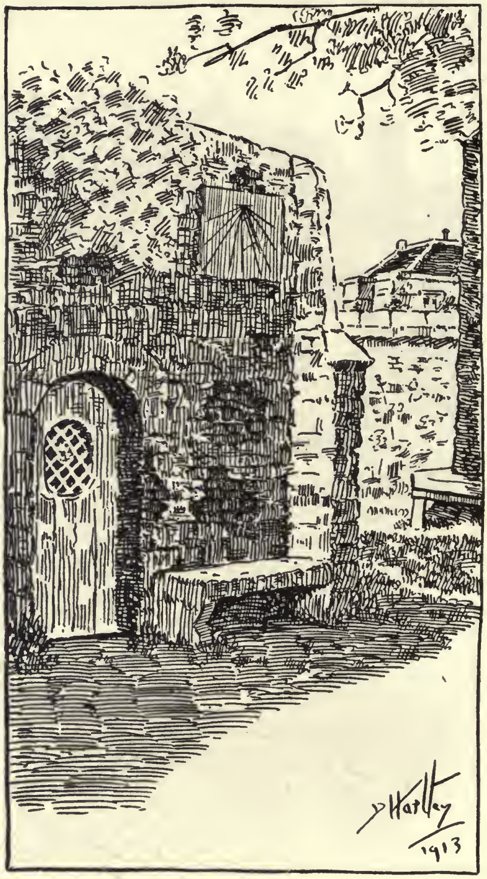
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

Why time is likened to a wheel,
  The reason I don't know,
For only dials are truly leal,
  A clock may cease to go.



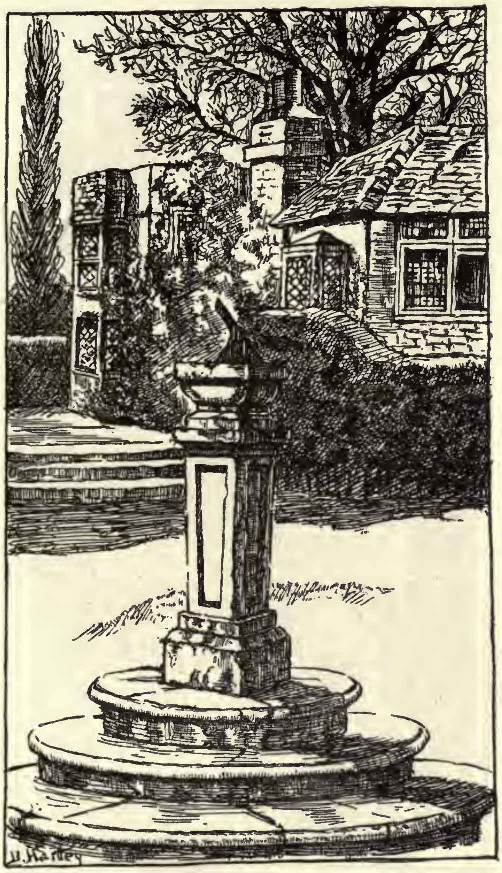
SUNDIAL, SCOTLAND.

I note the hours of every day,
From early morn 'till dark;
Then all my work the hours repay,
And leave on me their mark.



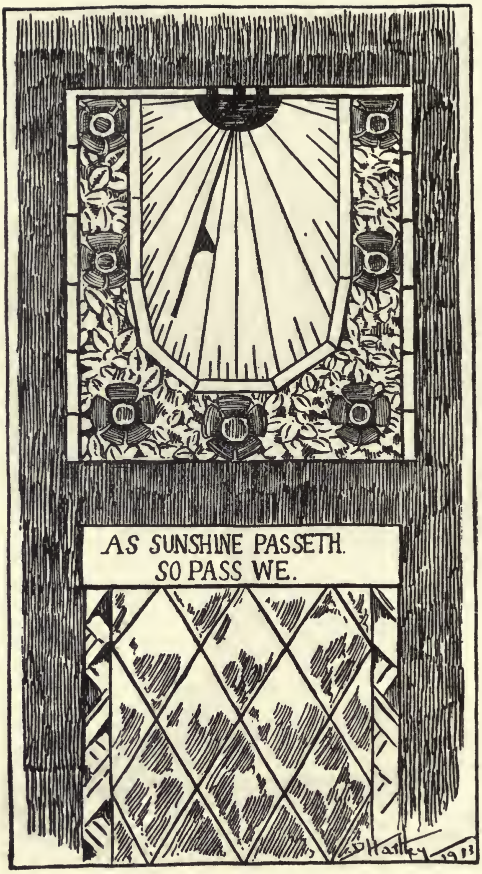
SUNDIAL, TURKEY.

While there is life there is hope,
  And with all are minutes to spare;
Strive, then, with trials to cope;
  Look happy, and banish all care.



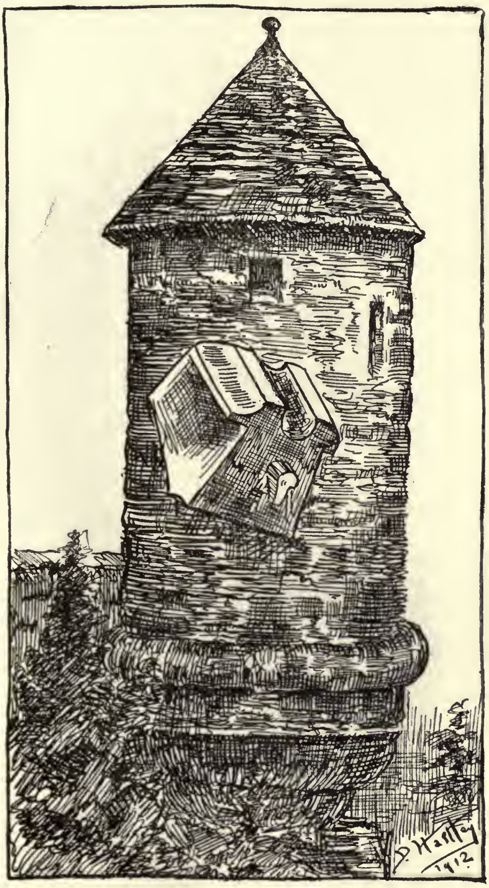
SUNDIAL IN THE GROUNDS OF
ROCKINGHAM CASTLE.

O swift is seen the lightning's flash,
And soon is passed the thunder crash;
But naught can ever faster be,
Than time going imperceptibly.


AS SUNSHINE PASSETH.
SO PASS WE.

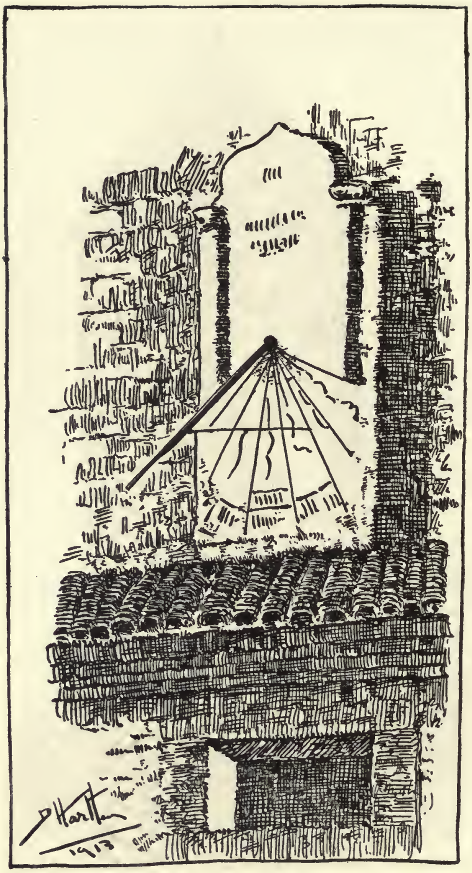
GLASS SUNDIAL, OLD PARSONAGE, DIDSBURY.

Ruled by the light,
In space ruled you see,
Men tell aright,
What time it may be.


D. Hartley
1912

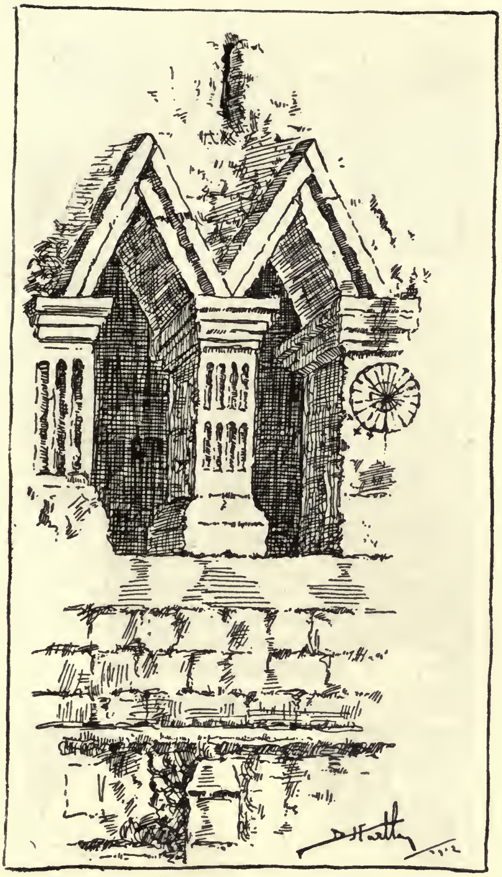
SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

Love where you may,
  Hate where you must,
Our life's but a day,
  And we are but dust.



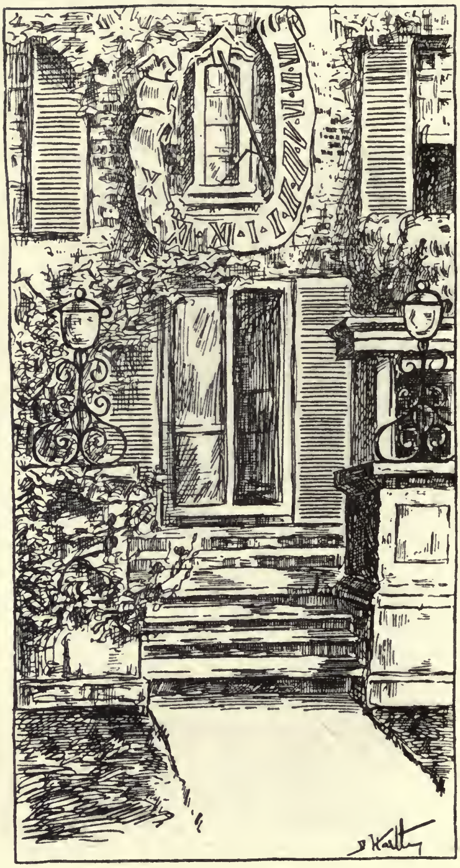
SUNDIAL ON THE CLOISTERS OF VALDEMORA, MAJORCA.

I stand a relic of the past,
  Revered by some, I trow.
Rain, hail, and snow, heat, cold, and blast,
  Of such I've had enou'.



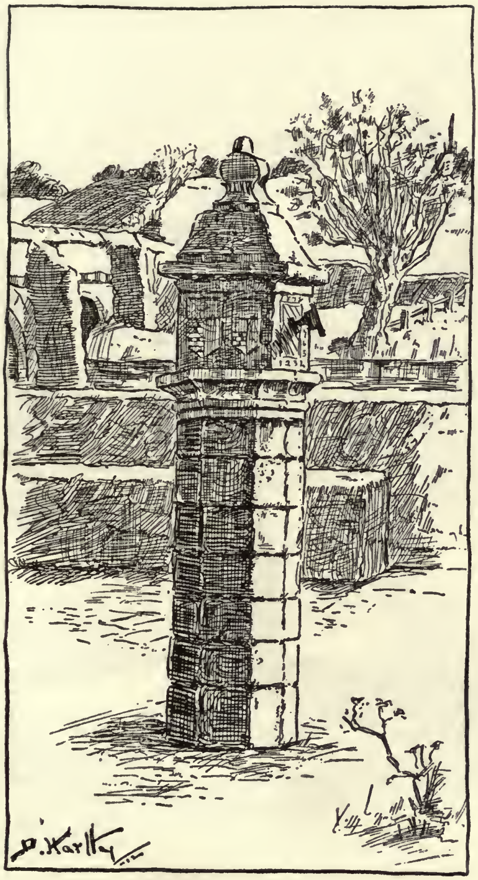
EARLY SUNDIAL ON POTTERSPURY CHURCH.

"The good old times" are always claimed
By the people of to-day,
Superior, when they have defamed,
Their own in every way.



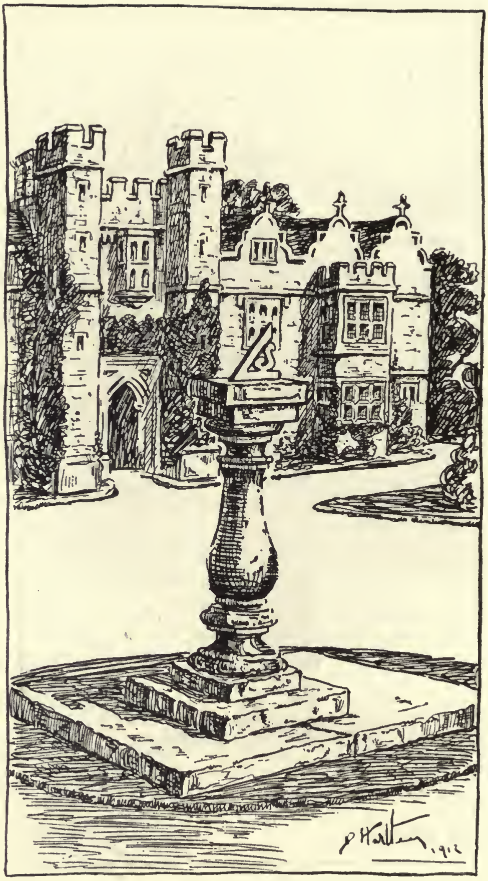
SUNDIAL, LATE 18th CENTURY.

Many a man with sunless heart,
Envies me my simple part;
Yet a cheerful face like mine,
They can have when sun doth shine.



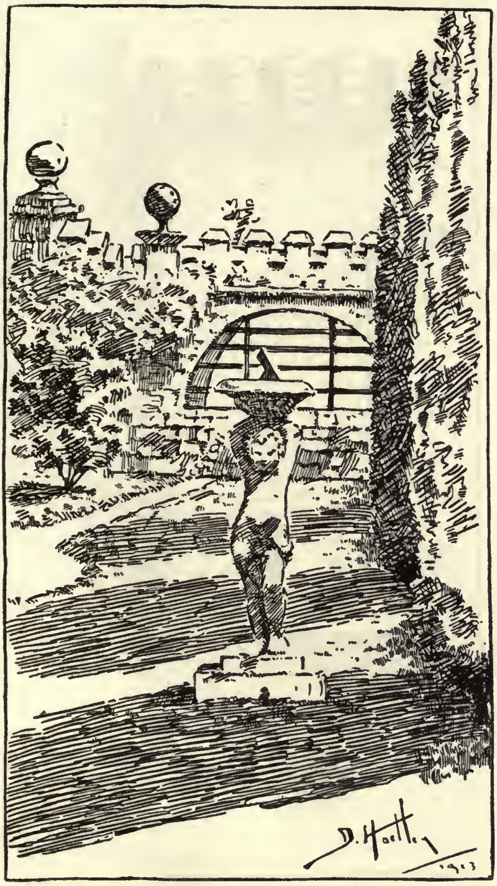
SUNDIAL, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S,
APPLEBY.

I stand a monument to all,
Of hours that are beyond recall.
I stand a monument to some,
The hour you see, and hours to come.



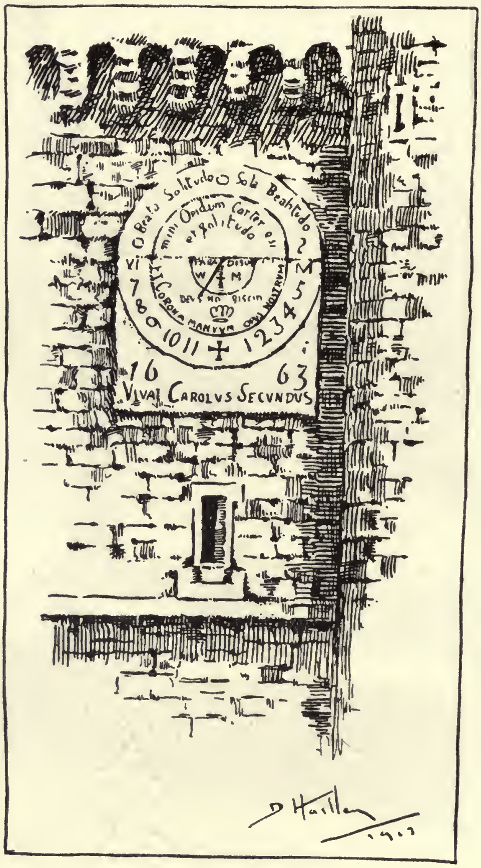
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

Put not off from day to day,
Work for time that hastes away,
For too soon thy hours are run,
And this work remains undone.



SUNDIAL IN THE GROUNDS OF BROWNSEA CASTLE.

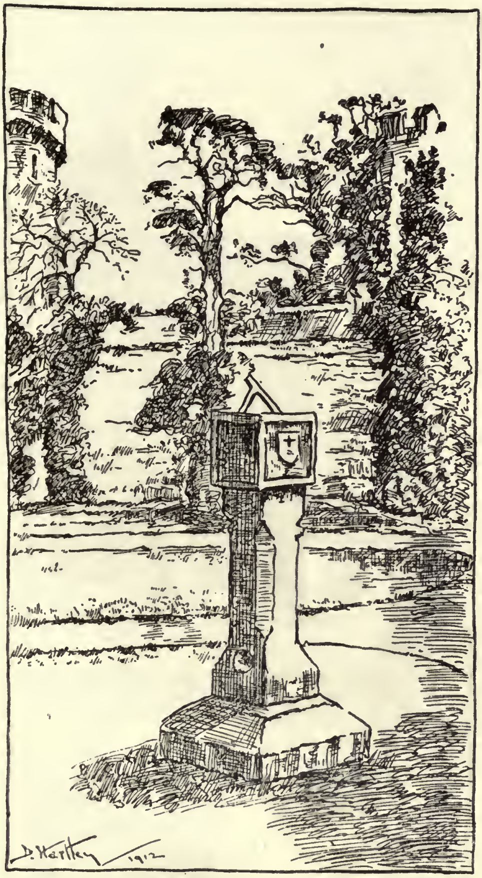
Ye look on ye face of ye sky,
To learn what ye day shall be;
But look on this dial for why,
Ye hour is dearer to thee.


O Beata Solitudo O Sola Beatitudo
mihi Opidum Carcer est et Solitudo
VI
M
W M
CORONA MANVVM OPVS NOSTRVM
7 8 9 10 11 12 3 4 5
16 63
VIVAT CAROLVS SECVNDVS

SUNDIAL IN PRIESTGATE, PETERBOROUGH.

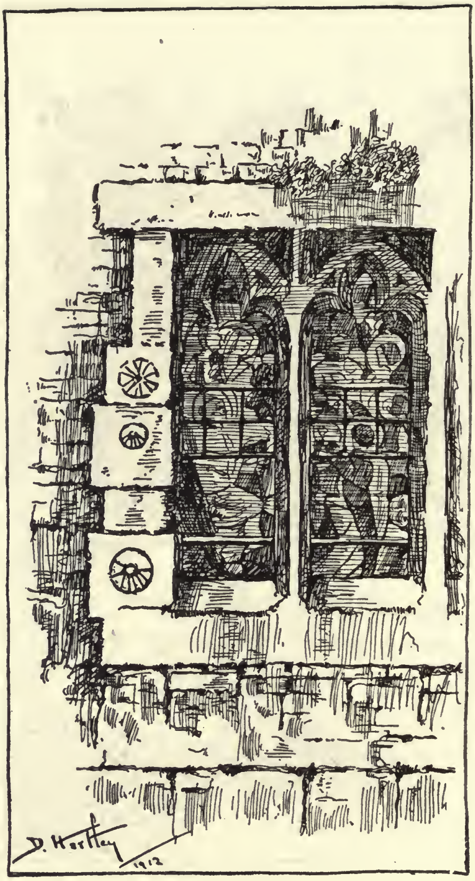
Date 1663.

Were I a mirror
  You'd gaze at me;
Neglect, that error,
  All men would flee.


D. Hartley 1912

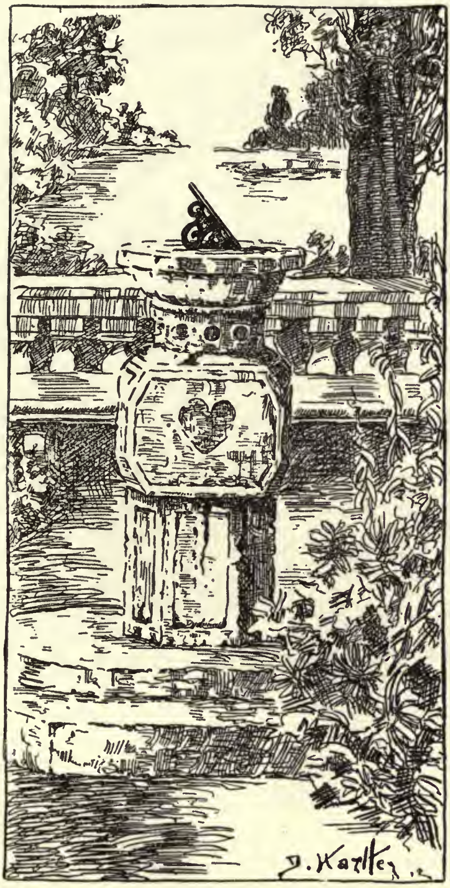
SUNDIAL IN THE GROUNDS OF WALTHAM RECTORY, GRIMSBY.

I mark ye hours,
  Man notes ye time;
Spite storme and showers
  Ye sun will shine.



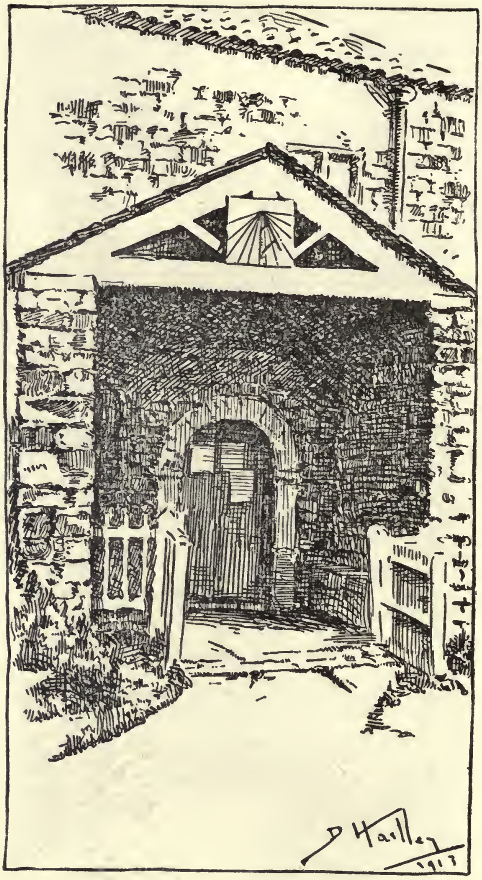
EARLY SUNDIALS, ST. MICHAEL'S, ISEL,
COCKERMOUTH.

The ancients regarded the face of the sky
To determine the time of day;
But moderns, economy anxious to ply,
A watch or a dial obey.



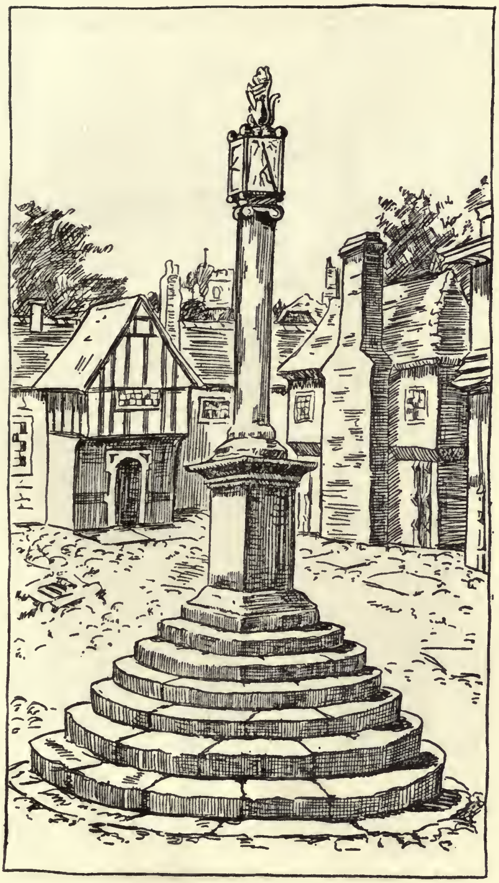
SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

Let time be likened to a bridge,
  Each stage of life a span,
Which crowns the piers that do support
  In crossing every man.



SUNDIAL OVER THE PORCH OF
ST. GREGORY'S, MINSTER.

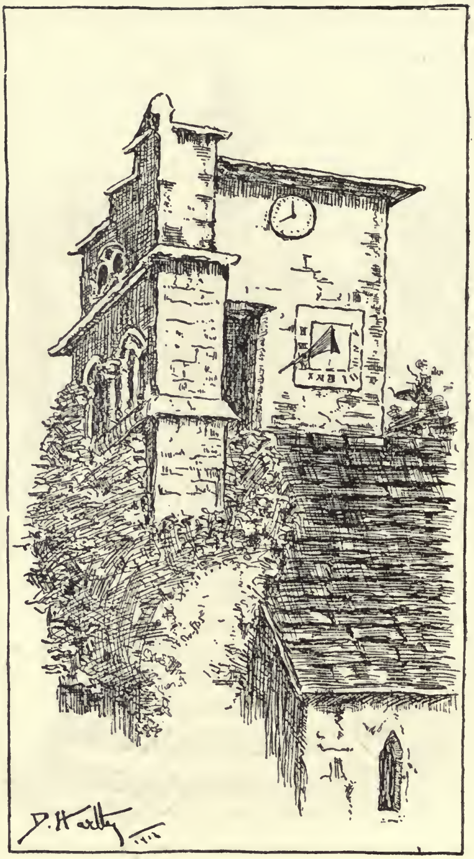
If death should take you by surprise,
So that some work unfinished lies;
Remember, mortal, ere you fall,
Men but complete the best of all.



SUNDIAL ON THE MARKET CROSS, CARLISLE.

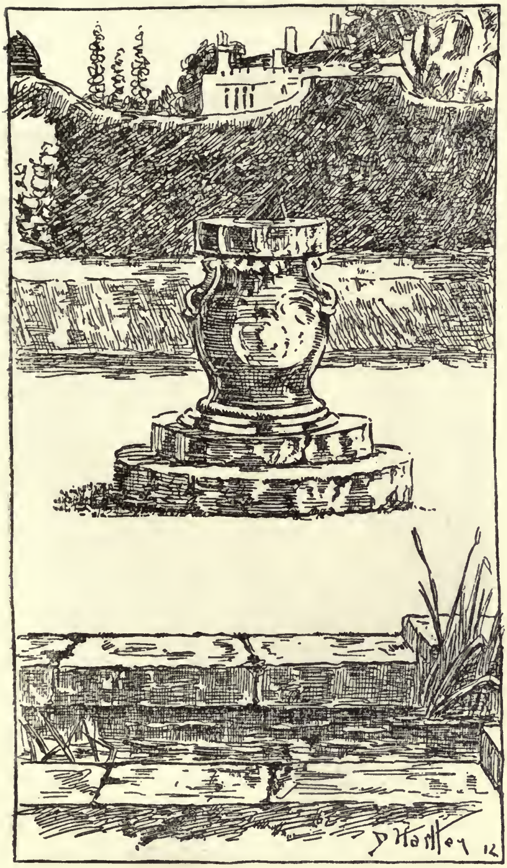
Date 1682.

Like the plough I forward go,
Turning life's furrows, and I show
Lines so straight that all will find,
I have never looked behind.



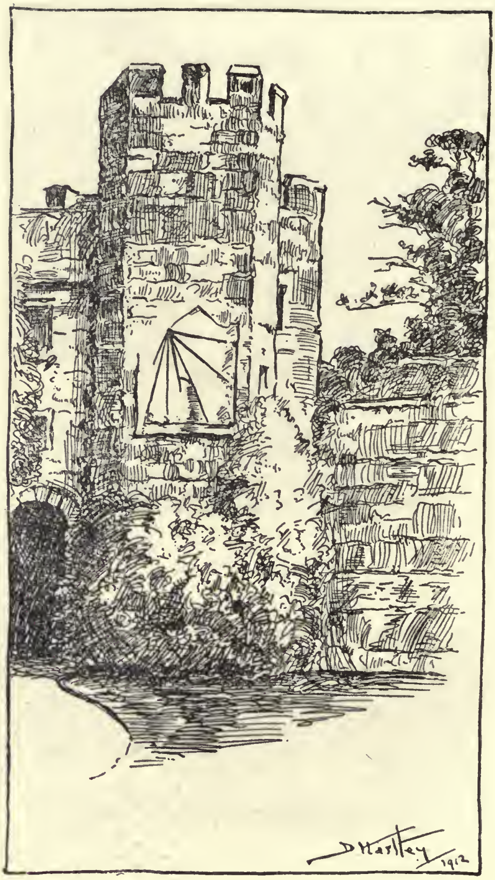
SUNDIAL, ST. BEAT HAUTES, PYRENEES.

Watches and clocks can never agree,
  Though they're kept for ever in motion;
Give up the lot and make use of me,
  For of change I've never a notion.



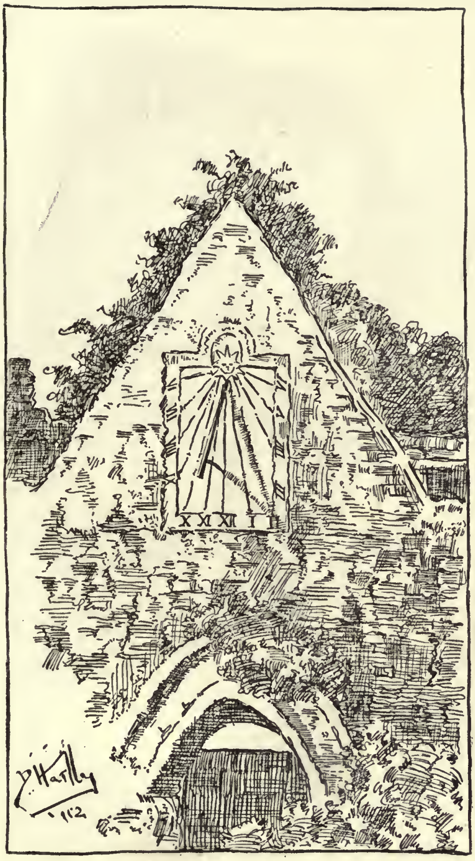
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

All circular things were made to go,
With smallest friction, I'd have you know;
Thus with the time no trouble is found,
Since ever it moves so steadily round.



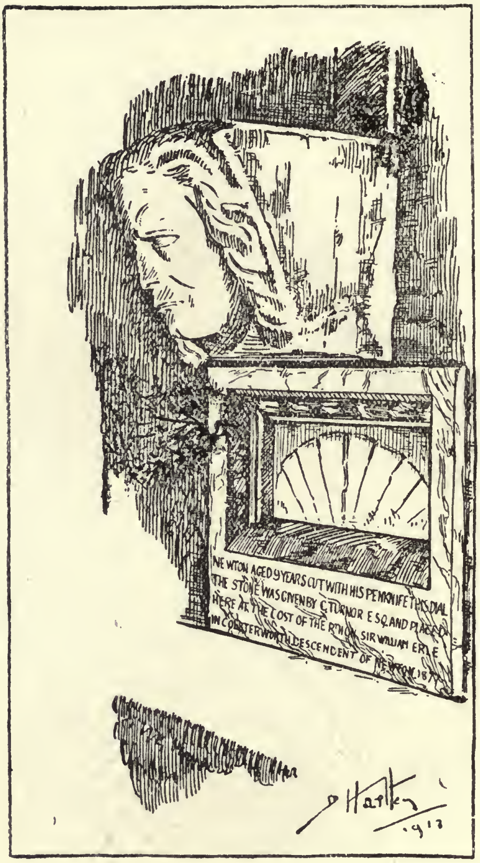
SUNDIAL ON WARWICK CASTLE.

It is well written in that book of gold,
By Solomon, the wisest man of old,
That fathers for their children should make store,
And not expect their sons to earn them more.



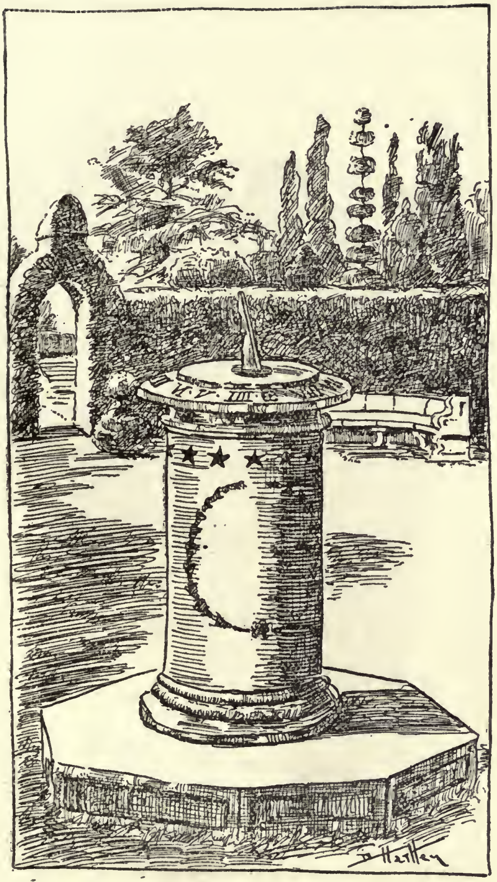
SUNDIAL AT WYCLIFF-ON-THE-TEES.

Far, far away, beyond these realms of time,
There shines perpetual day in halls sublime,
But here awhile light fails, the shadows fall,
Still love divine prevails, with rest for all.


NEWTON AGED 9 YEARS CUT WITH HIS PENKNIFE THIS DIAL
THE STONE WAS GIVEN BY C. TURNOR ESQ AND PLACED
HERE AT THE COST OF THE RT HON SIR WILLIAM ERLE
IN COLSTERWORTH DESCENDENT OF NEWTON 187
Hartley
·913

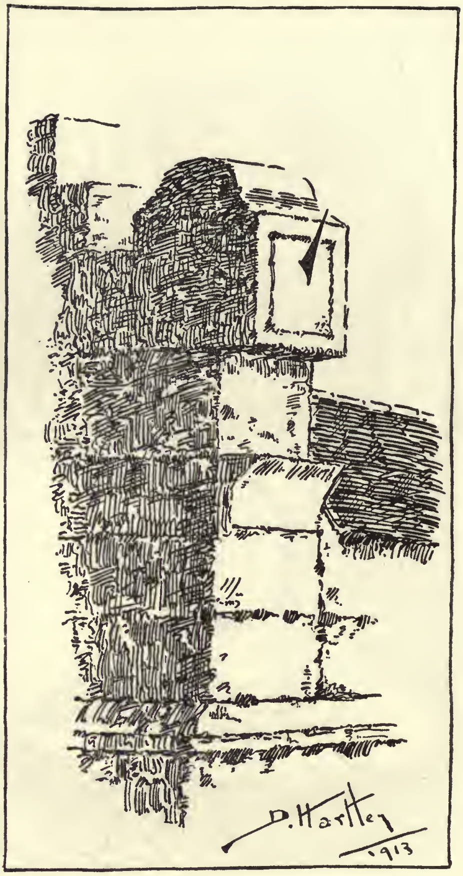
SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S SUNDIAL IN COLSTERWORTH CHURCH.

Reverence my age,
Though you hate the truth,
That hours soon fly,
And so doth youth.



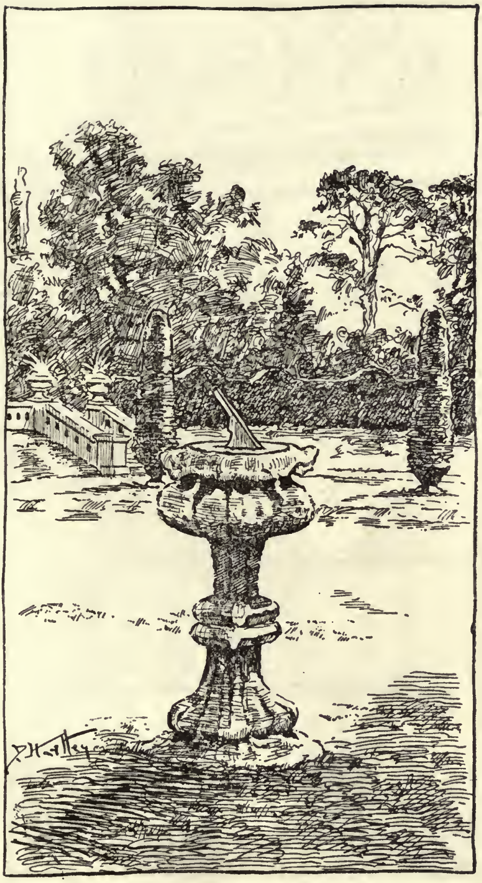
SUNDIAL AT MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

The brighter the light,
  The deeper the shade,
And man sees aright,
  How true I am made.



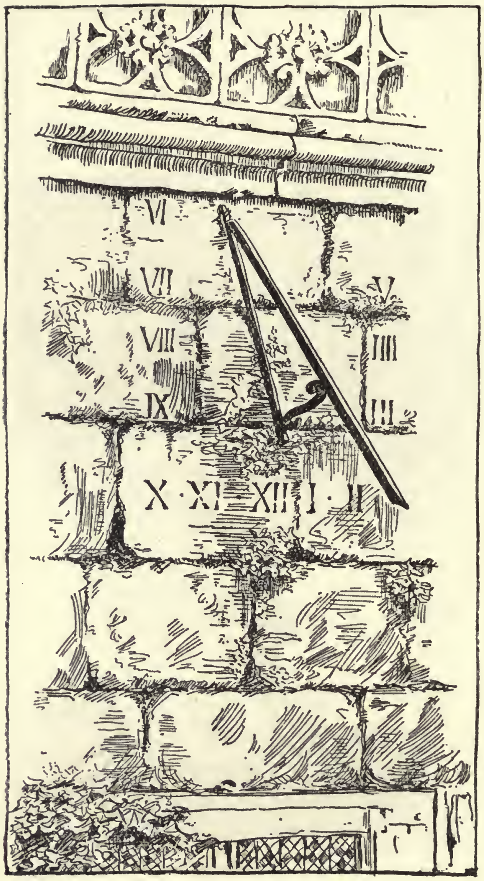
SUNDIAL AT FOUNTAINHALL,
MIDLOTHIAN.

The gloom of our life's darkest days,
The shadows that appal,
Shall fade before the sun's bright rays,
That shine upon us all.



SUNDIAL AT GRACECHURCH RECTORY,
NEW YORK.

Hours of sleep and rest remember,
I mark for every one,
Like trees and plants we keep December,
Before a summer's sun.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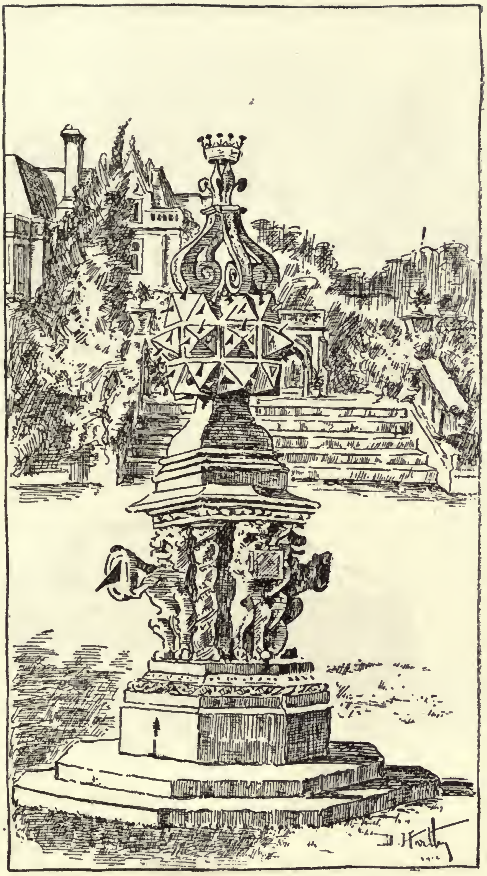
SUNDIAL ON WINGFIELD MANOR.

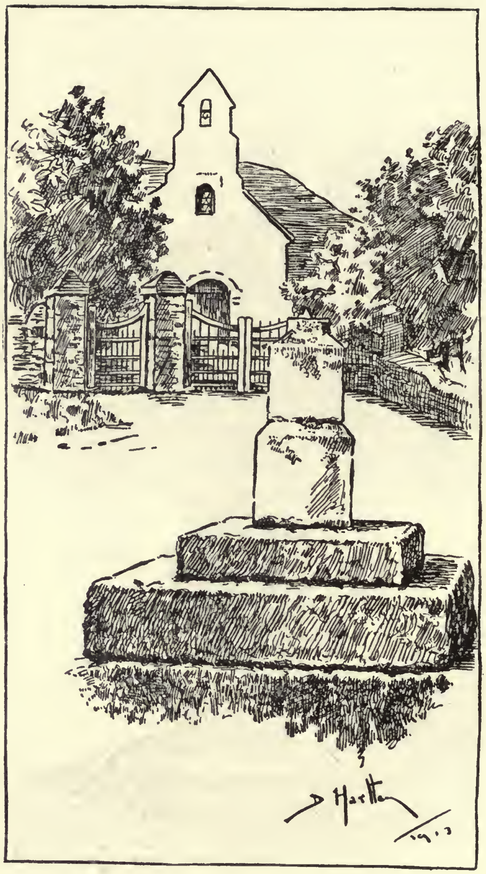
Date 1678.

Watchman, what of the night?
  To this I've nought to say,
But when men ask what of the light?
  I tell the time of day.



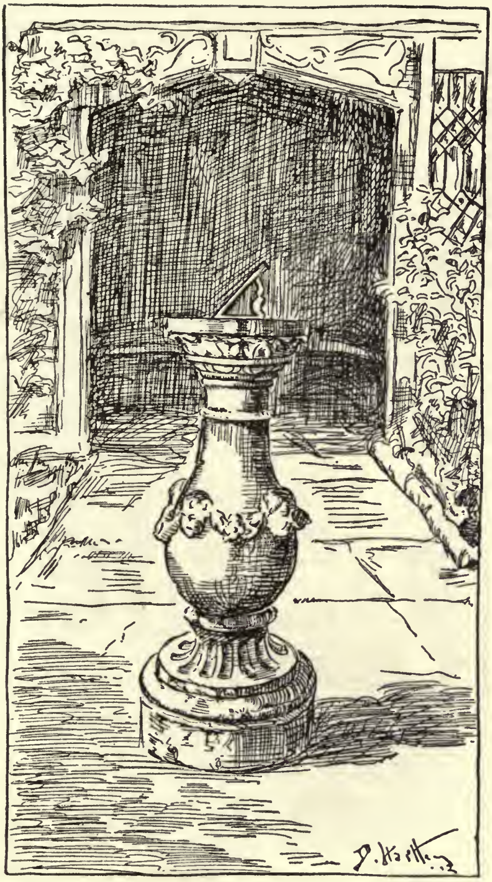
SUNDIAL IN THE GROUNDS OF GLAMIS CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

Make the most of every hour,
  Old age brings sure reflection;
Strive, then, while you have the power,
  To work towards perfection.



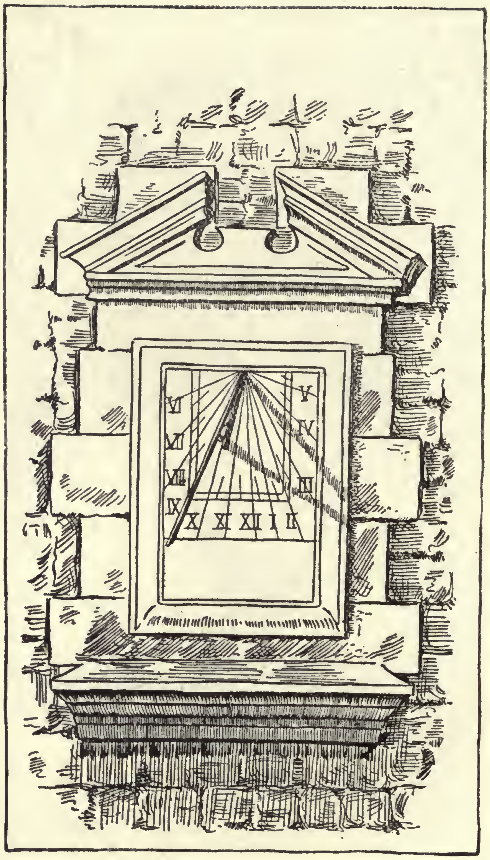
SUNDIAL AT KIRK MAUGHOLD,
ISLE OF MAN.

The Lord's name is praised,
  From early light 'til dark;
And every hour to Heaven is raised,
  Some songs, which angels mark.



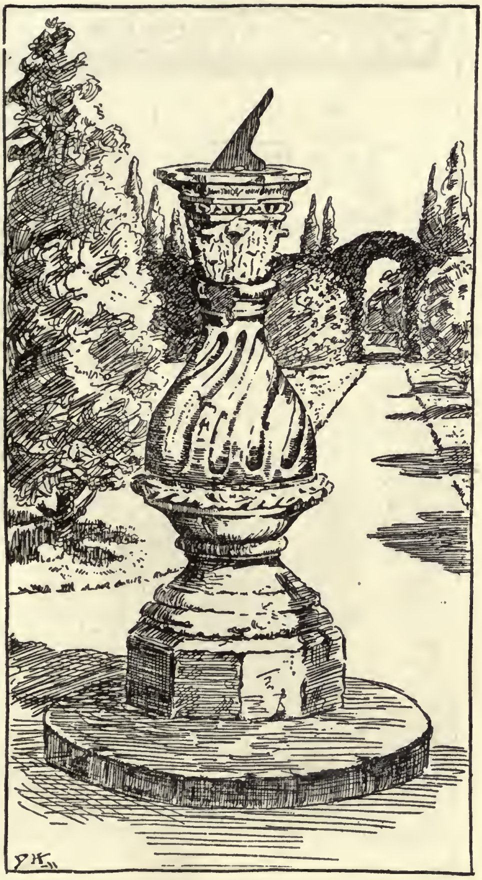
SUNDIAL, LATE 19th CENTURY.

Who will err when Heaven's light,
Teaches us to do aright?
Who, will wander when the sun,
Lights the path of everyone?



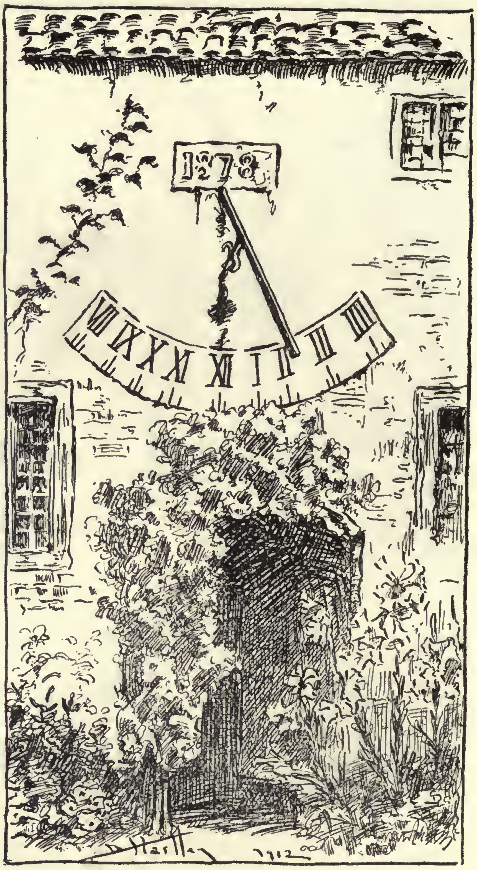
KING EDWARD'S SUNDIAL, SANDRINGHAM.

Somewhere 'tis always day,
Somewhere 'tis always night;
Somewhere each sunset ray,
Gives stronger light.



SUNDIAL IN THE GROUNDS OF CHILHAM CASTLE, KENT.

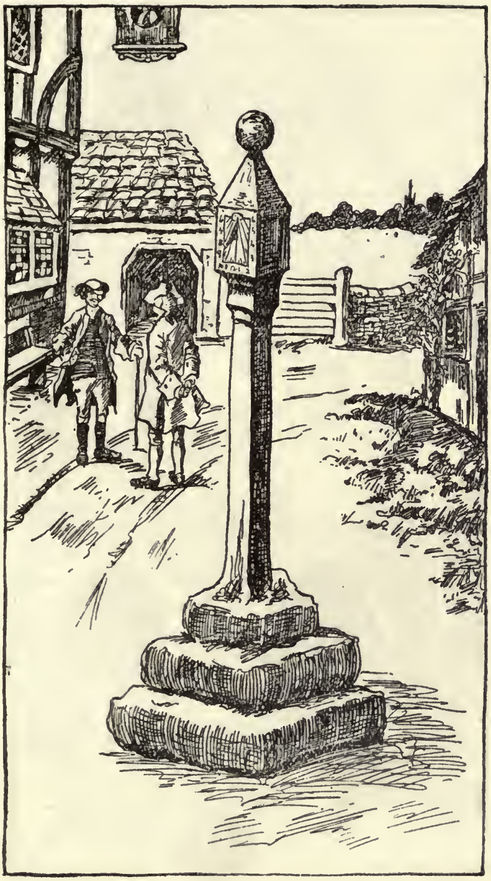
Injure not this dial,
  Damage not your friend;
But let me teach awhile
  Life's hours to better spend.



SUNDIAL, BASTAL HALL, KENT.

Dated, 1878.

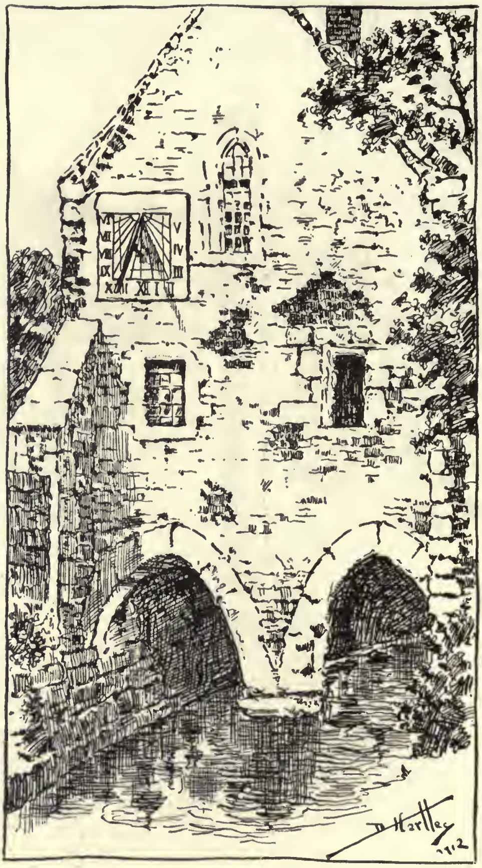
True friendship is not known by length of days,
Nor gauged is it by what man says.
Good deeds, not words, the value shall assign
The proof of friendship for all time.



SUNDIAL AT DRYBURGH ABBEY.

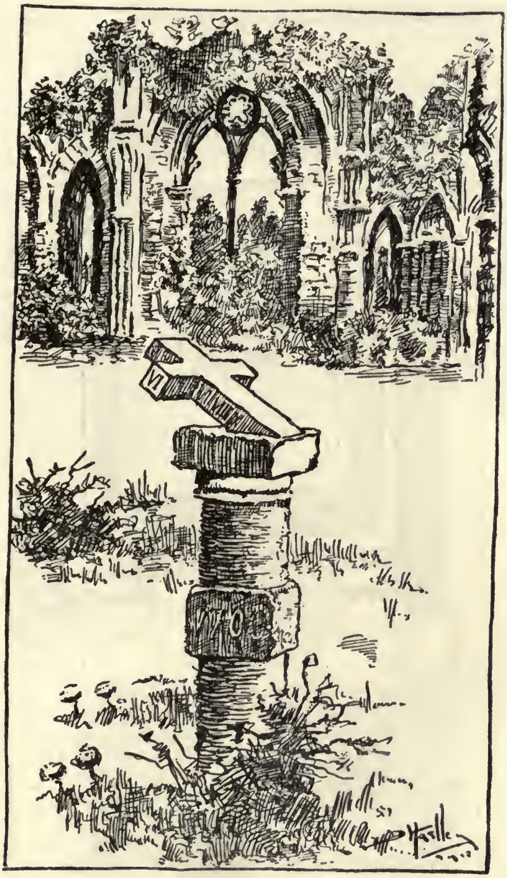
Date 1640.

Gossip, you waste not your hours alone,
  Or the few minutes recorded by me;
Neighbours who listen lost time will bemoan.
  Still, I will mark the whole lot down to thee.



SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

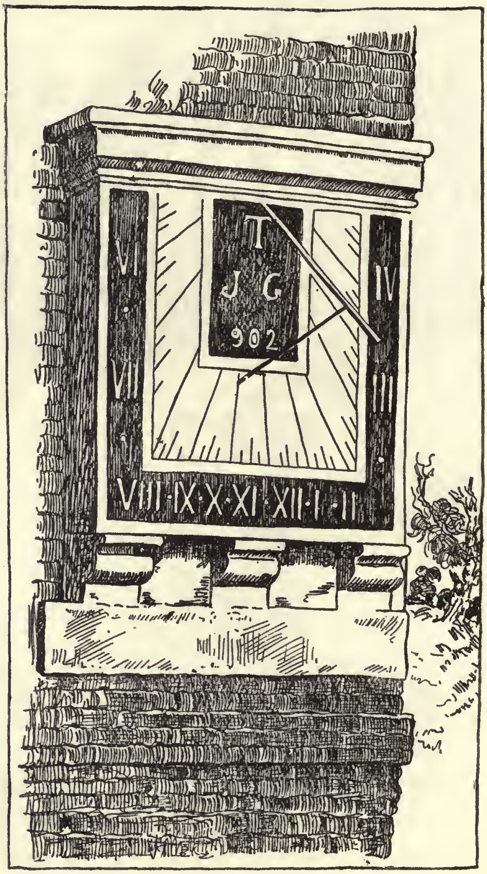
Like the sound of a bell o'er the water,
  That is heard from some distant chime;
So the brain oft recalls what was taught her,
  Though lost for a period of time.



SUNDIAL FROM AN OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

Date 1700.

Good deeds of men through time shall show,
Like footprints on this earth below;
And each impress that is now given,
Shall make for them a road to heaven.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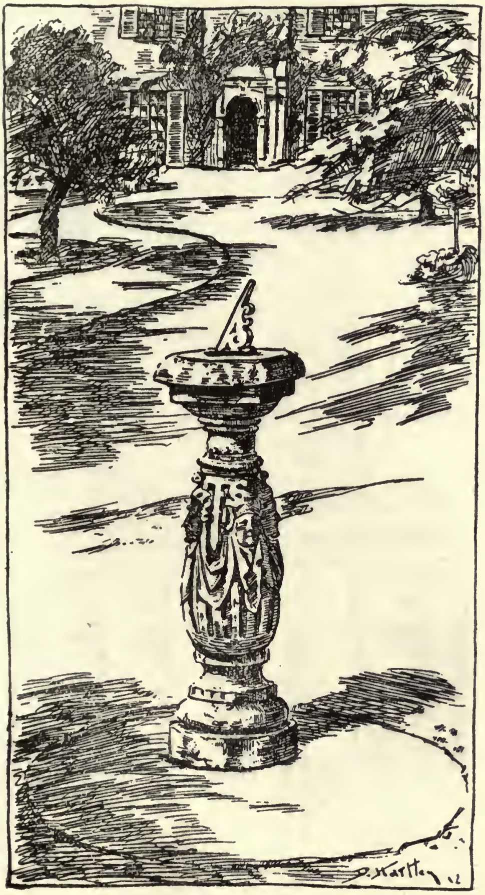
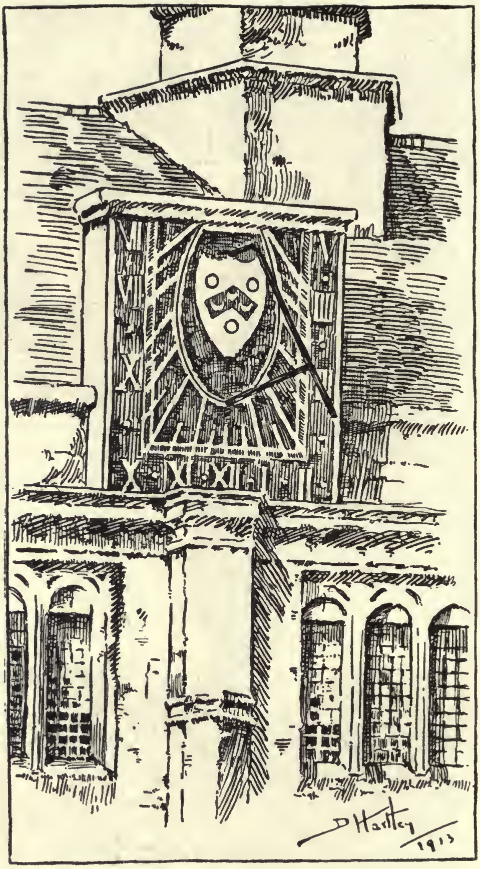
SUNDIAL AT THE TEMPLE, LONDON.

Come, learn ye hour, then haste away,
For time is moving on;
Ye work of life will brook no stay,
Take notice, and be gone.



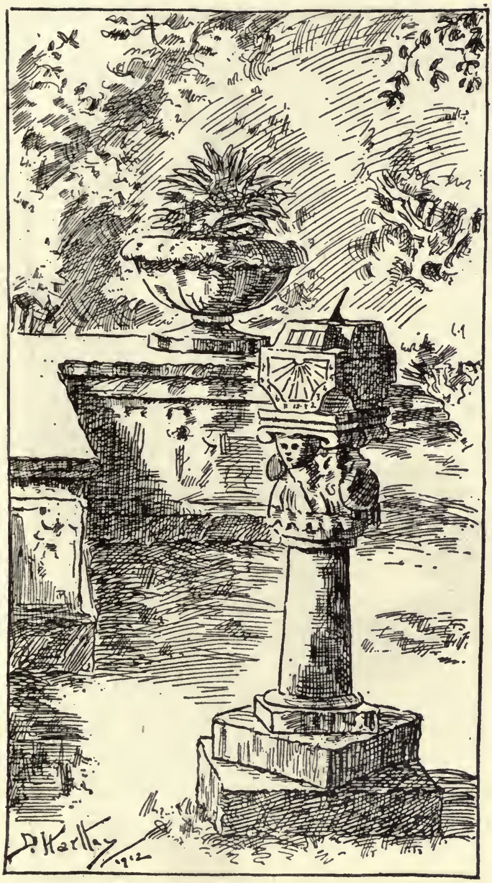
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

Be thankful 'tis not always day,
  Nor yet perpetual night;
Be thankful for the fading ray,
  And for returning light.



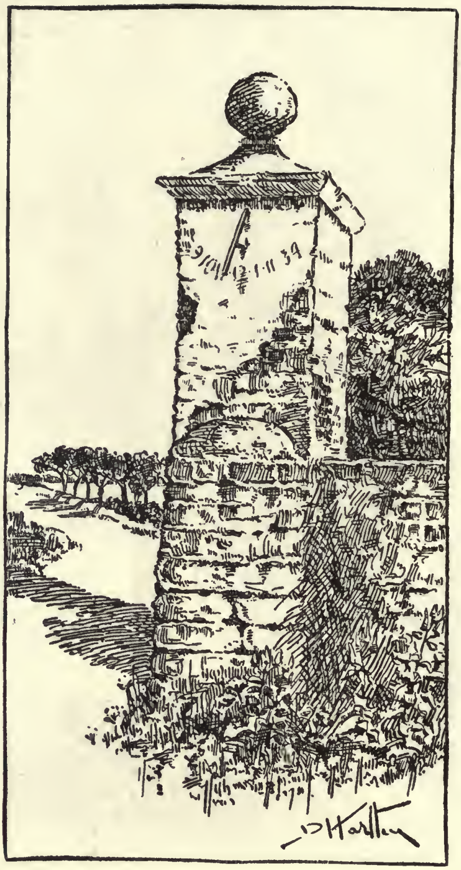
SUNDIAL ON CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL,
GODALMING.

I'm placed upon this wall to prove,
That pleasant is the light above;
And I am also bidden show,
How man should mark the same below.



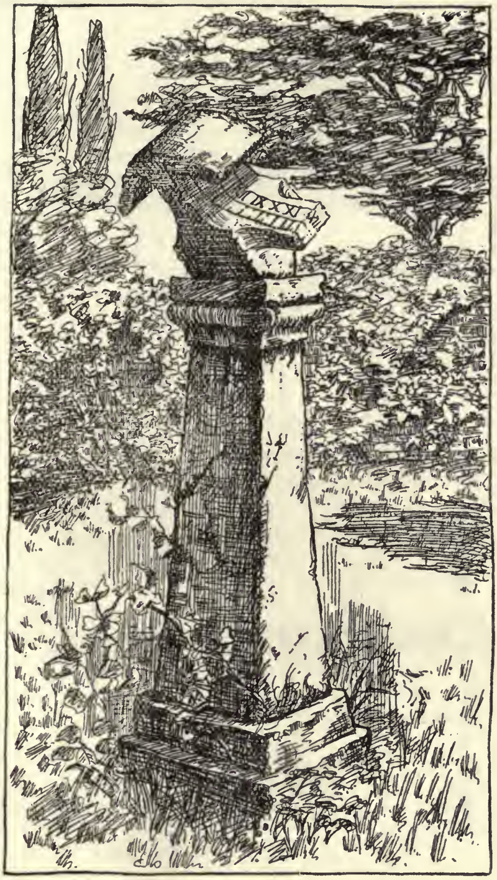
SUNDIAL AT CARBERRY, HADDINGTONSHIRE.

Woman, silently learn well,
To give the message you would tell.
Man, in patience, note from me,
To give and take continually.



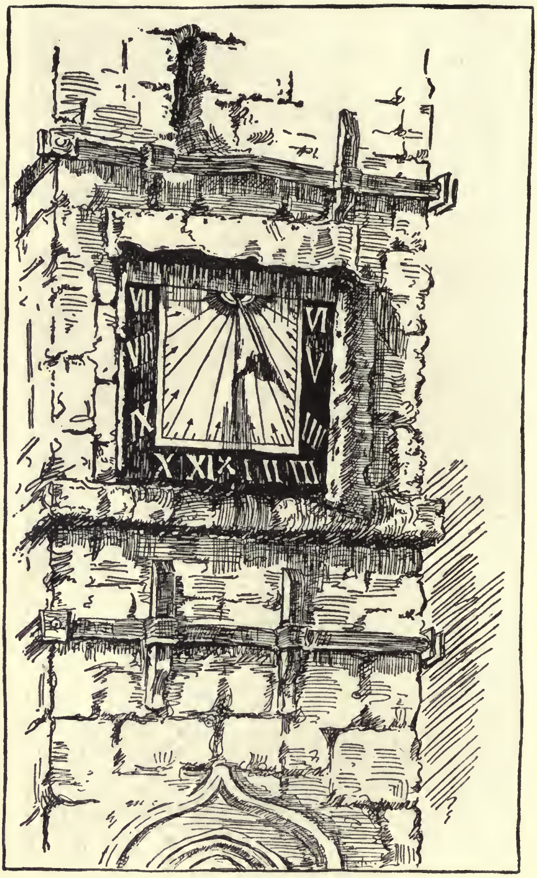
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

I silently point to the hours that speak,
To a present that soon will be past,
To a shadow that ever fresh seconds seek,
And to minutes that glide away fast.



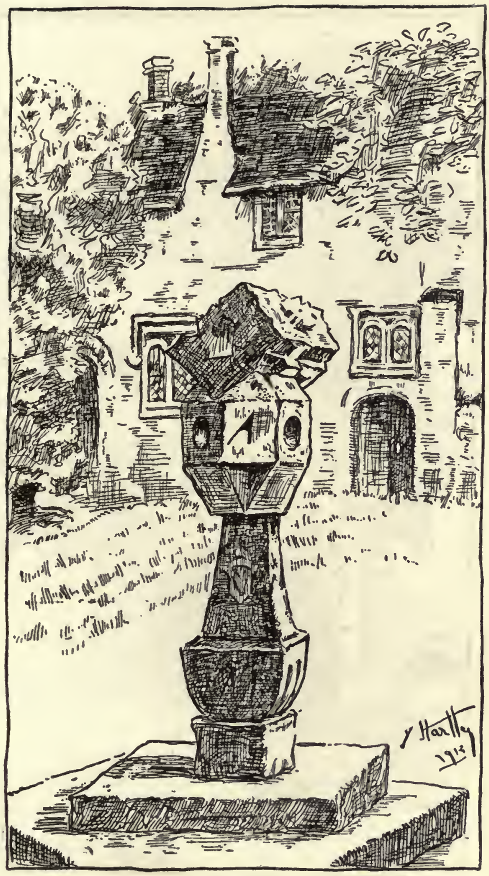
SUNDIAL IN THE DEANERY GARDEN,
ROCHESTER.

Let the glory of departing day,
  The radiance of the early morn,
Chase sleepless hours of night away,
  Give sweet expectancy of dawn.



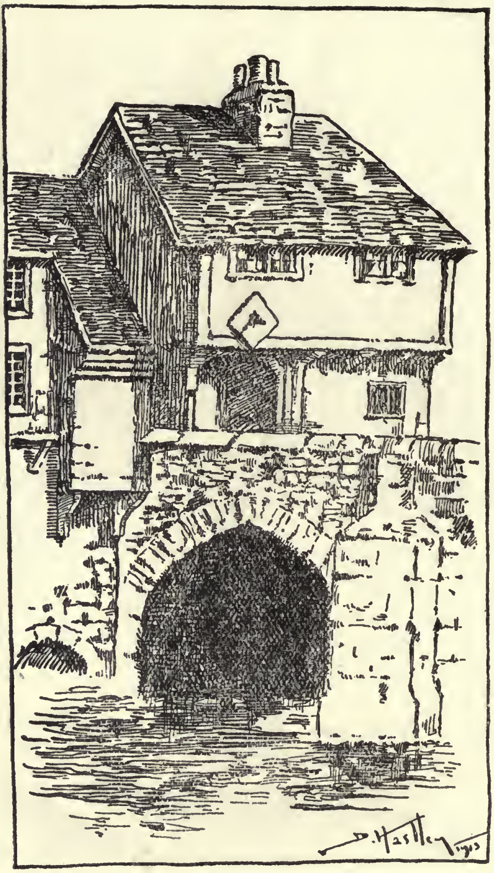
SUNDIAL ON THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, DOVER.

Ye hours that pass beyond recall,
Our God hath taken count of all.
Determine, then, all time shall be
Not wasted, but improved by thee.



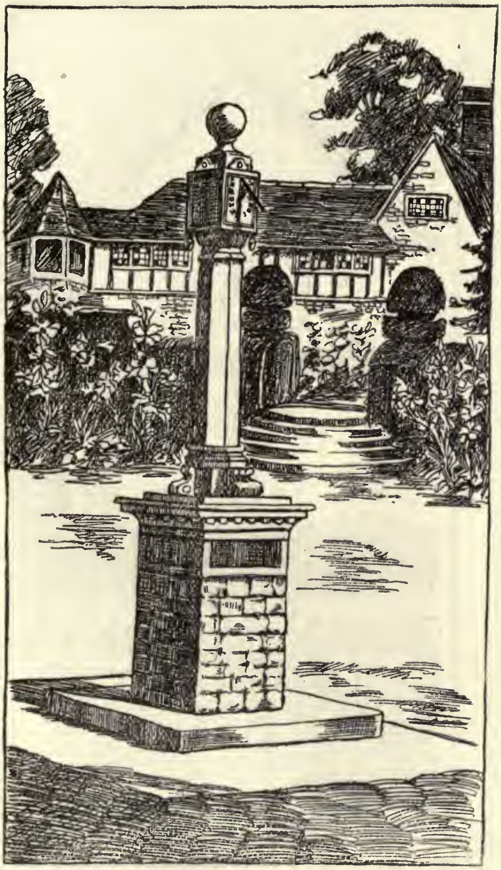
SUNDIAL AT LAINSHAW, AYRSHIRE,
SCOTLAND.

Pray not for ye day or night,
Too soon thy time is run;
And how canst thou discern aright,
The hours of dark or sun.



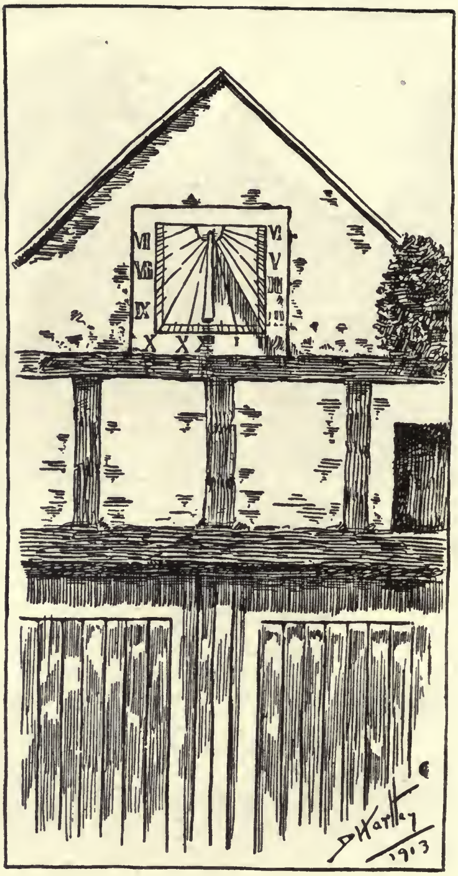
SUNDIAL OVER JOHN BUNYAN'S PRISON, BEDFORD BRIDGE.

Some days with sorrow are so full up,
'Twould take but a drop to spill the cup;
But that drop in mercy, ne'er is sent,
For troubles to kill were never meant.



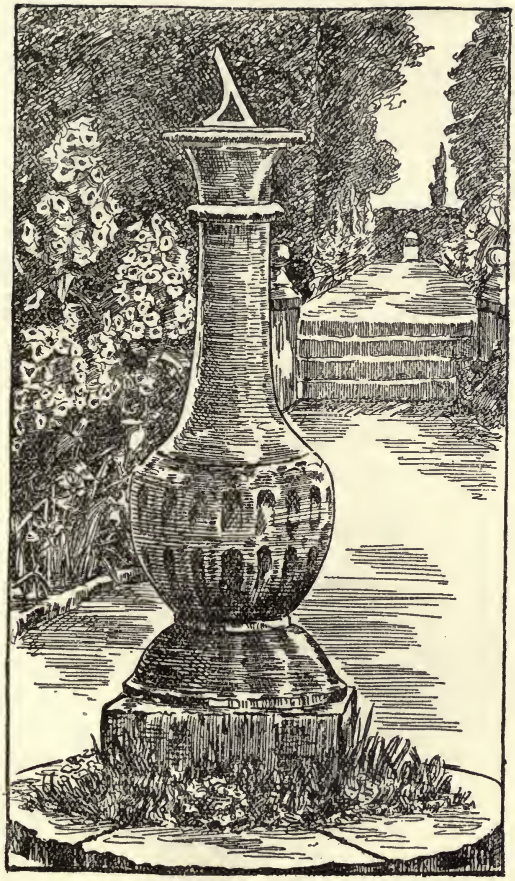
SUNDIAL, EARLY 18th CENTURY.

If thou in life some grief shall find,
Then, mortal, try to bear in mind;
No man has lived out every day,
And found each month that it was May.



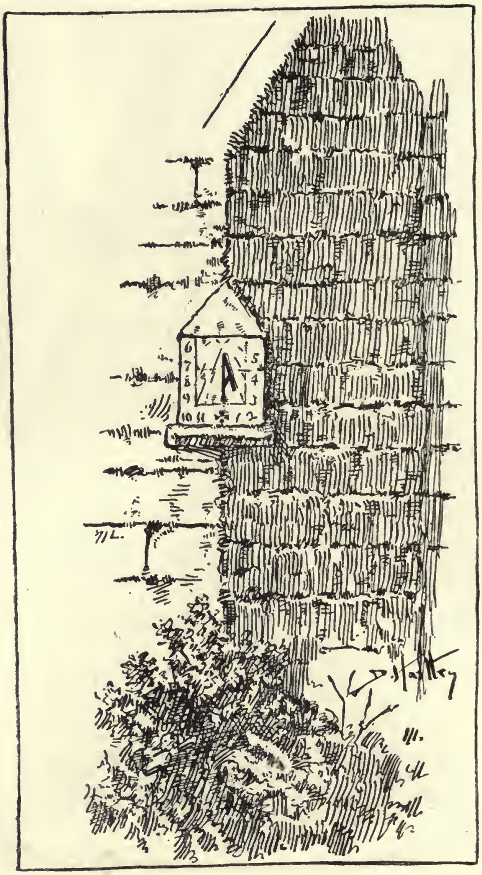
SUNDIAL OVER THE STABLES,
CHORLEY WOOD.

Upward turn thy gaze, not down,
  Forward ever be thy look.
Cultivate a smile, nor frown,
  At life's perplexing story book.



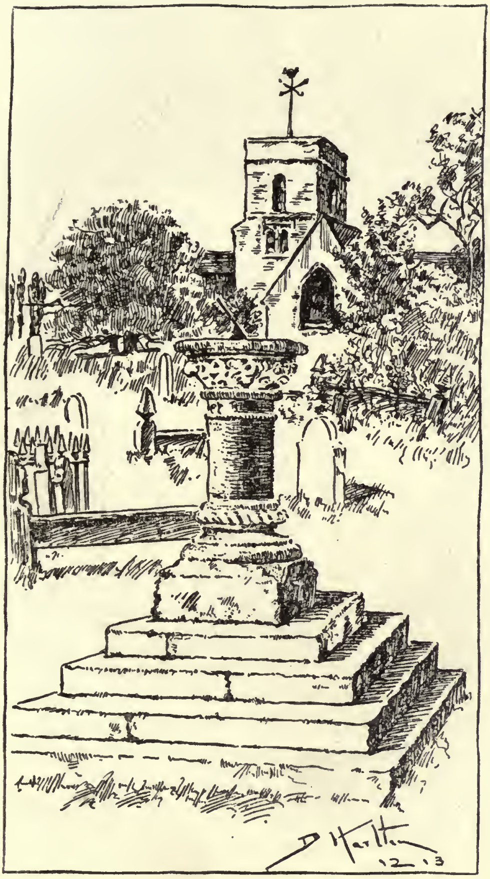
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

Come, let this dial prove to you
 The brevity of life,
And preach to all of hours too few
 To waste in foolish strife.



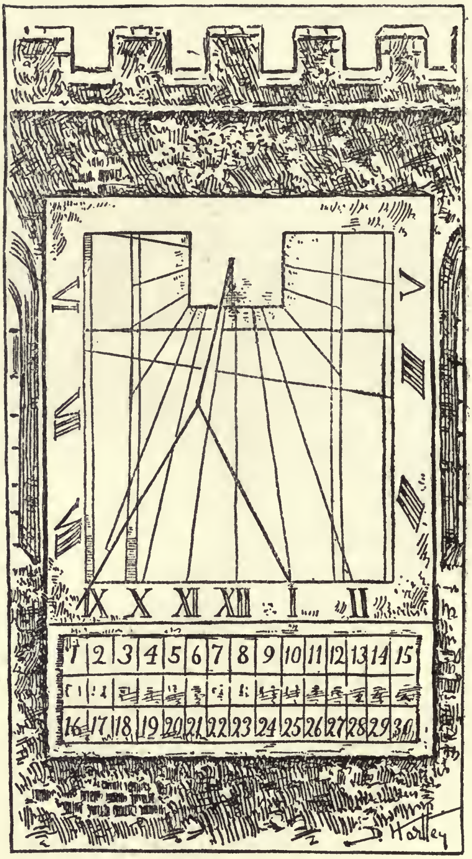
SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

O take time in time,
  For time must go;
And time is no time
  After life's flow.



SUNDIAL IN ST. MARY'S AND ST.
EANSWYTHE'S CHURCHYARD,
FOLKESTONE.

Time calms all fears,
  And lays to rest,
Eyes full of tears,
  And trembling breast.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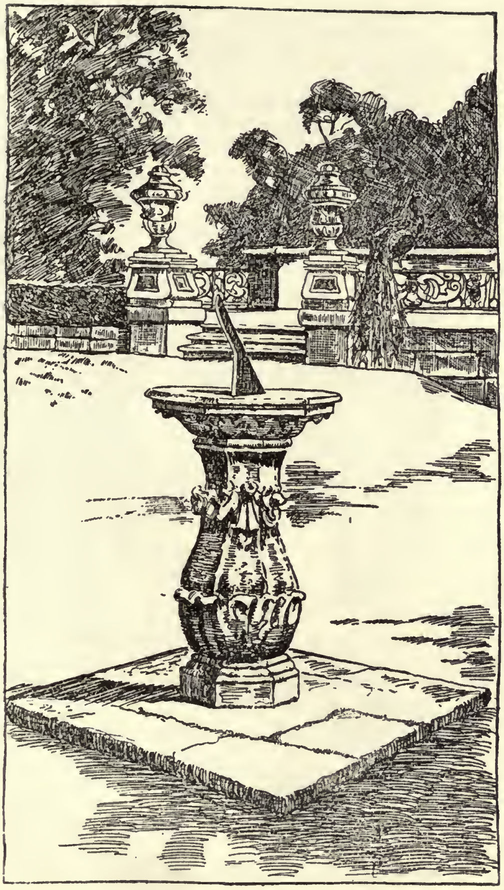
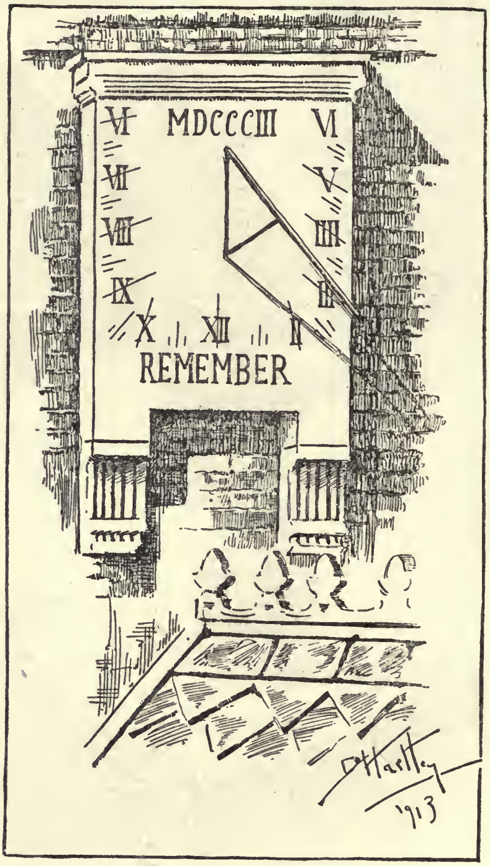
SUNDIAL ON QUEENS' COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

The hours lost
Are beyond all cost;
The one you see,
Is the hour for thee.



SUNDIAL AT WRESTS, BEDFORDSHIRE.

Come man, awake,
And knowledge take,
No sleep is won,
'Til day is done.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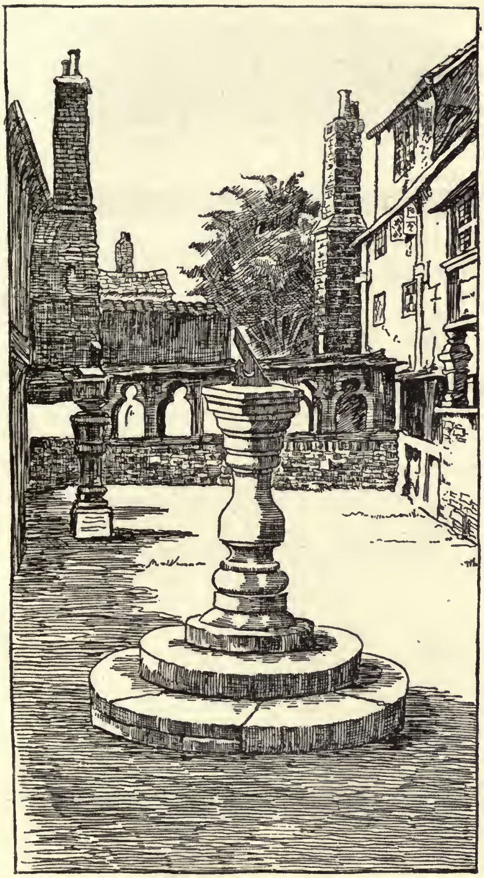
SUNDIAL ON WEST HAM ABBEY CHURCH.

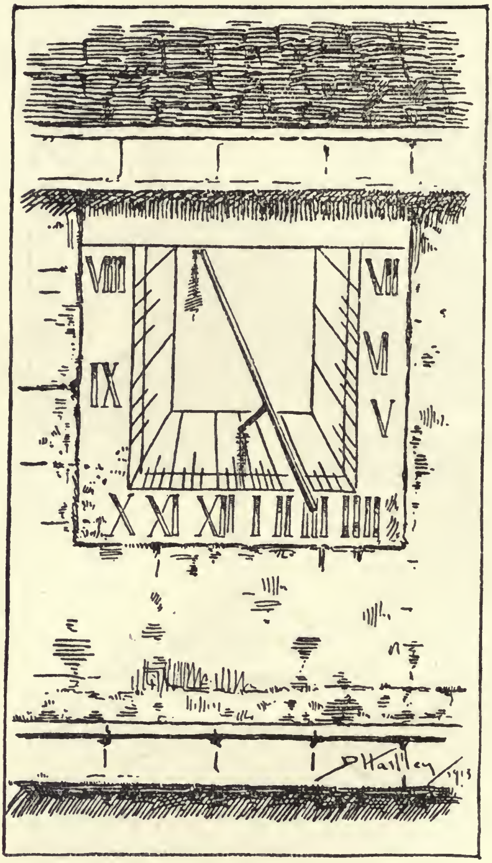
Date, 1803.

Learn from the mirror effect of time,
  On thy face e'en day by day;
But reckon the minutes seen on mine,
  That work thy life's decay.



SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

Men quarrel on things of the past,
Or on years that never may come;
But the present which glides away fast,
Is hardly remembered by some.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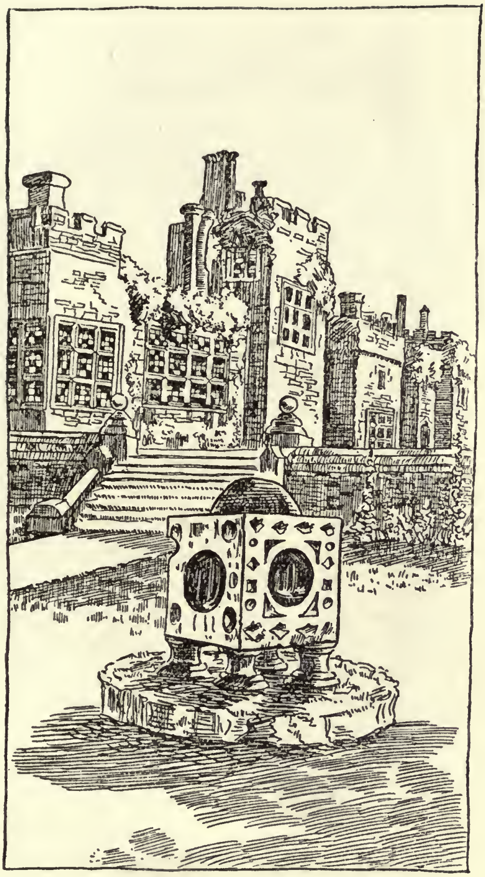
SUNDIAL ON ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH,
NEWGATE STREET.

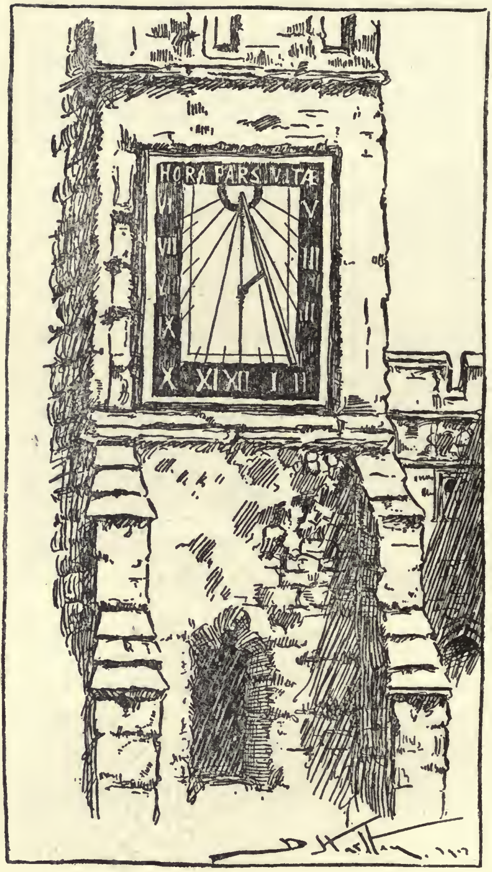
'Tis time for bed, 'tis time to rise,
'Tis time for food and exercise;
This is my round and common task,
To tell men time when they do ask.



SUNDIAL IN THE GROUNDS OF MADELEY COURT, SHROPSHIRE.

Date 17th Century.

I serve you, the sun serves me;
I serve the sun, the sun serves thee.
Who serves most, can you not see?
Man made this dial, he serves three.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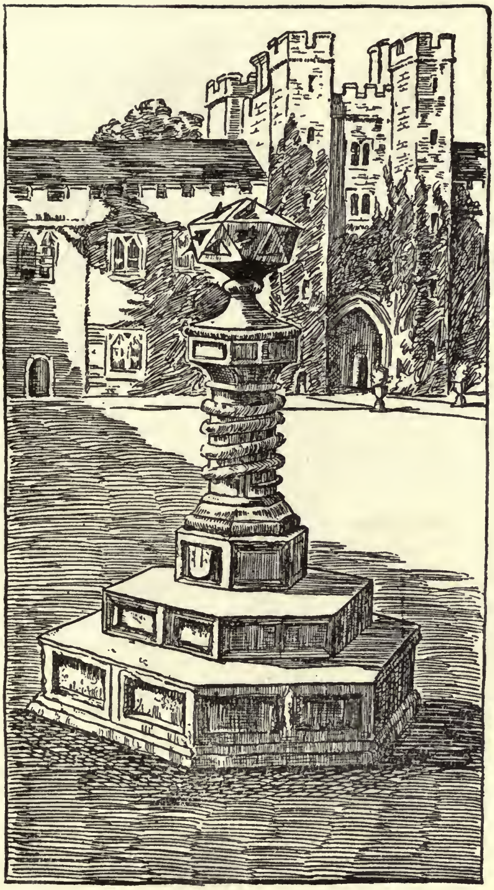
SUNDIAL AT THURSLEY, SURREY.

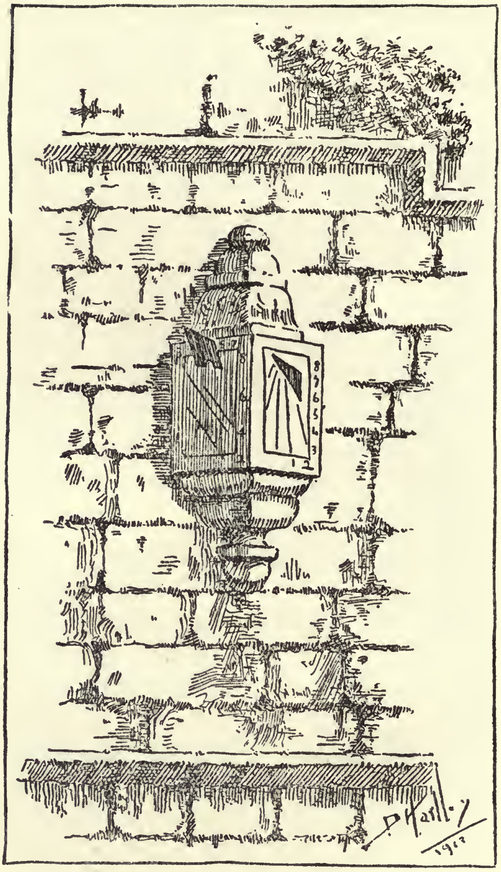
Ne'er heave a sigh or call alas,
At hours that ever quickly pass;
For all I mark our God doth send,
To hasten on thy journey's end.



SUNDIAL IN THE GROUNDS OF CAWSTON LODGE, RUGBY.

Date 1863.

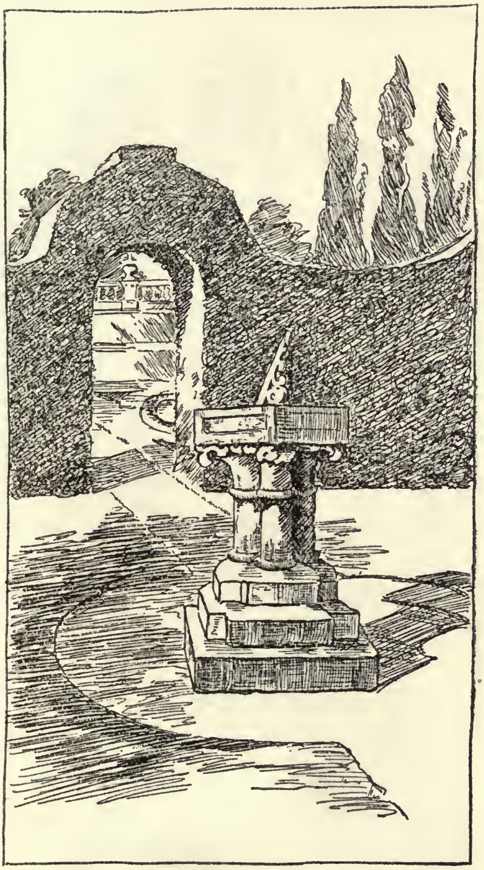
Our life's a shadow man hath said;
And death is like to endless shade;
But only those departed know,
Value of time and light below.



SUNDIAL ON INNES HOUSE, MORAYSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

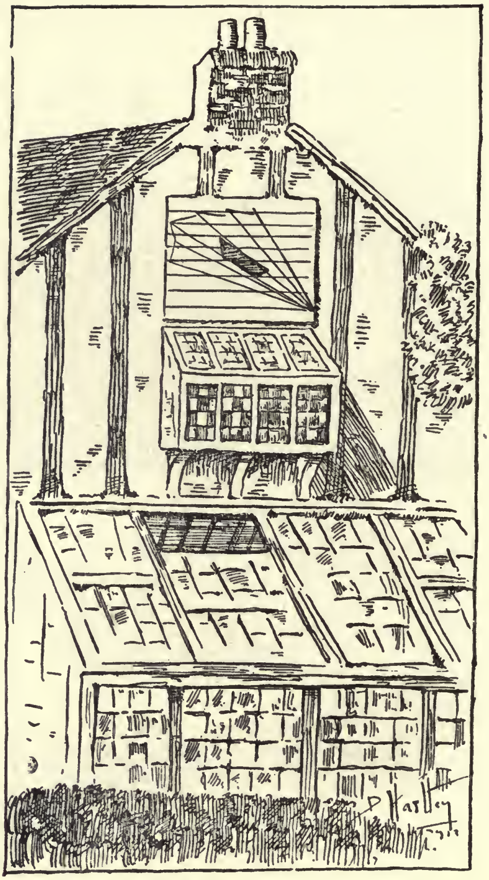
Date 1640 to 1653.

All lines are straight upon my face
  Like every line of duty;
But he who made this stone found place
  For extra lines of beauty.



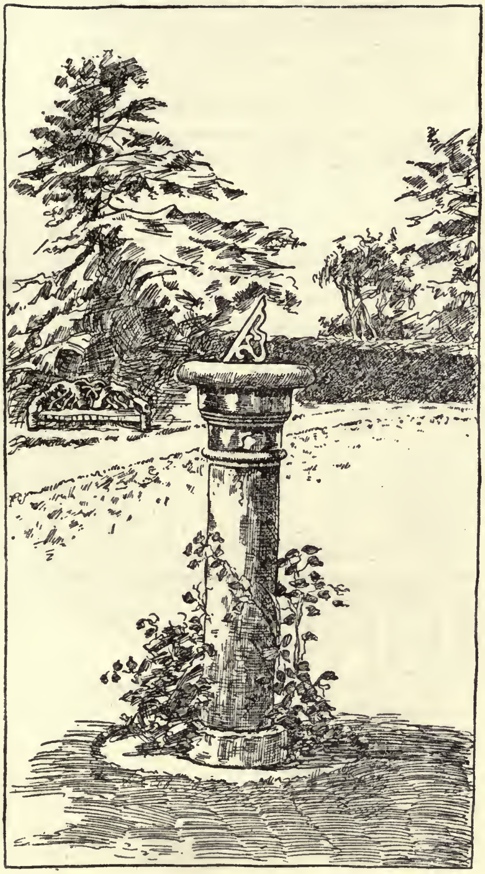
SUNDIAL FROM PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

O were this dial a mirror bright,
Then all would gaze at me,
And strive from morn 'til late at night
Each lineament to see.



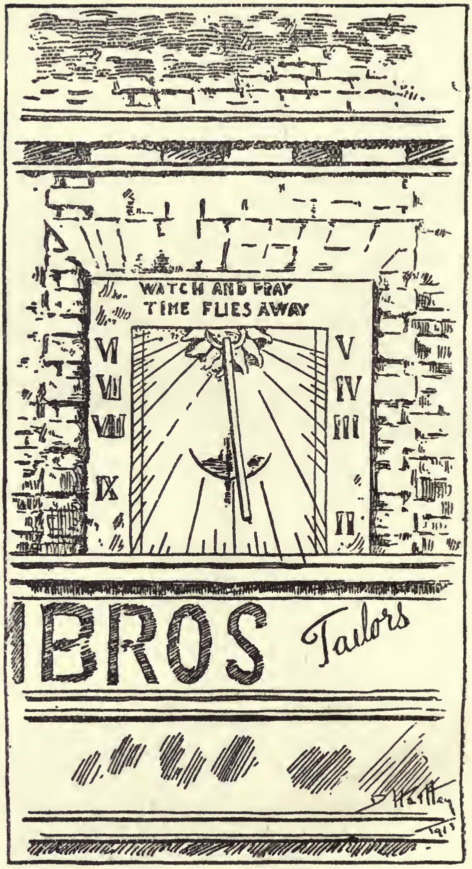
SUNDIAL AT "THE COTTAGE,"
CHORLEY WOOD.

Increase thy knowledge, ample store
  I keep on dial mine;
Nor ever reckon cheap or poor
  The rudiments of time.



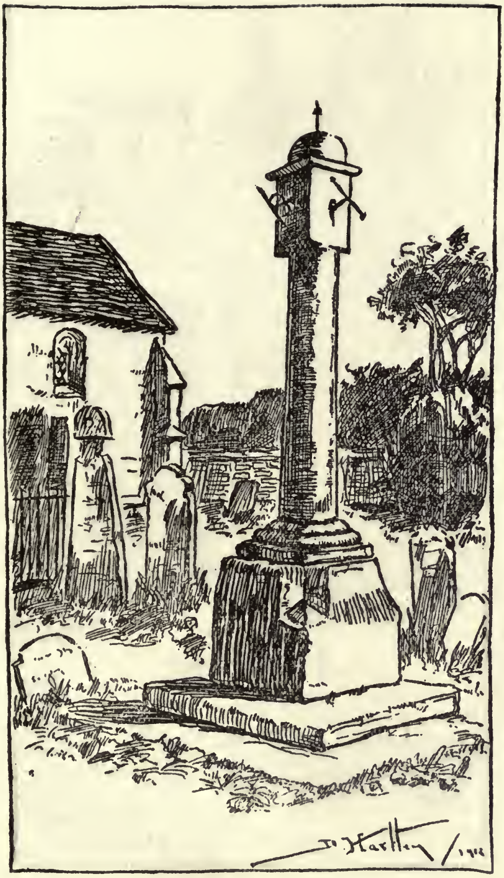
SUNDIAL, EARLY 18th CENTURY.

Shifty as the wind is life,
  The lot of everyone,
Swayed by pleasure, work, and strife;
  How opposite the sun!


WATCH AND PRAY
TIME FLIES AWAY
VI
VII
VIII
IX
V
IV
III
II
BROS
Tailors

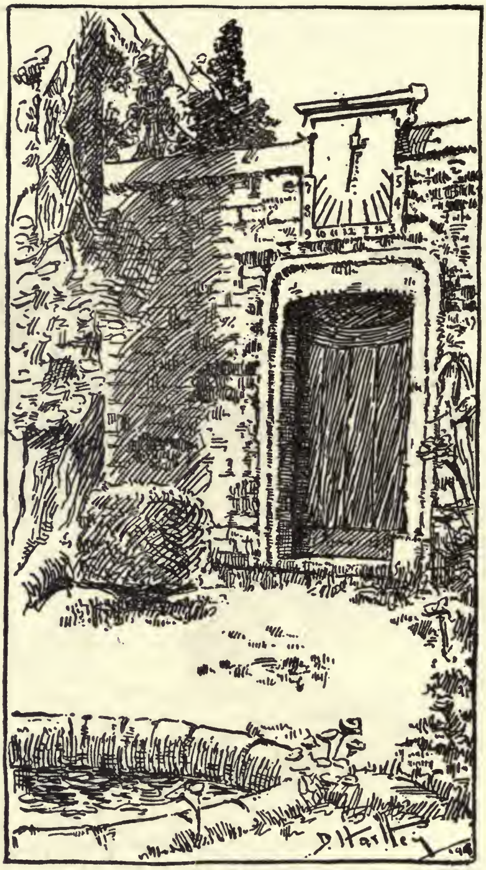
SUNDIAL OVER A SHOP AT LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDFORDSHIRE.

Each shining ray of light you see,
Is an emblem of eternity,
For every ray that cheers our eyes.
Descends to earth from far-off skies.



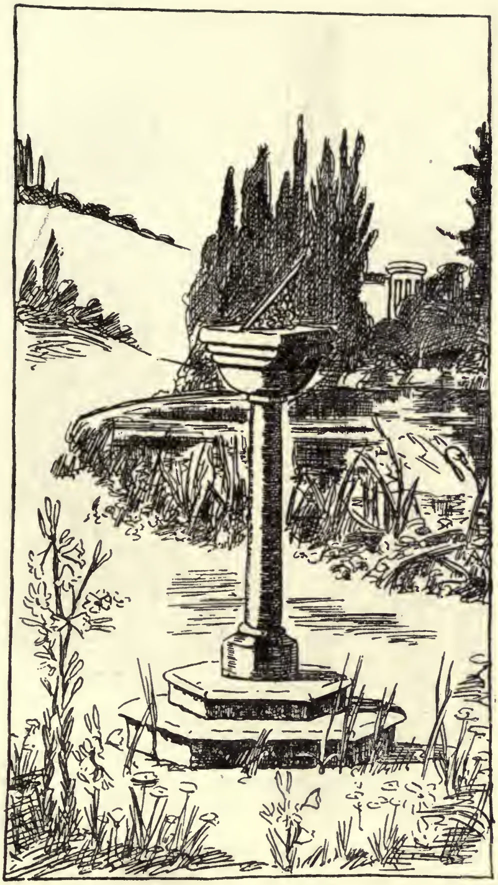
SUNDIAL, EARLY 17th CENTURY.

He gave thee life and takes the same,
And He shall give thee life again;
Then argue not what form 'twill be,
But be content, He gives it thee.



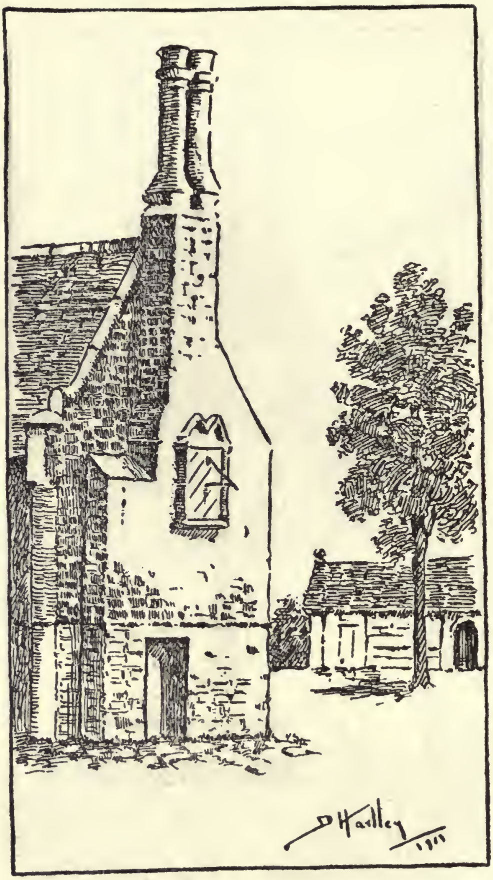
SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

Who knows the value of to-morrow
  'Til it is yesterday?
Or who true comfort in some sorrow,
  'Til it has passed away?



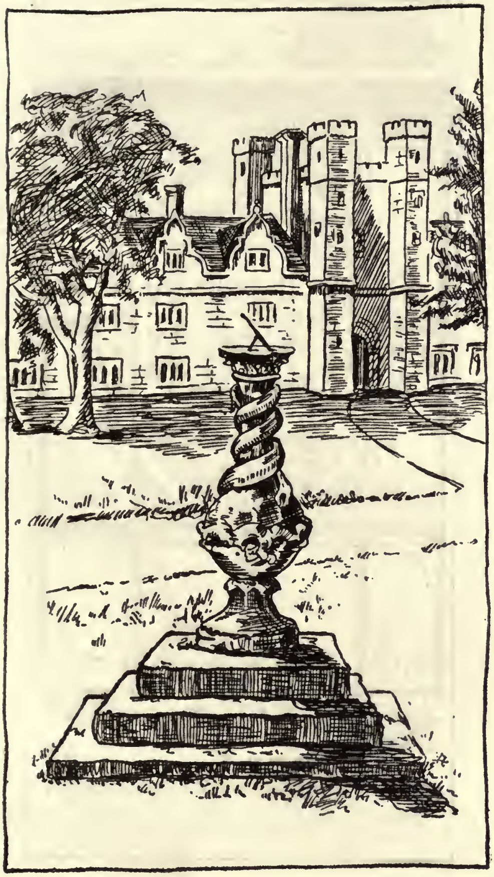
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

As the stream is to the river,
And the river to the sea,
Days and months flow on for ever,
As parts of eternity.



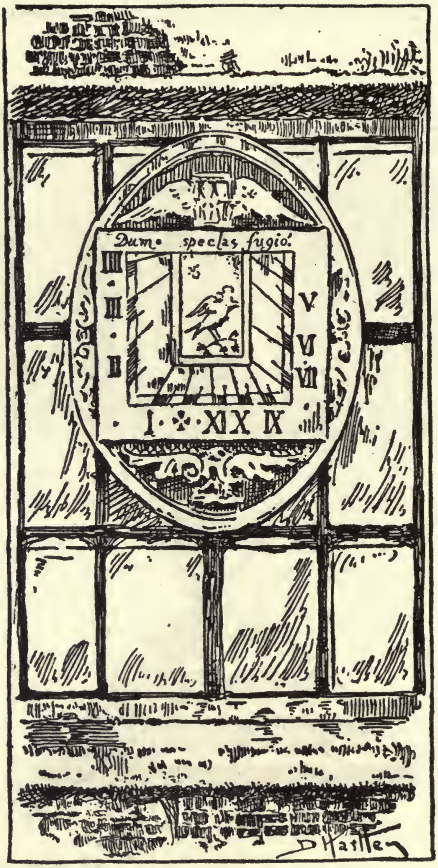
SUNDIAL ON MOOT HALL, ALDEBURGH.

Have you no question to ask?
  Have you no lesson to learn?
Traveller, what of your task?
  Halt not a moment or turn.



SUNDIAL AT DALSTON, CUMBERLAND.

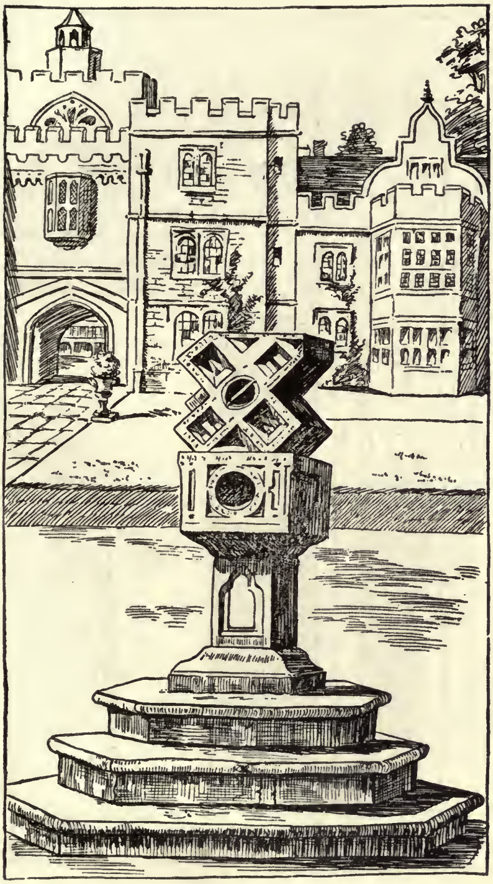
Man may make a dial of stone,
And fashion it with care,
But if the sun refuse to own,
No shadow will appear.


Dum spectas fugio.
V
VI
VII
D Hartley

SUNDIAL IN A WINDOW AT DERBY.

Date 1888.

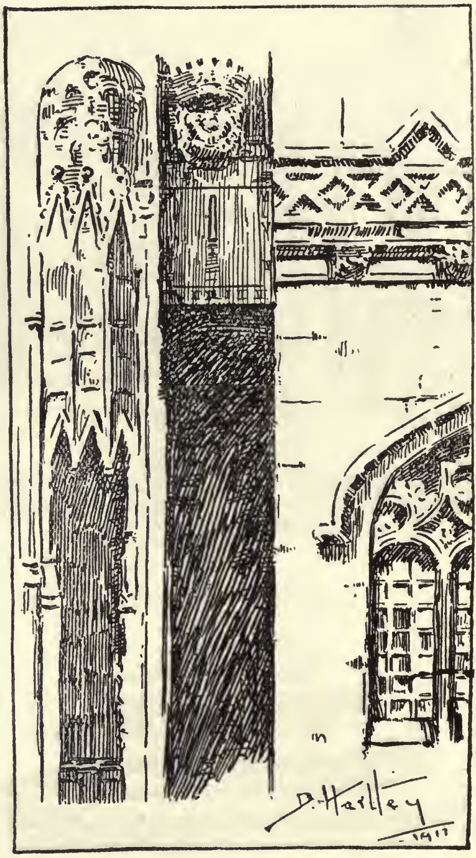
We mark the seasons come and go,
The swallows' homeward flight;
But hours that cause this ebb and flow,
Are lost to thought and sight.



SUNDIAL AT MOCCAS COURT,
HEREFORDSHIRE.

17th Century.

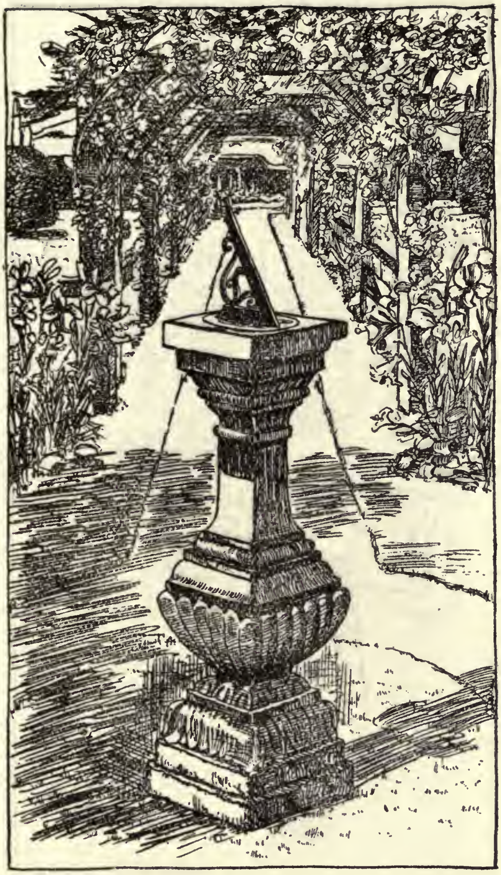
Everything comes to those who wait,
So gaze on this dial and see,
The morning dawn and the hours grow late,
And the morrow will come to thee.



SUNDIAL ON KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
CAMBRIDGE.

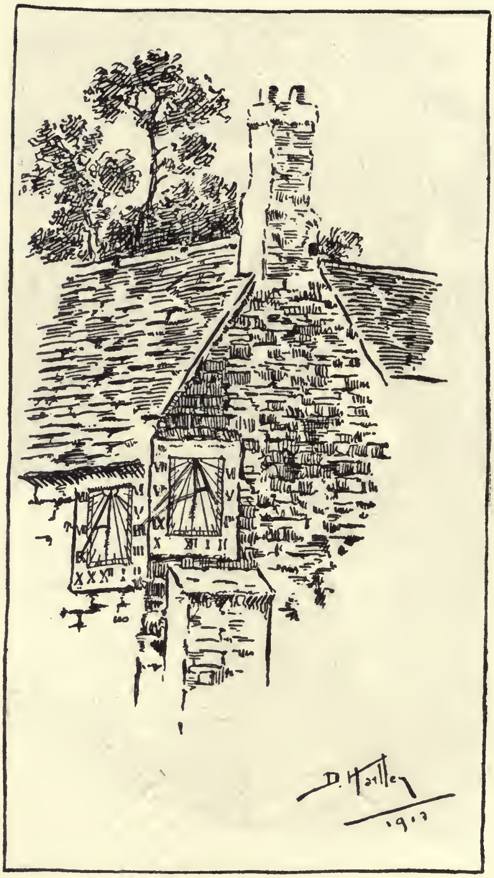
Dated 1733.

He who will procrastinate,
Shall for Heaven one day be late,
And when he would find a place,
To-morrow he will have to face.



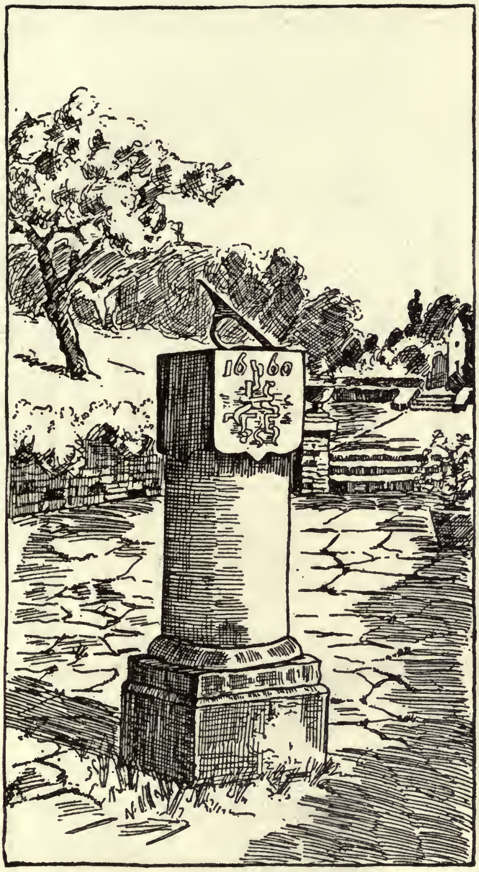
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

Though some time it has departed,
Mortal, never be downhearted.
Go, learn to keep a smiling face,
Until the hours of dark find place.


D. Hartley
1917

SUNDIAL AT LOWER HARLSTON,
NORTHANTS.

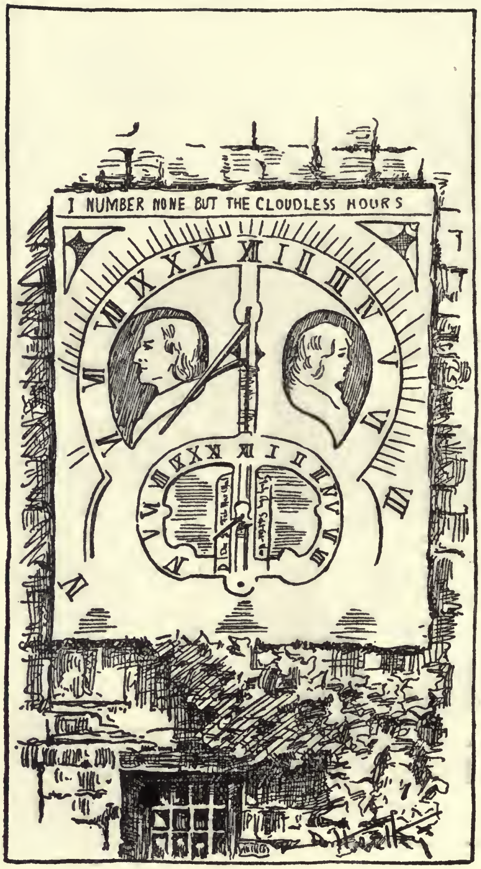
We change with time,
But fail to mark,
Like time our change
'Til near the dark.



SUNDIAL AT BROUGHAM HALL,
WESTMORLAND.

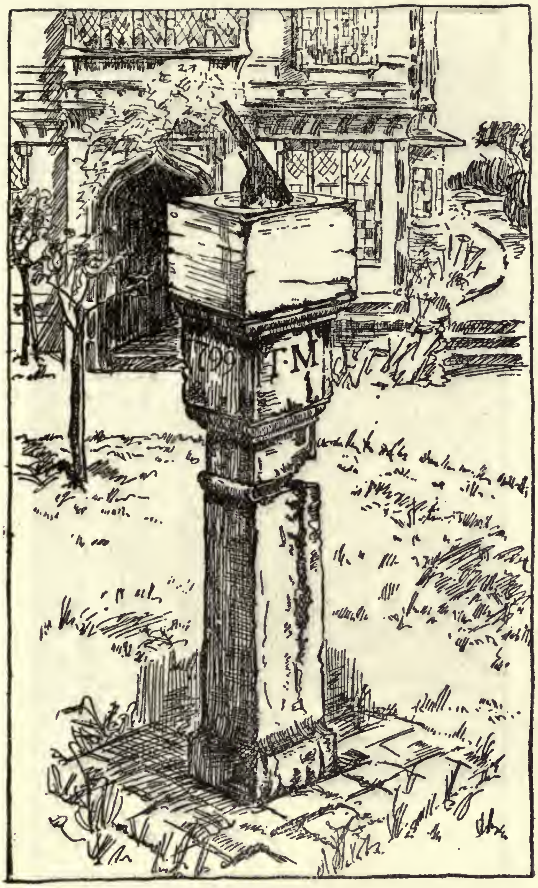
Date 1660.

Gold can buy this dial.
But not the hour,
Nor yet Sol's smile,
My greatest dower.


I NUMBER NONE BUT THE CLOUDLESS HOURS

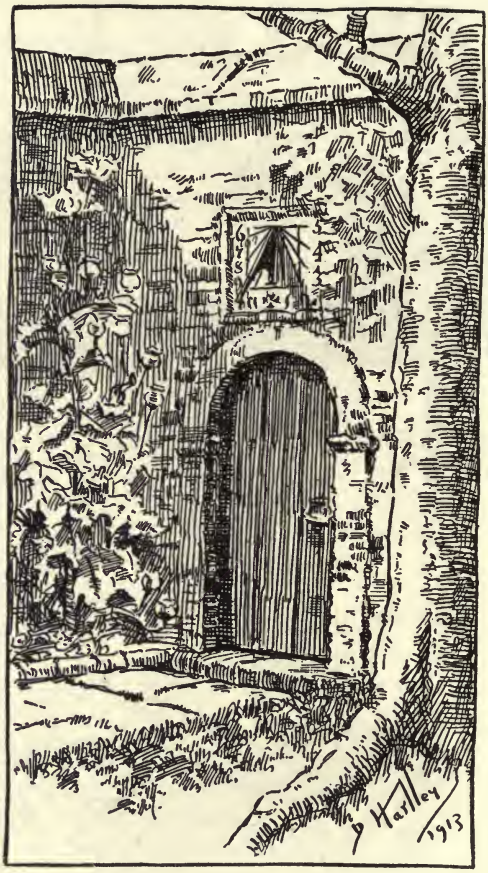
SUNDIAL AT SAG HARBOUR, LONG ISLAND.
U.S.A.

Cultivate a happy mien,
  Whilst the sun now smiles,
Thus cares shall only intervene,
  Like shadows on sundials.



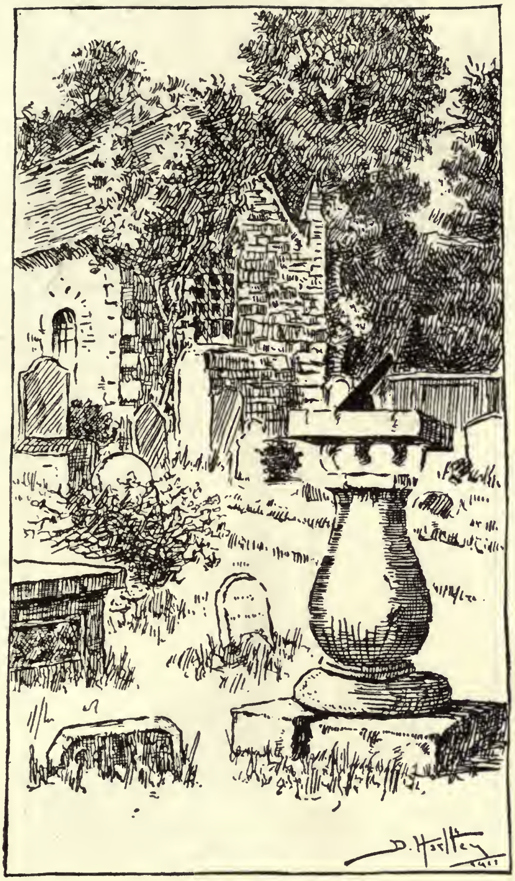
SUNDIAL AT ALDINGTON, KENT.
Date 1799.

God who taught the birds to sing,
  Did so for man's pleasure;
And He put sweet songs on wing,
  Timed to varying measure.



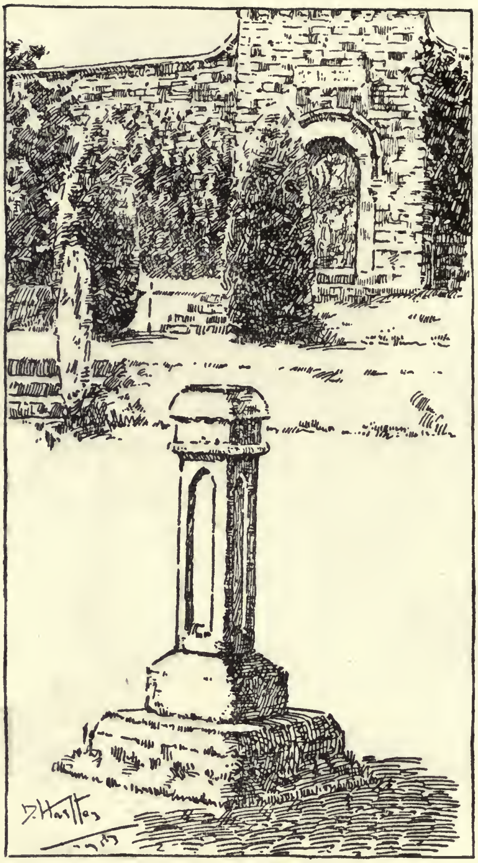
SUNDIAL, EARLY 18th CENTURY.

I made this sundial for to prove,
How precious is the light above,
Grant thou, dear Lord, that men may know
The value of Thy light below.



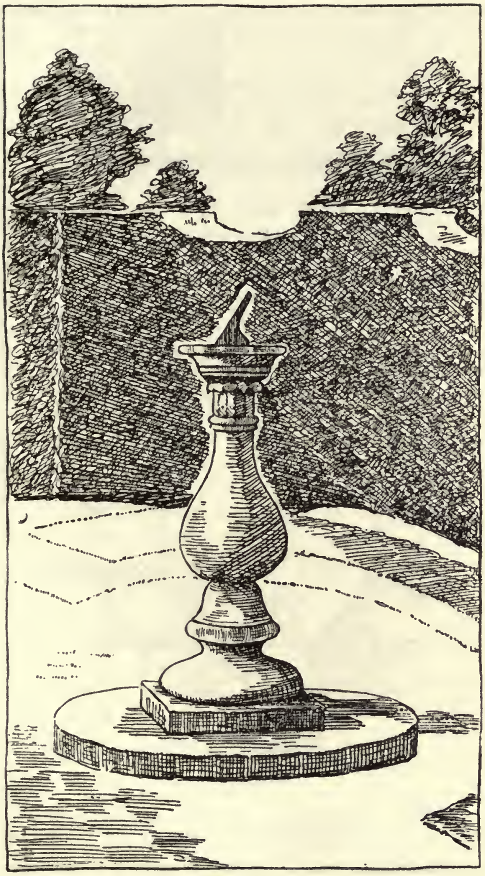
SUNDIAL IN CHURCHYARD AT STRETTON, CHESHIRE.

This hour I mark too soon shall fly
  E'er thou dost rest beneath the sod,
And of thy deeds shall testify,
  Before the throne of God.



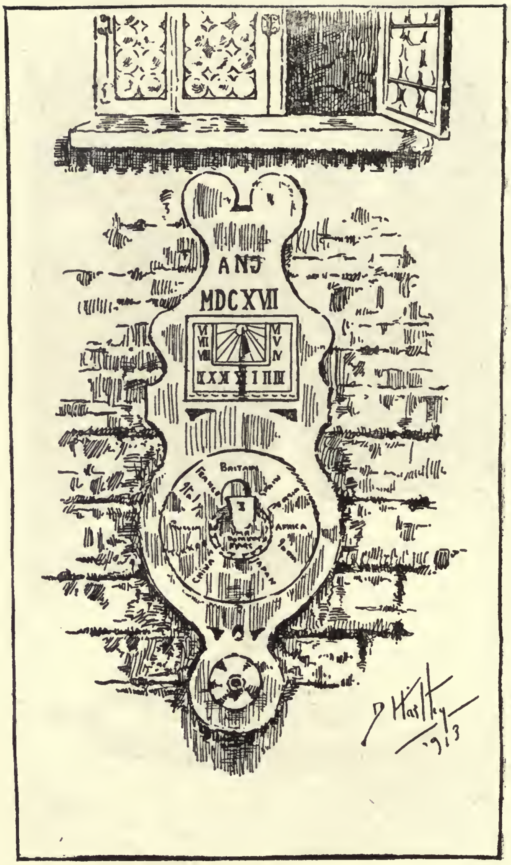
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S SUNDIAL,
ABBOTSFORD.

On the anvil of Time
  Our life is wrought,
Shaped for the sublime
  In deed and thought.



SUNDIAL, EARLY 19th CENTURY.

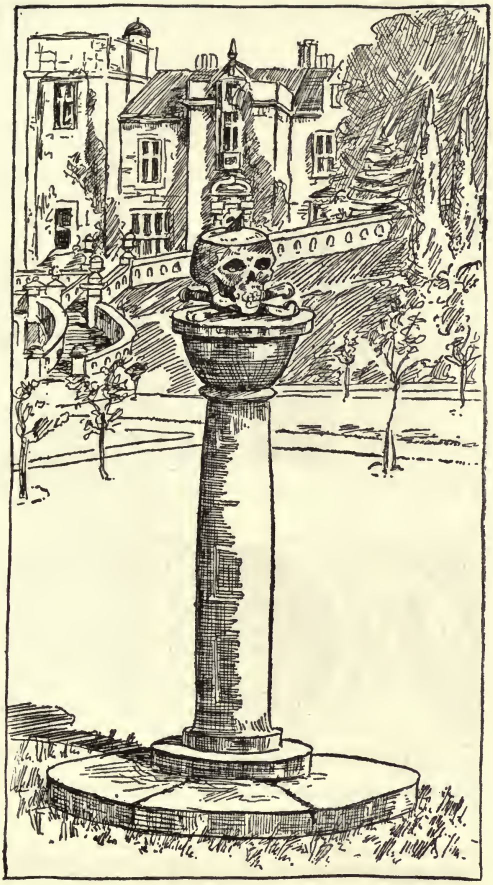
To-morrow is to-day,
  Value then each hour,
For years soon pass away,
  And death doth lower.


ANO
MDCXVII
BRITAIN
FRANCE
AFRICA
CHINA
JAPAN

SUNDIAL OF WOOD.

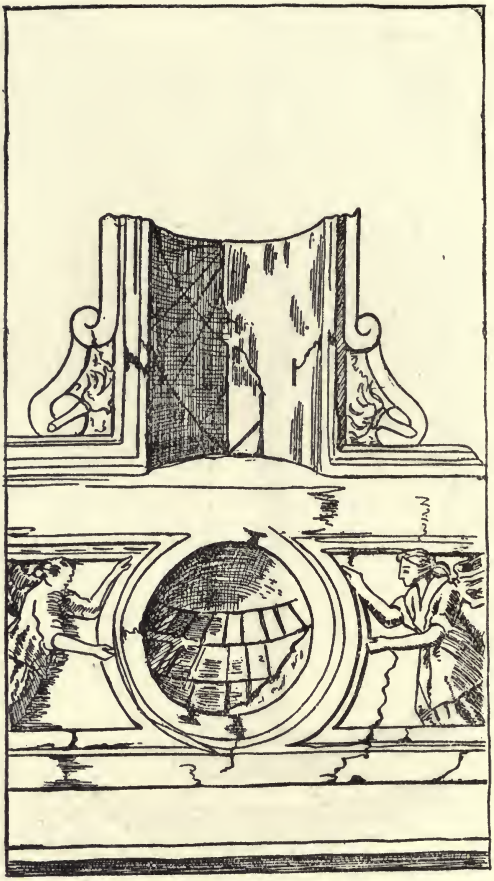
Date 1617. Seen in a Curiosity Shop.

As a minute is to the hour,
And the hour is to the day,
So proportion while you've power,
With fairness work and play.



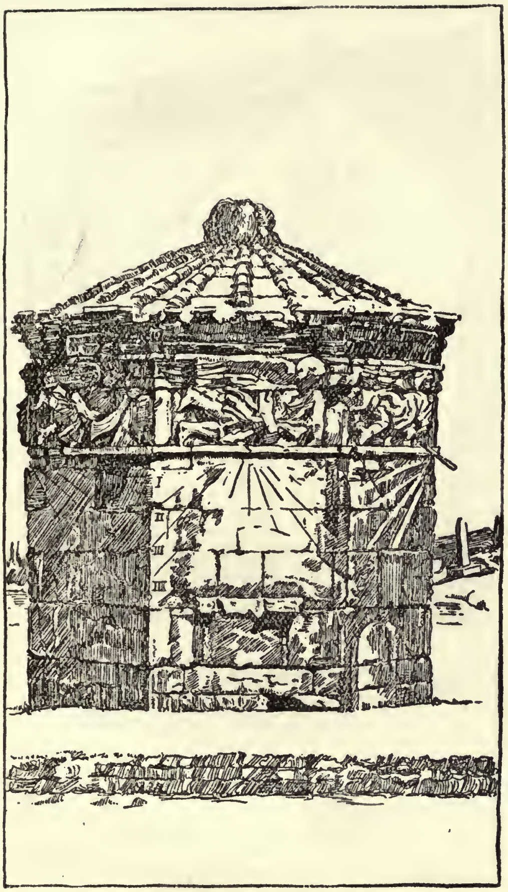
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

Work, then while you have the time,
  Never let thy talents rust;
Take a lesson from my sign,
  The dial says die all we must.



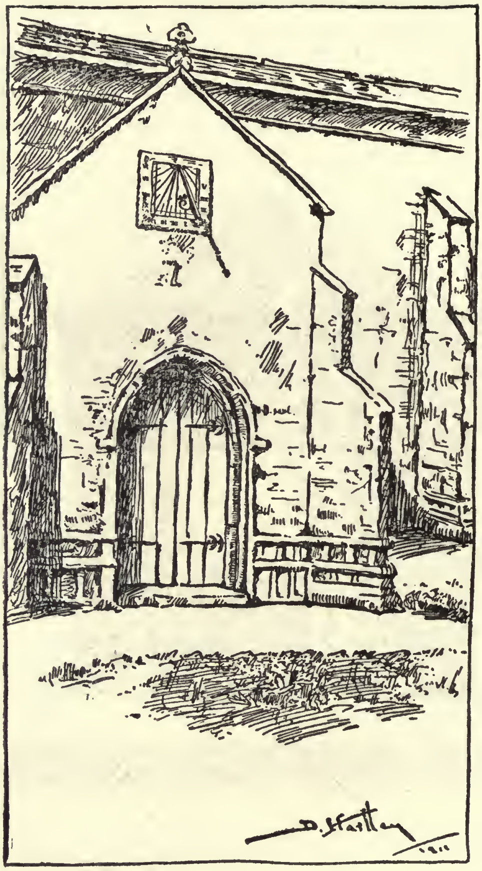
ROMAN SUNDIALS, FROM VILLA SCIPIO, ROME.

I think all men will well agree,
  At this similitude sublime,
Since bounds there are to earth and sea,
  Nought beats the shifting sand for time.



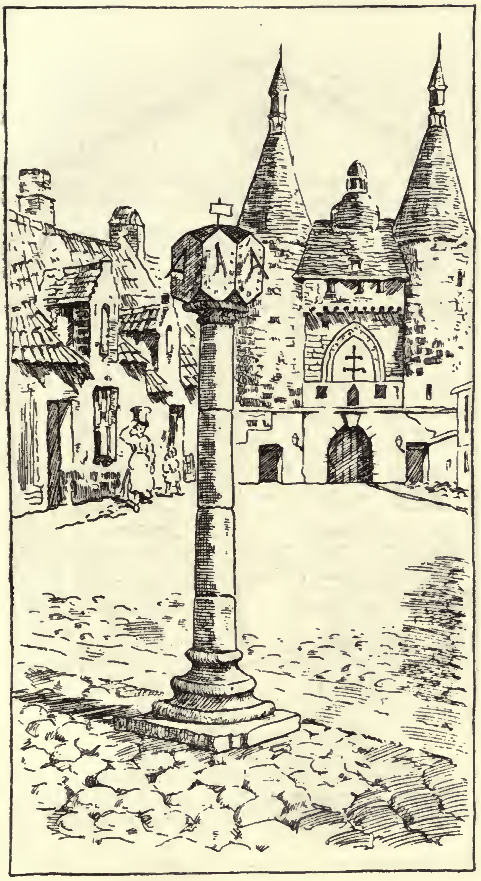
SUNDIALS ON THE TOWER OF THE WINDS,
ATHENS.

I wonder who split up the day,
  Into hours of dark and hours of light?
Or who apportioned minutes, pray?
  With seconds to shorten day or night.



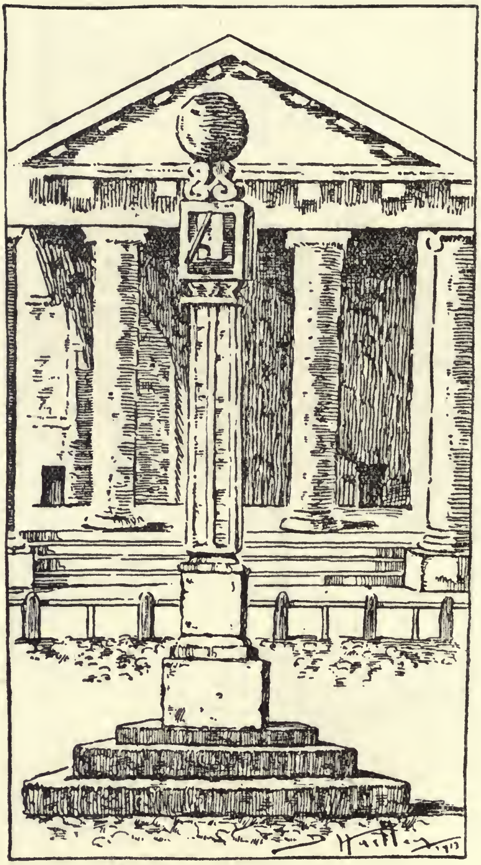
SUNDIAL ON ST. MARY'S CHURCH,
DITCHINGHAM, NORFOLK.

Who murmurs at our God's decree,
  Forgets His love divine,
How that He cares for all we see,
  And calls us "children mine."



SUNDIALS ON THE OLD SEVEN DIALS COLUMN, LONDON.

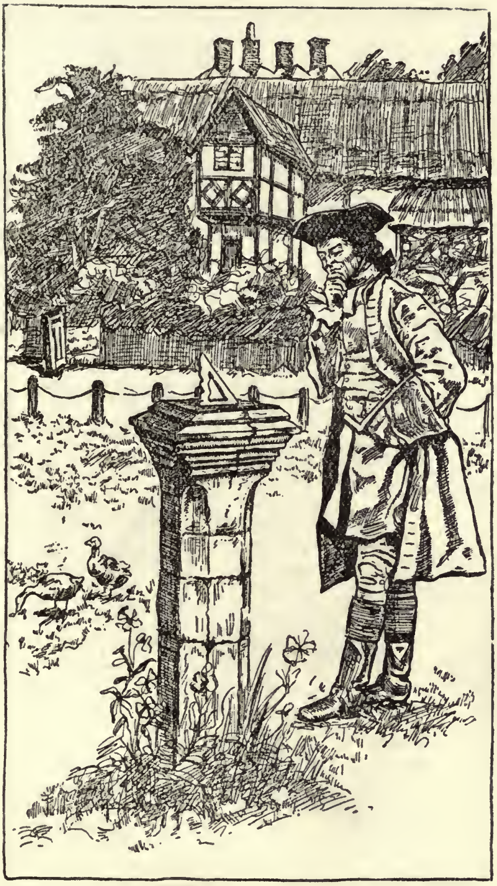
From the wreck of years I stand,
Still awaiting thy command,
Praying that each hour may be
Given to thy God by thee.



SUNDIAL, OLD COVENT GARDEN.

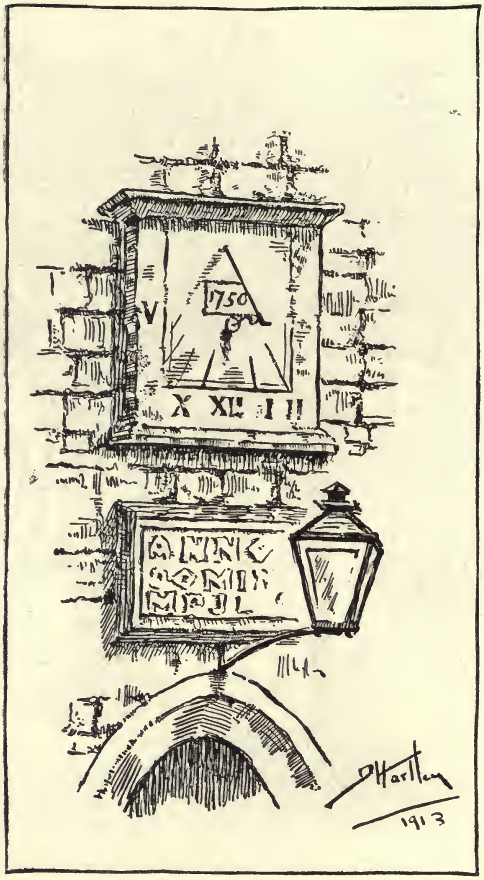
Date, the reign of James II.

Ho, spendthrift, take a look at time,
'Tis more than gold you squander,
For hours men waste when in their prime,
Cast shadows like Sol yonder.



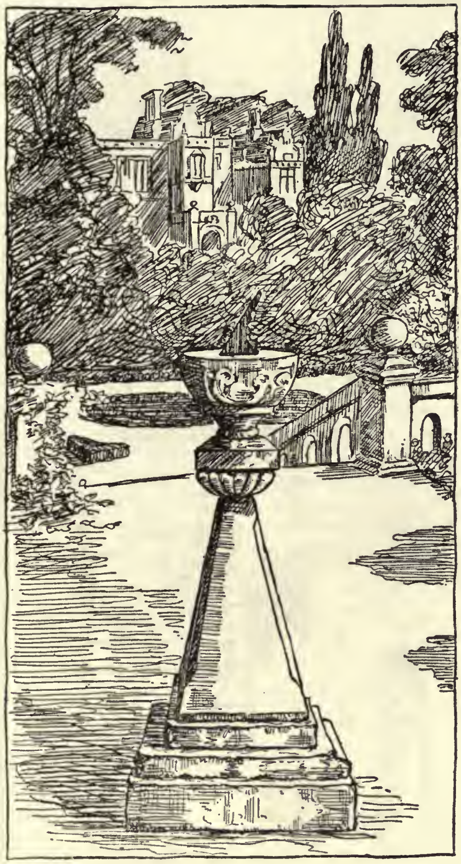
SUNDIAL, EARLY 18th CENTURY.

A riddle I will put to thee:
  Who gives thee years yet takes of thine?
Who lends thee most when he robs thee?
  You've guessed, no doubt—'tis Father Time.



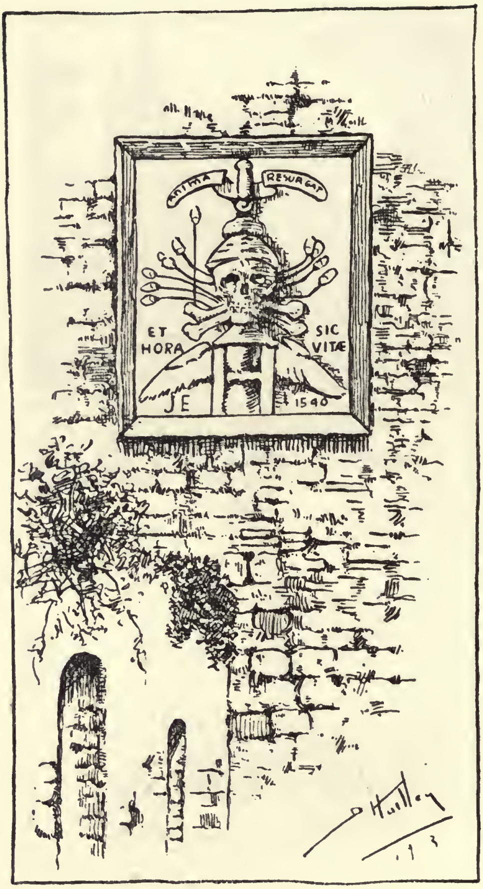
SUNDIAL ON BEDALE CHURCH,
DARLINGTON.
Date, 1750.

We promise great things for the morrow,
No matter how bright the sun's ray;
But oft we're defeated by sorrow,
So why not fulfil them to-day.



SUNDIAL IN THE GROUNDS OF BROUGHTON HALL, Nr. BANBURY.

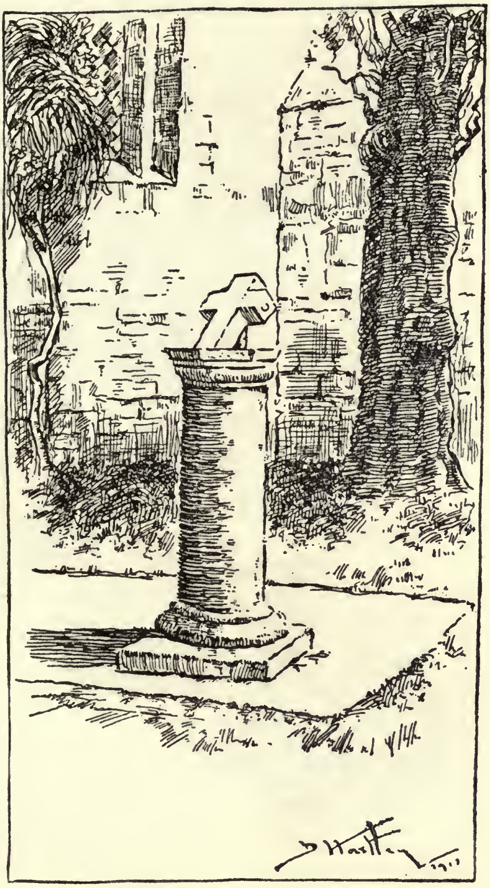
"A stitch taken in time saves nine,"
Not so with each hour that I mark;
These increase on this dial mine,
And you lose what I gain 'til dark.


ANIMA
RESURGAT
ET HORA
SIC VITÆ
JE
1540

SUNDIAL ON SHEEPSTOR CHURCH, DARTMOOR.

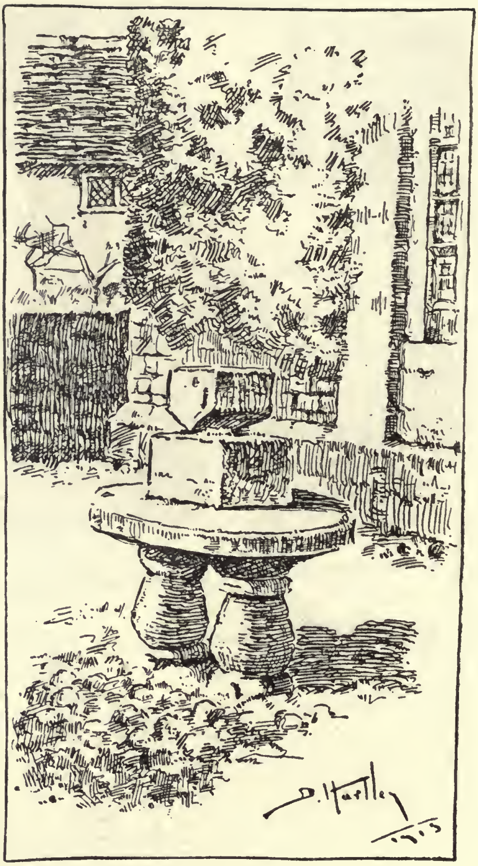
Date 1640.

'Tis not enough to simply be,
Leaving work undone,
Nor yet to live continually,
Basking in the sun.



SUNDIAL AT BASLOW, DERBYSHIRE.

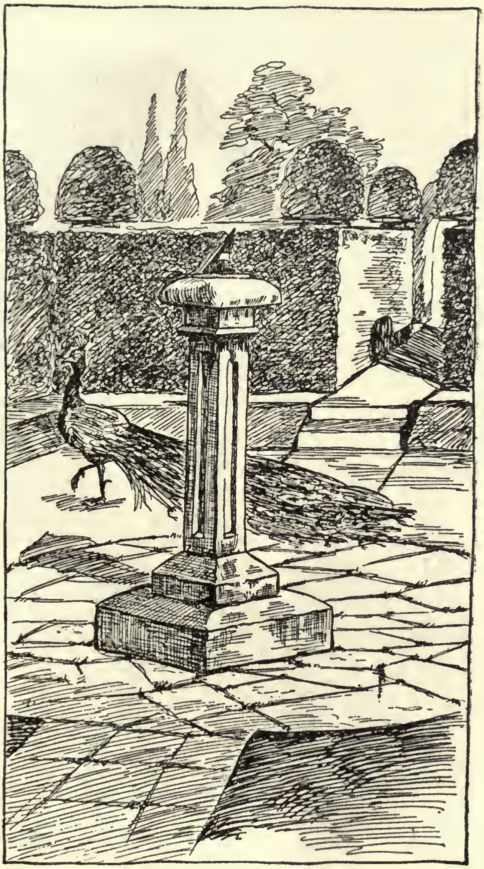
Visit me, thou light of heaven,
Grant men time to know;
Let the hours be surely given,
To the world below.



SUNDIAL AT MILLRIGG CULGAITH, Nr. PENRITH.

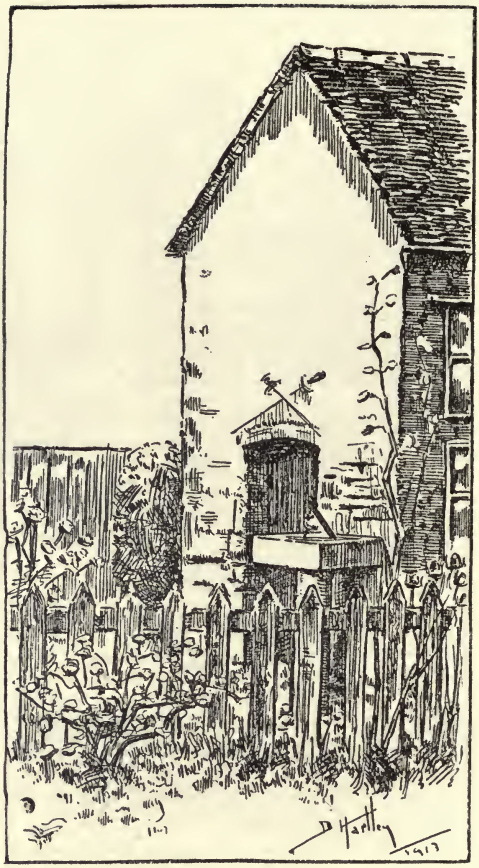
Date 17th Century.

Like the bee and ant, go learn
How the seasons take their turn;
Never waste an hour of sun,
'Til the harvest's fully won.



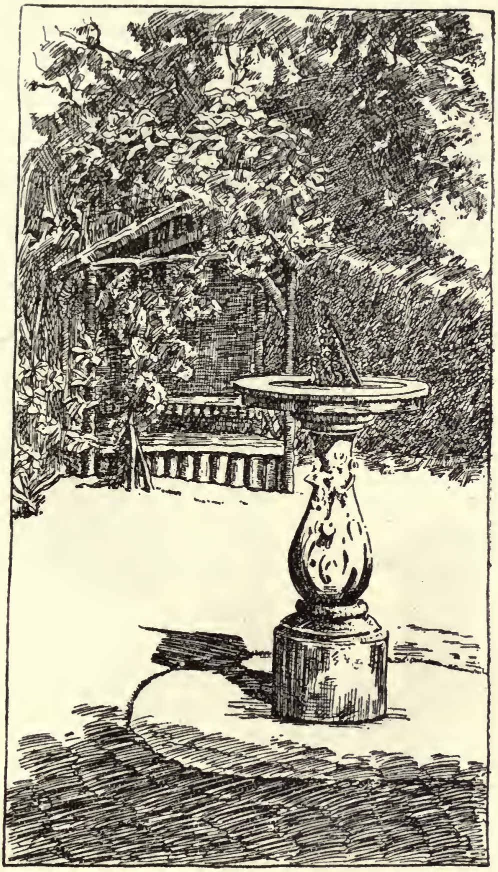
SUNDIAL AT HILLSIDE, NEW YORK.

Follow not the idle crowd,
Ever fickle, ever loud;
Keep thou to the best of all,
Hark to Nature, hear her call.



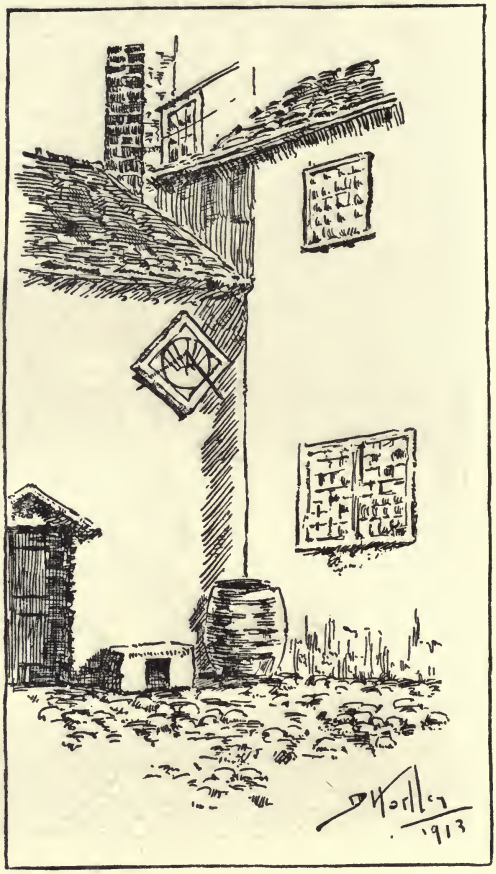
SUNDIAL IN THE GARDEN OF AN OLD COTTAGE AT CHORLEY WOOD.

No man e'er lived to truly say,
"I've made the most of every day."
So let this cheer in work undone
To feel you've made the most of some.



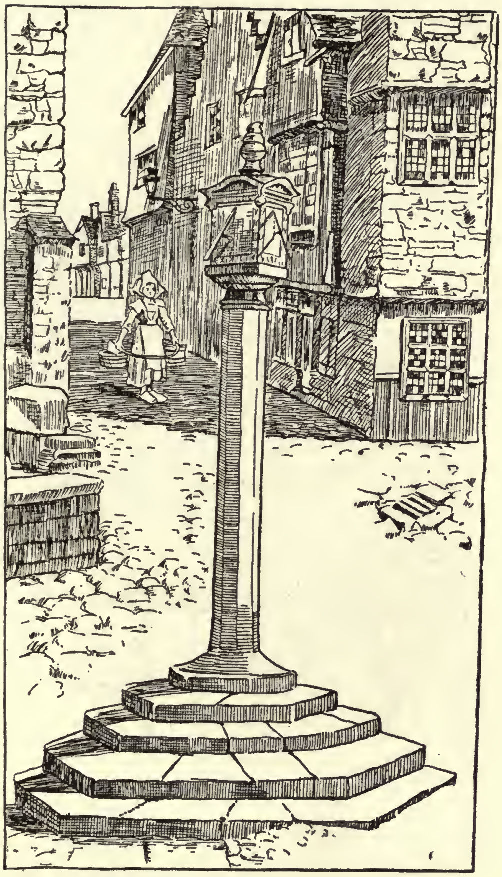
SUNDIAL OF CHARLES II., WINDSOR, 1660.

I cannot move, I have no power,
But yet I give a sign each hour.
I cannot talk, perhaps 'tis well,
But without speech the time I tell.



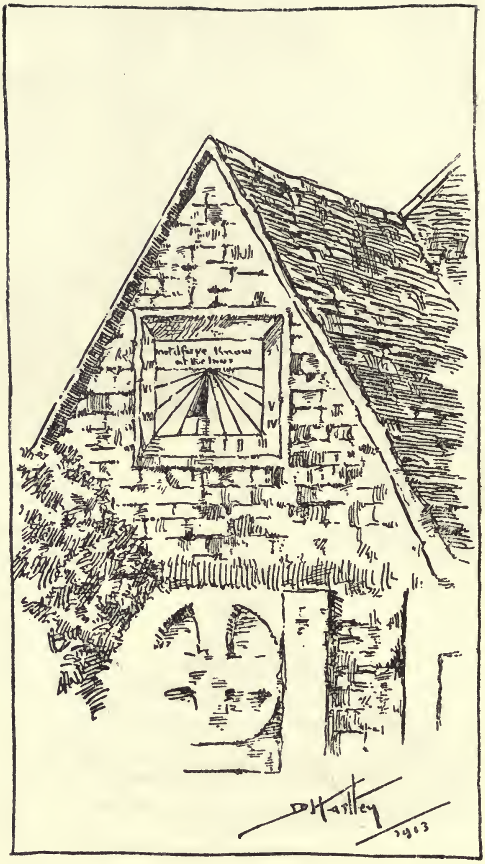
SUNDIAL AT BLACKWELL MILL,
DARLINGTON.

Scorn to have it of thee said,
Ere sun had set, he went to bed,
When morning light had lit the skies,
He from his couch had failed to rise.



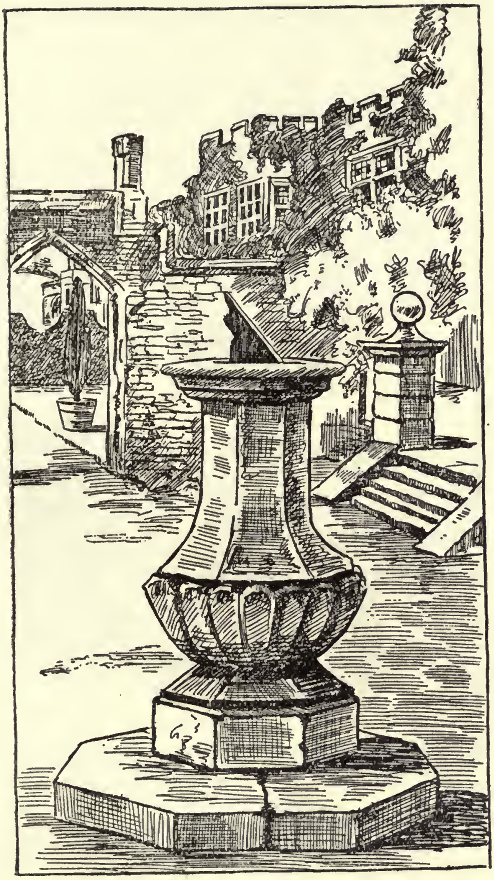
SUNDIAL AT AIRTH, STIRLINGSHIRE, SCOTLAND. Date 1697.

Time dogs us always by the heel,
Making each mortal man to feel,
Present and mightier than all powers,
Those spectres of our mis-spent hours.


VI
V
IV
D Hartley
1903

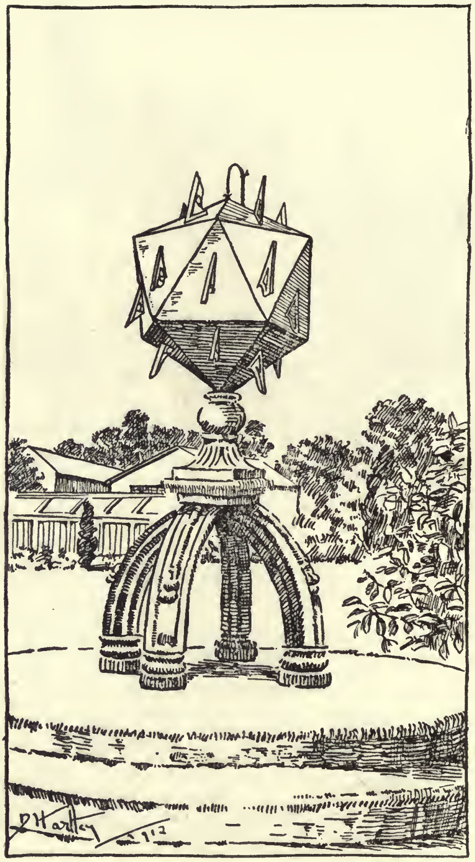
SUNDIAL ON GRACE CHURCH, MERCHANTVILLE, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.

He tempers the steel to its use,
He fashions the clay to design;
But man ever rusts through abuse,
Disfigures the vase he calls mine.



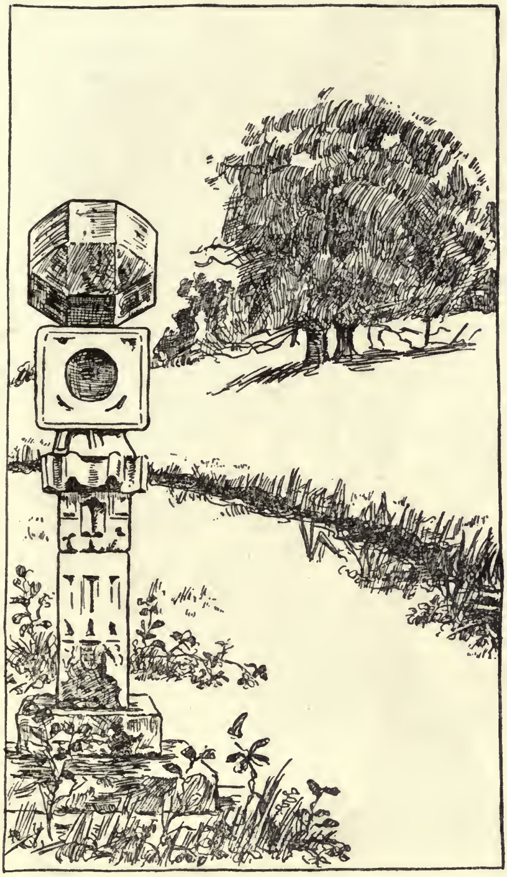
SUNDIAL 19th CENTURY.

If men rest in the arms of time;
O then, what of the strength of mine?
For every man doth surely know,
Time carried with one arm I show.



SUNDIAL IN MARSDEN PARK, NELSON.

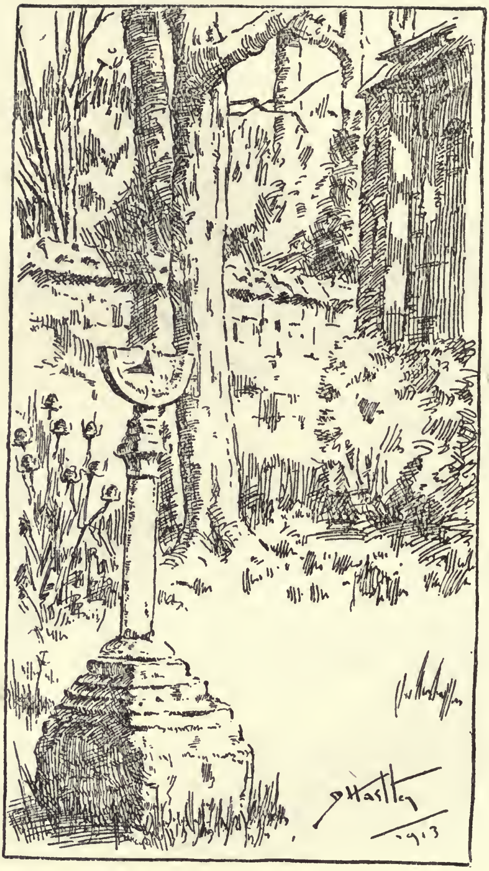
If but ye sun would always shine,
I'd never cease to mark ye time;
And yet if it were ever so,
Ye time ye would not care to know.



SUNDIAL AT MOUNT MELVILLE,
Nr. St. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND.

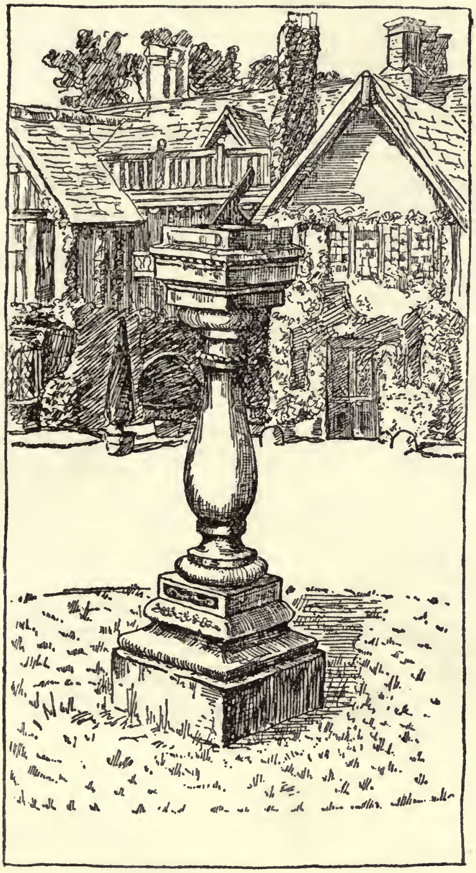
Date 1788.

Our life is like a bridge,
  That spans Time's ancient river,
We leave of earth one ridge,
  Then cross to earth for ever.



SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

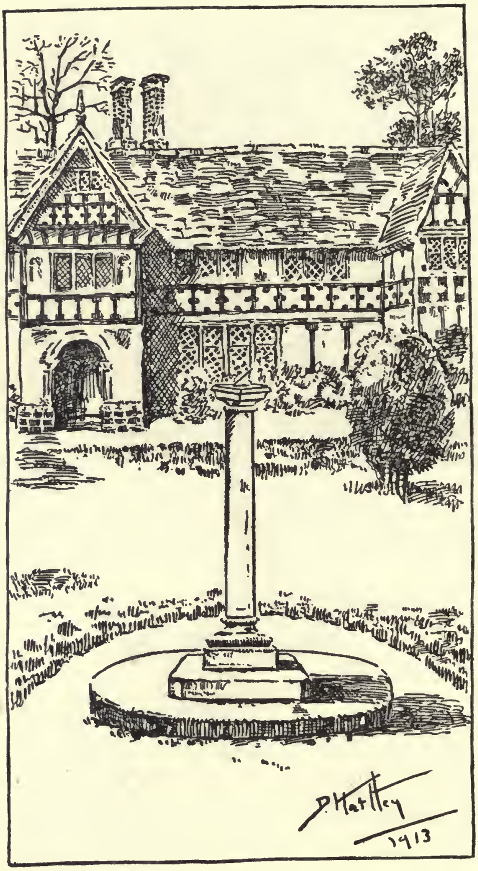
From ye dial learn ye hours,
  From ye mirror learn ye years;
But length of life learn from ye flowers,
  How short our time appears.



SUNDIAL OF CHARLES DICKENS, GADSHILL.

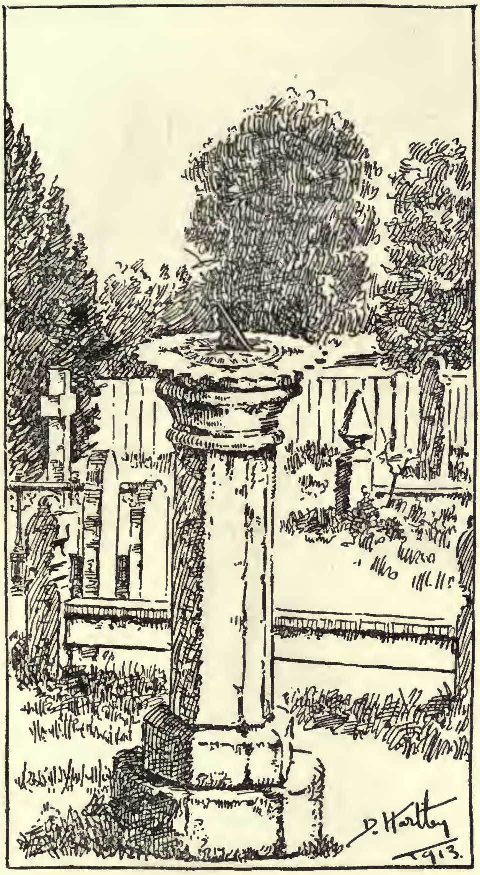
Date 1793.

Men cannot simply happy be,
Through having of mere property,
For joys come not from what we own,
But wealth of character alone.



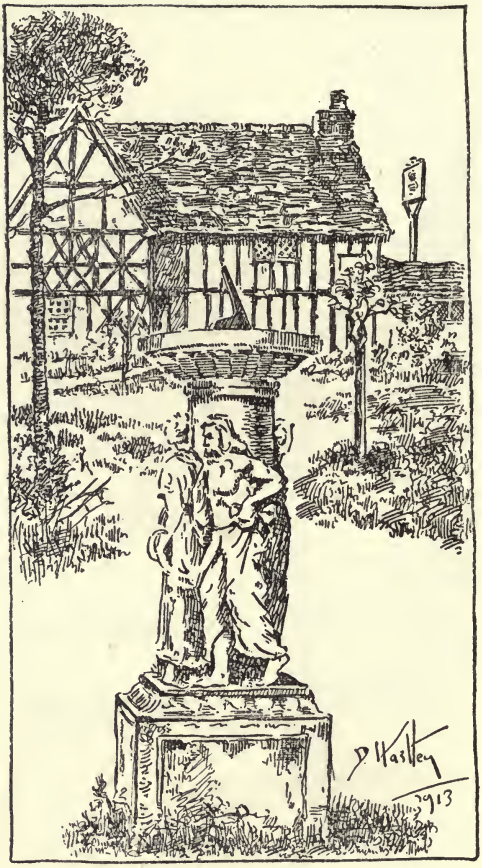
SUNDIAL FROM PEMBROKESHIRE.

Ere shadows form upon my dial,
  Birds from sleep awaken,
Fearing lest the sun should smile,
  In hours not overtaken.



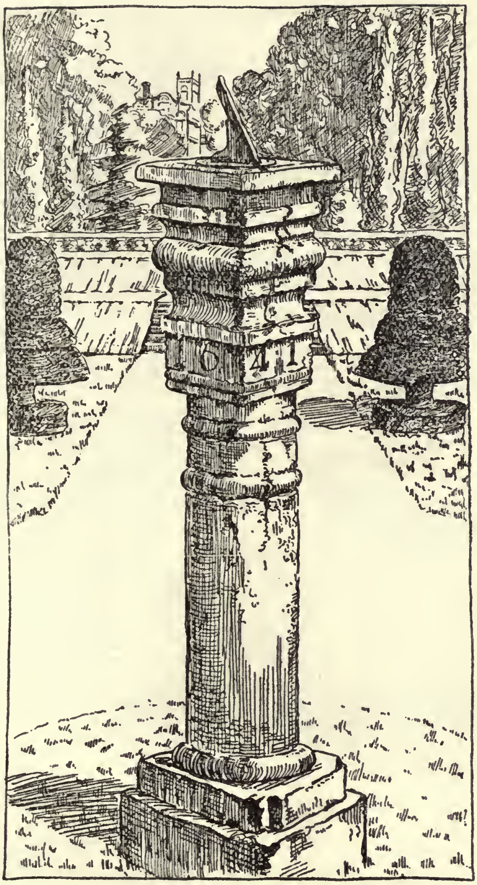
SUNDIAL IN CHURCHYARD AT CASTLETON,
DERBYSHIRE.

Husband each departing ray,
  Chances that the sun has given,
For to make of hours to-day
  A life acceptable for Heaven.



SUNDIAL IN THE "DANE JOHN" GARDENS,
CANTERBURY.

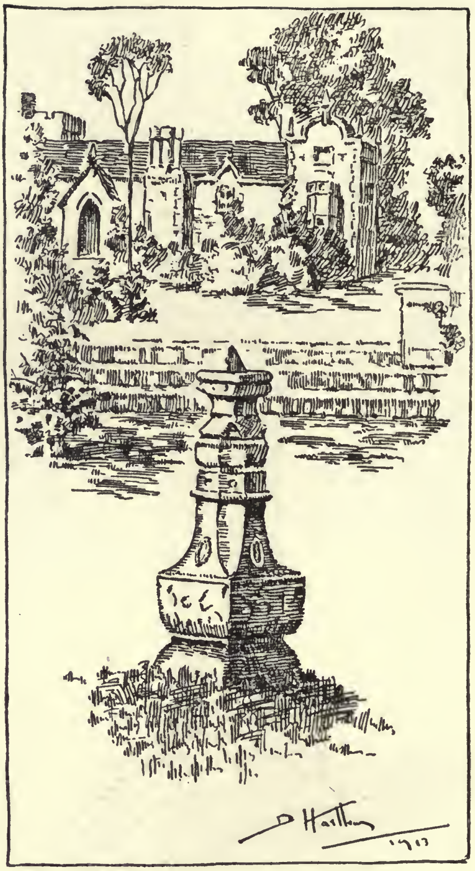
If with mortal men were power,
To count their blessings every hour,
All would very soon agree,
How few their troubles seemed to be.



SUNDIAL AT MINSTER, ISLE OF SHEPPEY.

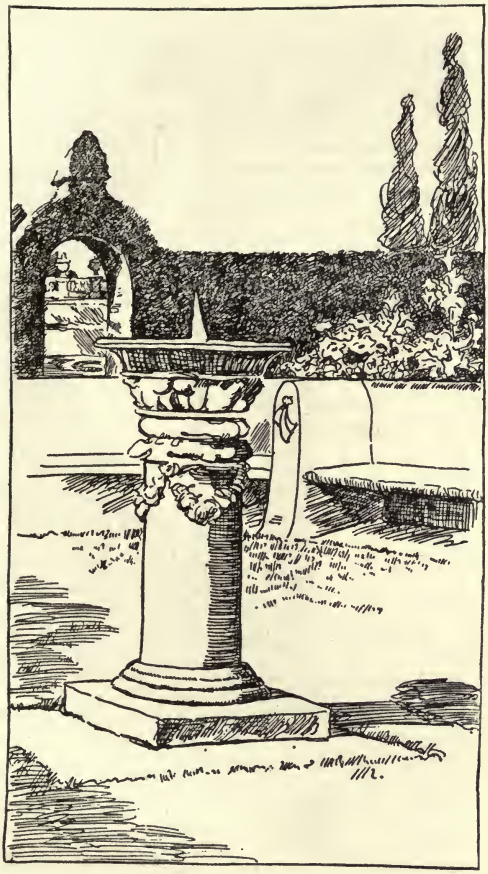
Date 1641.

If a shadow hides the sundial
Just like a cloud o'er love;
E'en though it lasts a little while,
'Twill very soon remove.



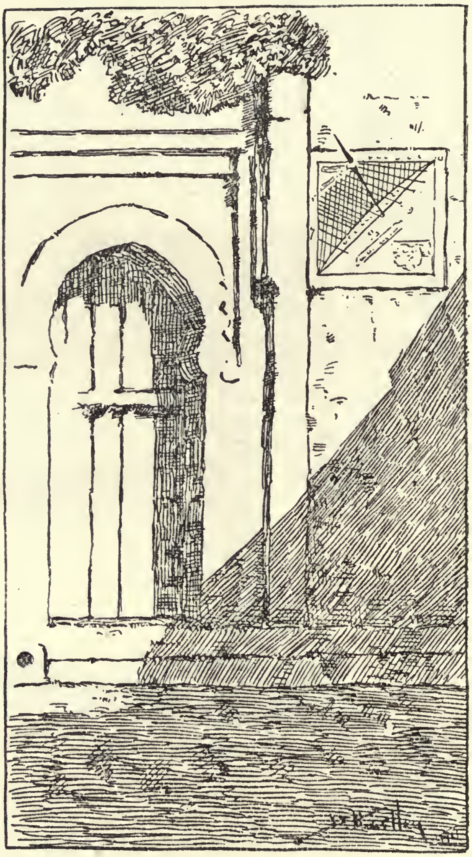
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

The sun each day scarce rises in its might
When, lo! too soon appears a sunset bright.
So, as a child, we scarce the light have seen,
E'er for each one, life's sunset draws a screen.



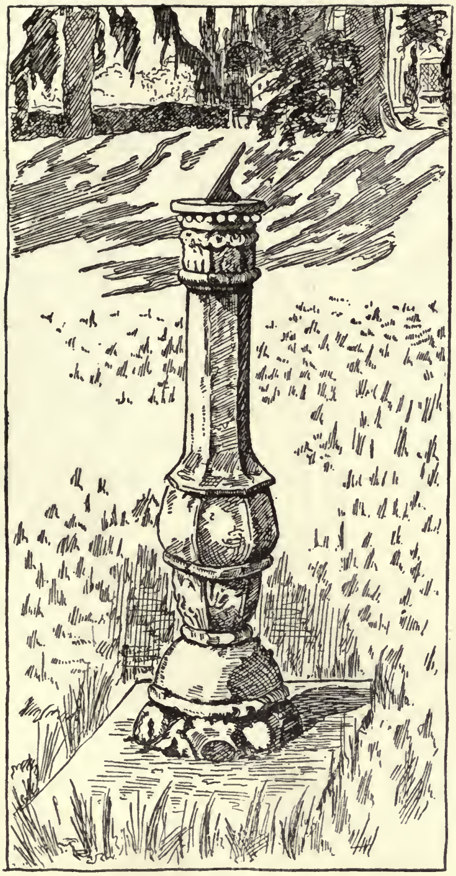
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

There are hours for work and hours for play,
And hours appointed for men to pray;
But the hours we love, come, truly say,
Are hours for rest at the end of day.



SUNDIAL IN TURKEY.

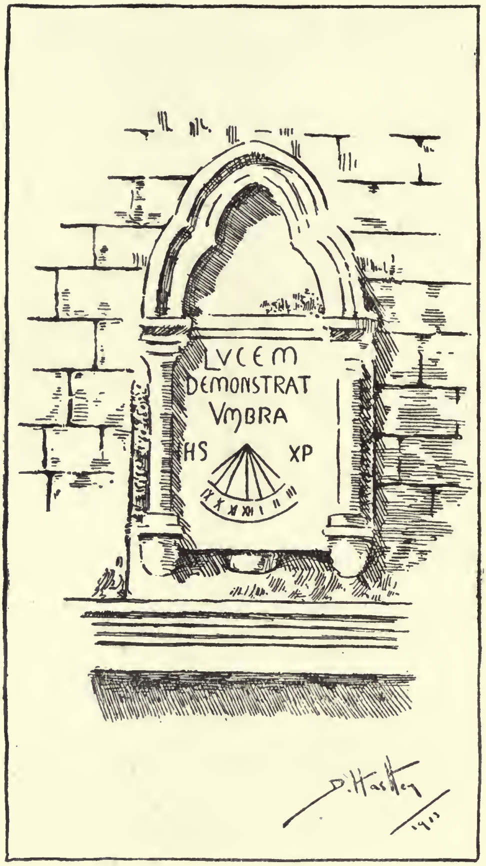
I have so often heard men say,
We will do this another day.
When all the while life's dying spark,
Was doomed to leave them in the dark.



SUNDIAL AT SELBOURNE.

Date about 1760.

With the memory there is power
To re-create the fleeting hour;
O careful, then, all men should be
That they each hour shall wish to see.


LVCEM
DEMONSTRAT
VMBRA
HS
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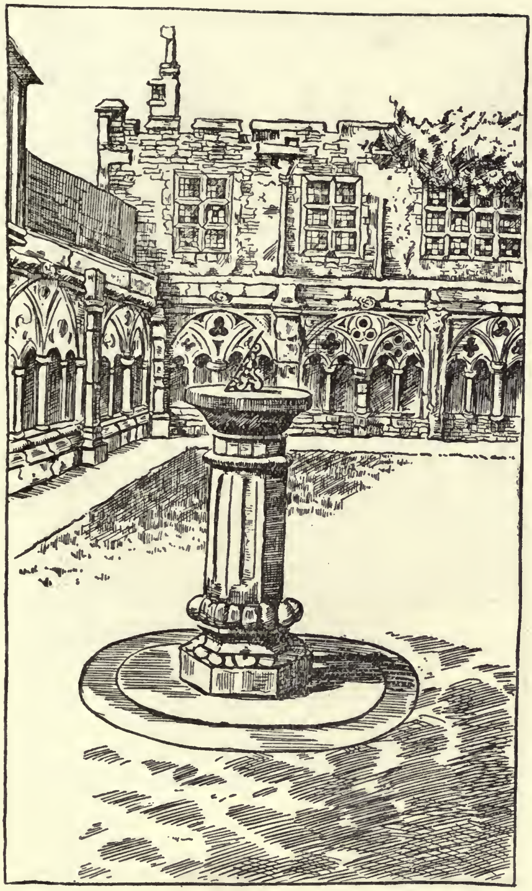
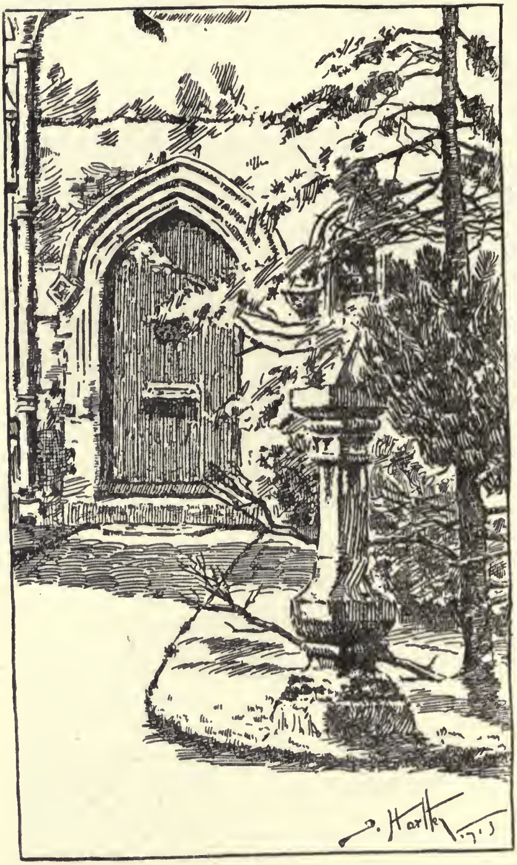
SUNDIAL ON YORK MINSTER.

The day was given to enjoy,
And hours to usefully employ;
But men were never meant to be
Slaves to seconds continually.



SUNDIAL IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS,
LONDON.

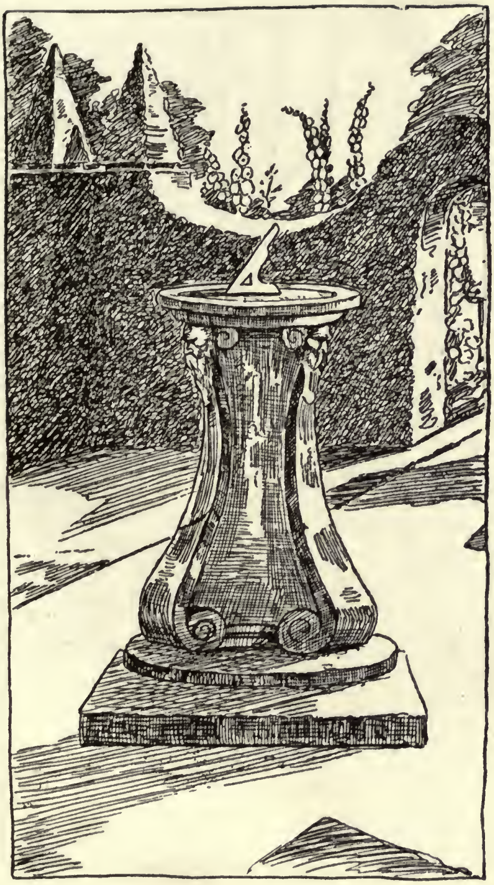
Mark well the hours of the day,
Note well each fleeting year,
And never let time slip away,
Through idleness or fear.



SUNDIAL IN CHURCHYARD, ROXBURGH PARK, HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.

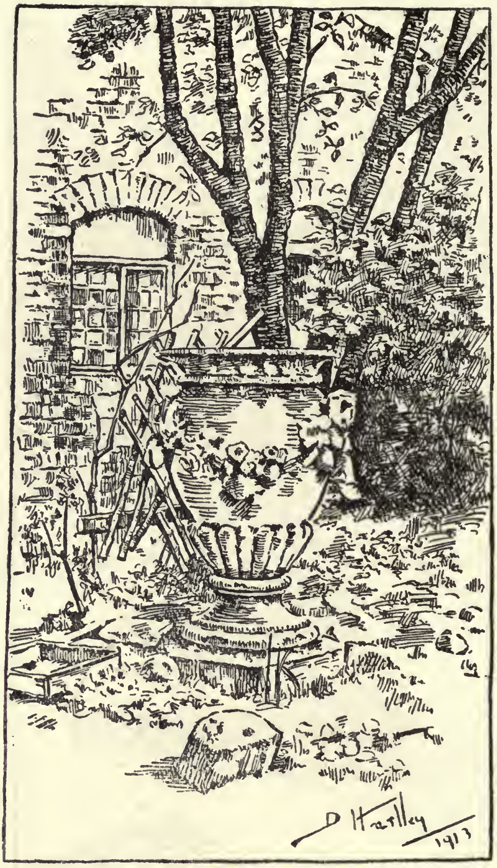
Date 1725.

Do not let it e'er be said,
He never earned his daily bread;
Like a drone within the hive,
He lived by others when alive.



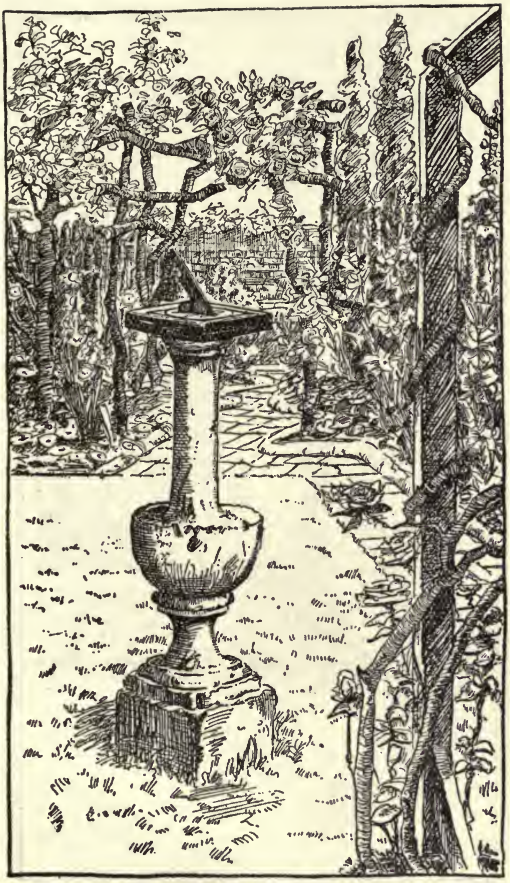
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

If the time ye cannot mark,
Never grumble at the dark;
For if days were bright, each one,
All would weary of the sun.



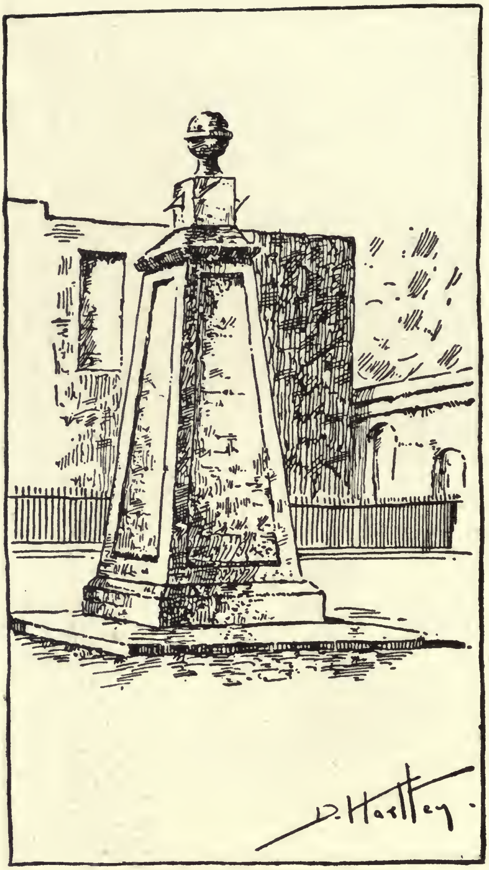
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

Yonder bird that ever crows,
Nought of seconds or minutes knows,
Hours alone the knave doth tell,
And even these he keeps not well.



SUNDIAL IN CHURCHYARD AT CHILHAM, KENT.

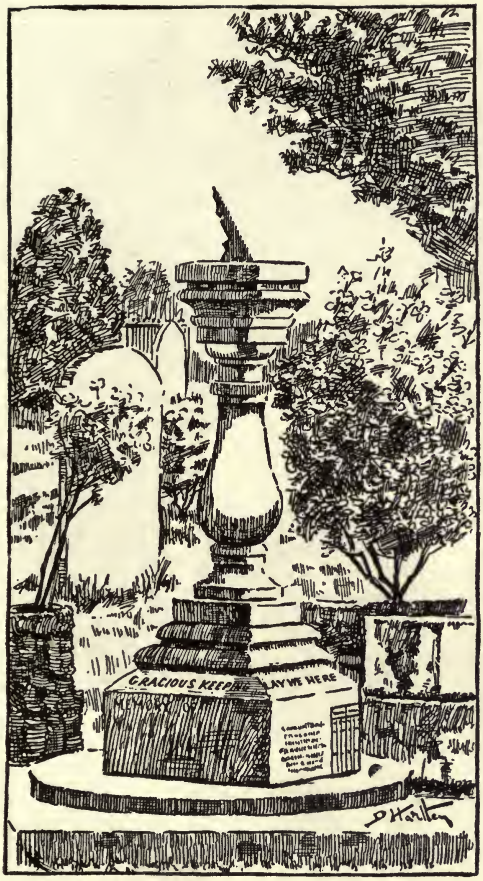
Law and order all obey,
Do not then this truth gainsay;
For in use of sordid pelf,
Thou are such unto thyself.



SUNDIAL ON A BRIDGE, PHILADELPHIA

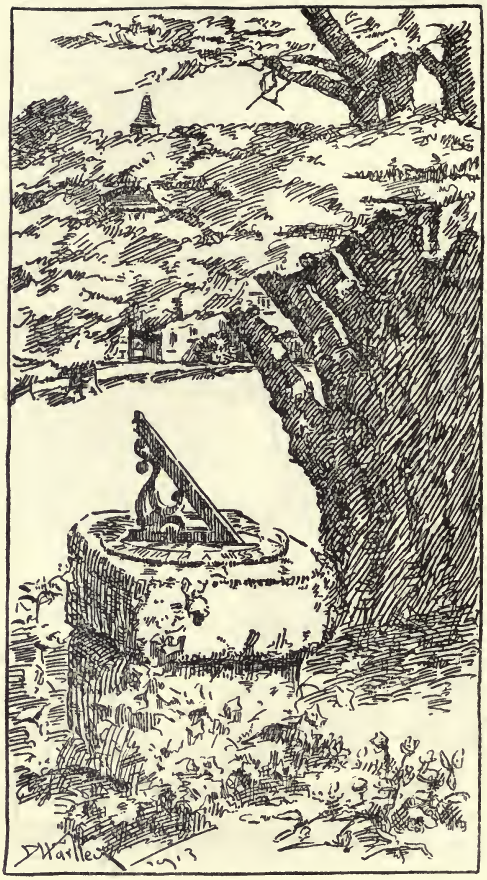
U.S.A.

If life's shadows sadden you,
Painting all in darkest hue,
Still remember every one,
Is regulated by the sun.


GRACIOUS KEEPI
AY WE HERE
MEMORY OF
D Hartley

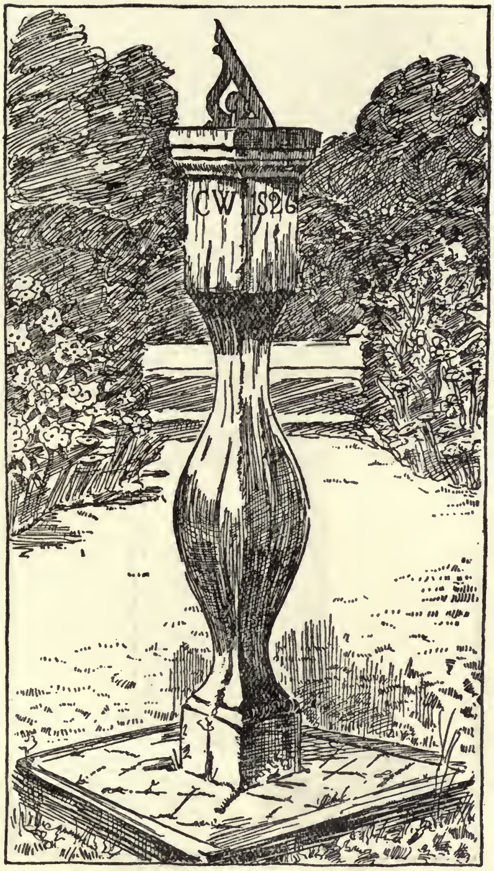
SUNDIAL IN ILFORD CEMETERY.

As the tolling of a bell,
Proclaims a life that ends,
So I, though silently, do tell
The death of hours God sends.



SUNDIAL AT FEROX HALL, TONBRIDGE.

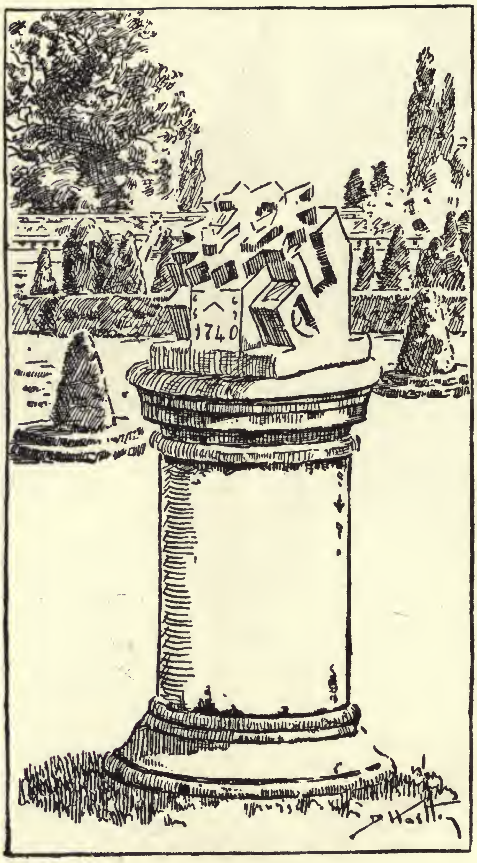
Into the darkest corner of our lives
  Oft times a sunbeam darts;
Then straight within the breast fond hope revives;
  Dull care, repulsed, departs.



SUNDIAL AT SMEETH.

Date 1826.

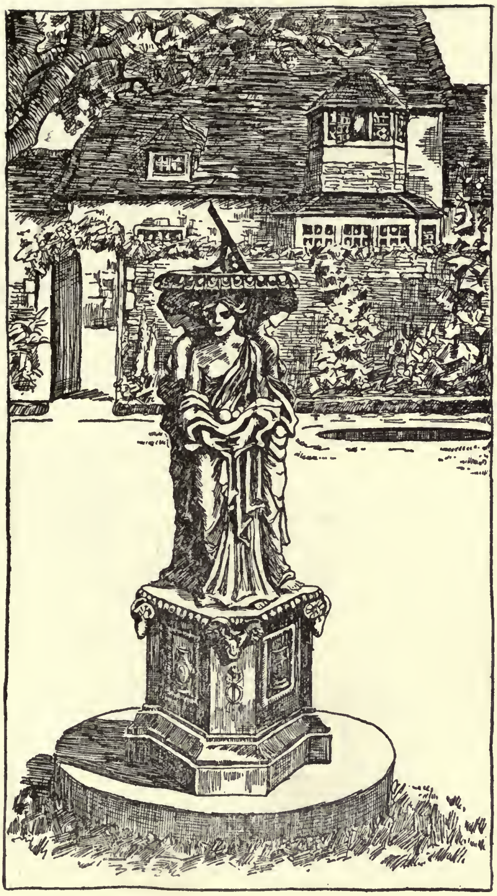
There is just enough light for the task of to-day,
  To-morrow's never could hold it;
Go, then, work with a will and with strength while you may,
  For life is just what you mould it.


1740
D Hastley

SUNDIAL.

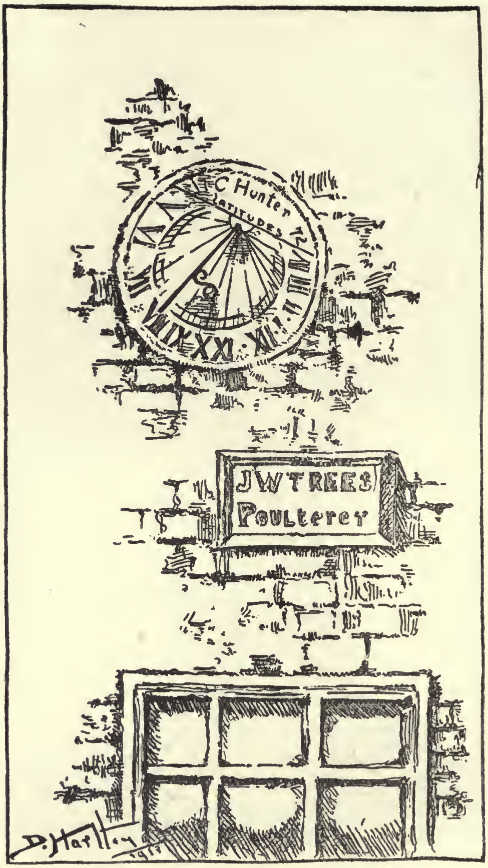
Dated 1740.

We live by each kind action,
And die by those of hate;
Then let no day or fraction
Show worthless estimate.



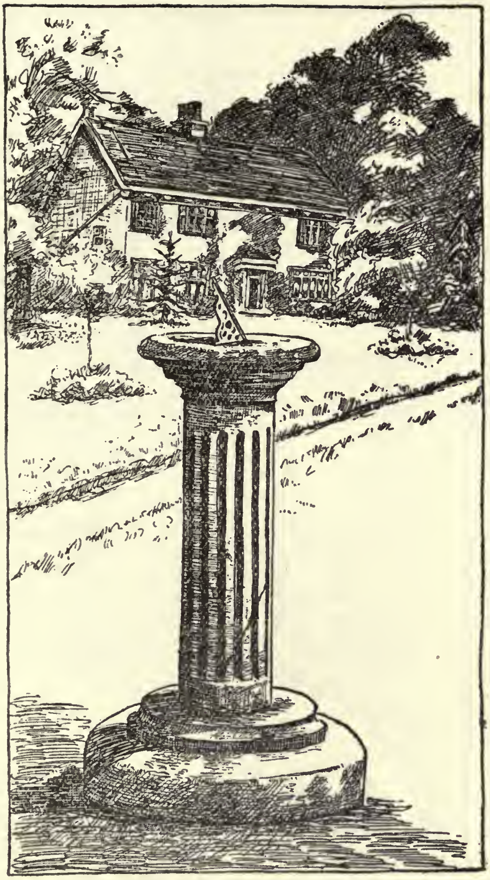
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

A girl's life without love,
  And a dial without light,
Are as hopeless I'd prove
  As a man without sight.


C Hunter
LATITUDES
J W TREES
Poulterer
D. Hartley 1913

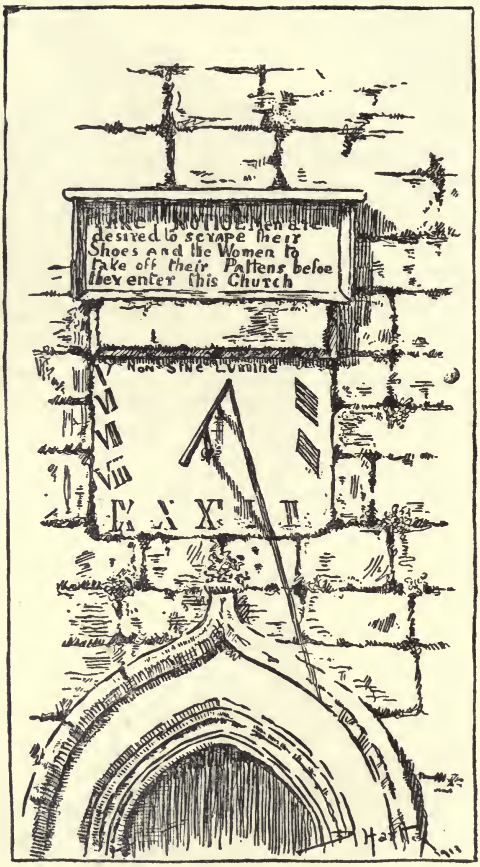
SUNDIAL AT HARWORTH, DARLINGTON.

Build not on the morrow,
  Sufficient for the day,
Anxiety brings sorrow,
  No matter what men say.



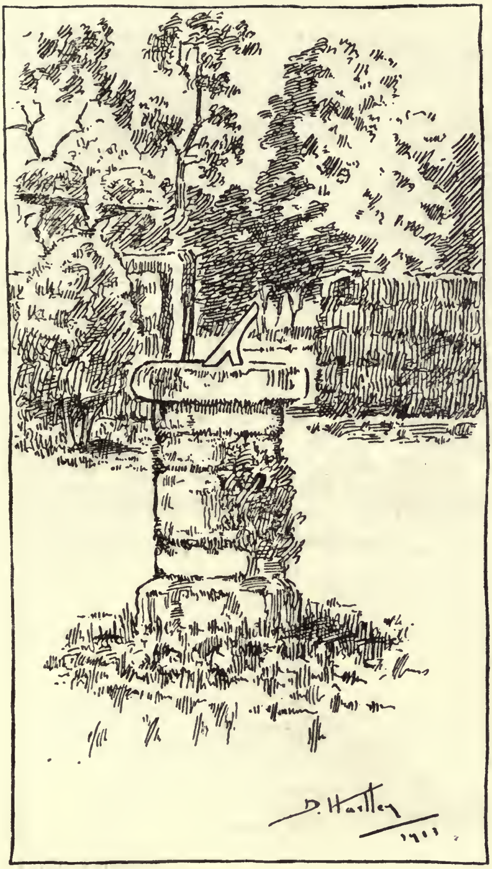
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

I'm never in a hurry,
  Neither time I lose;
Our life's too short to worry,
  And hours to misuse.


TAKE NOTICE Men are
desired to scrape their
Shoes and the Women to
take off their Pattens befoe
they enter this Church
NON SINE LUMINE
VI
VII
VIII
IX X XI XII

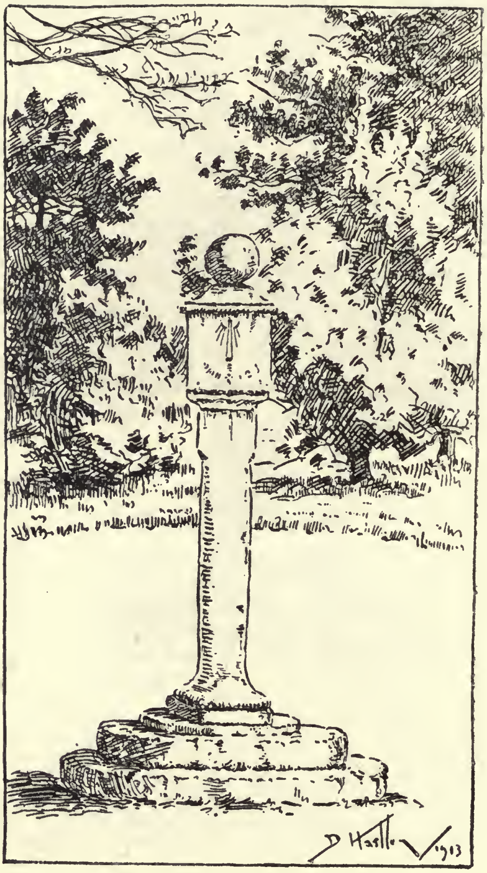
SUNDIAL OVER CHURCH PORCH, STOKE ALBANY, NORTHANTS.

Hide not thy face
  Too soon dark falls,
Send saving grace,
  And hear our calls.



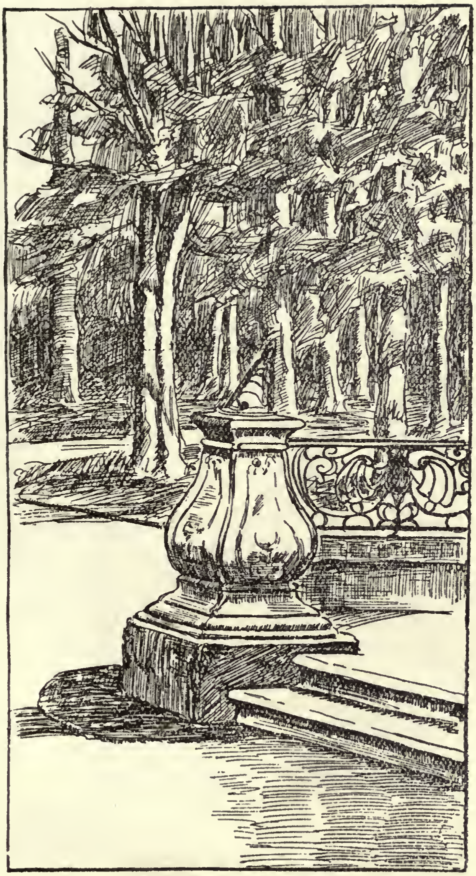
SUNDIAL FROM CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.

It is still day,
 'Twill soon be night,
Work then, and pray,
 To live aright.



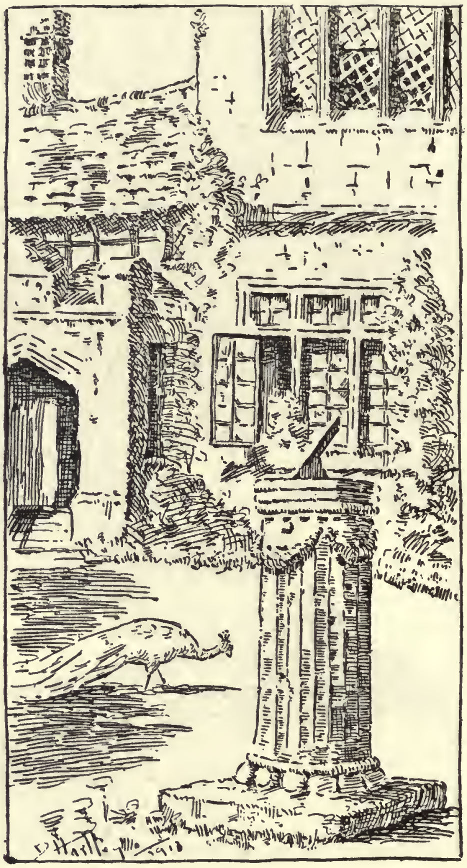
SUNDIAL AT PACKWOOD, WARWICKSHIRE.

Time rules this earth,
With stern decree,
That all we're worth,
Shall forfeit be.



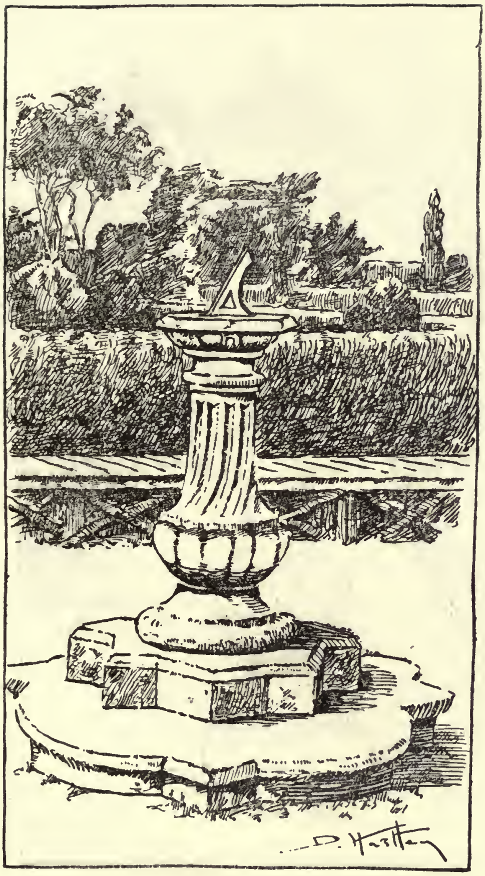
SUNDIAL, LATE 18th CENTURY.

Go your own way,
  Leave me to mine,
Yet think some day,
  Upon my sign.



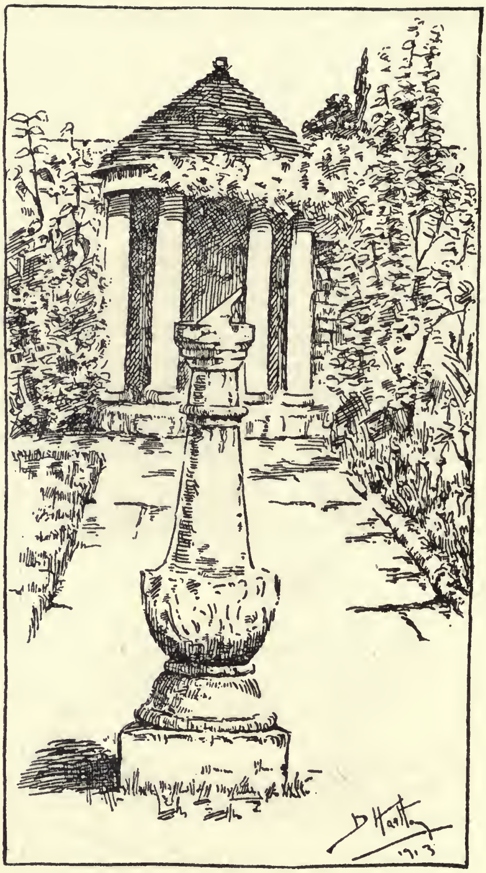
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

Long may you live,
  Happy may you be,
May the hours move slowly,
  And from care be free.



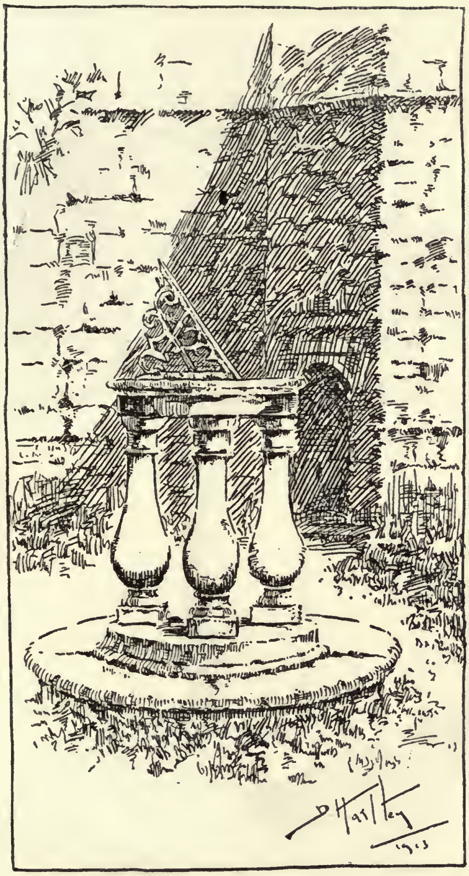
SUNDIAL AT THE GRANGE, CALNE, WILTS.

Make the most of everything,
  Gather each day's plums;
Hours and minutes soon take wing,
  To-morrow never comes.


D Hartley
1913

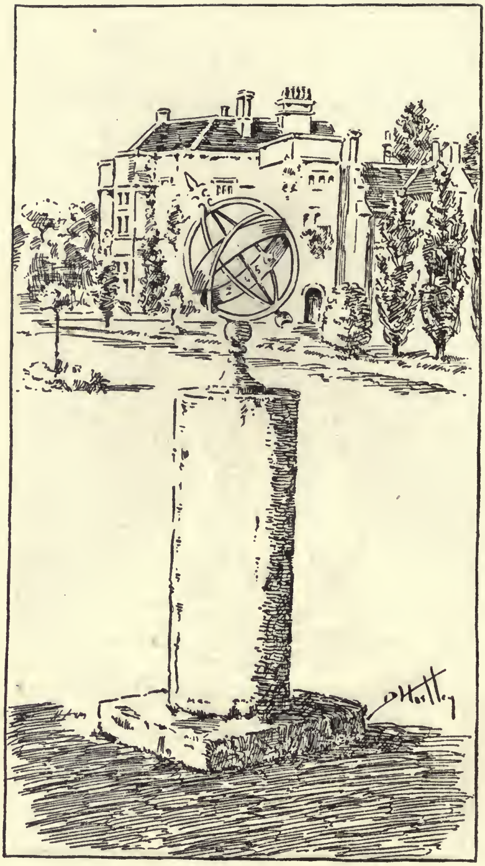
SUNDIAL AT SHRUBLANDS.

He who hesitates is lost,
  Time's too short to falter,
Be thou wise and count the cost,
  Nor ever wish to alter.



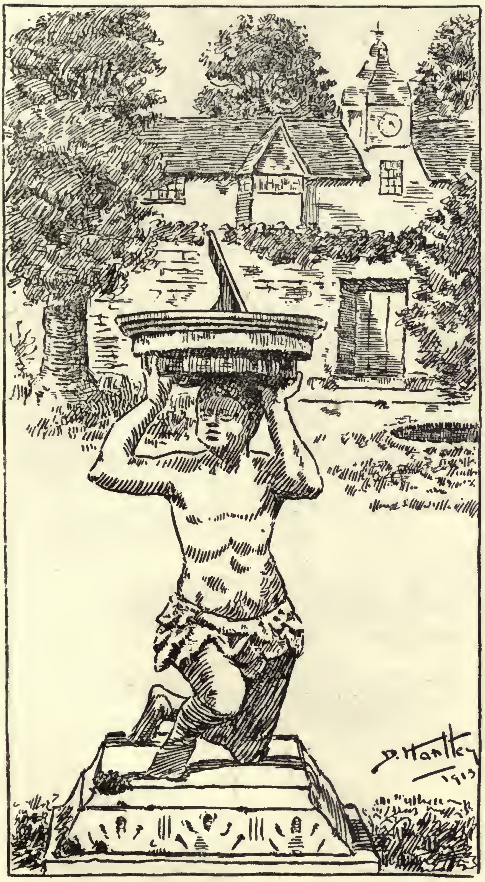
SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S SUNDIAL,
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

I greet old faces with a smile,
Recall the fleeting years,
And point to hours upon my dial,
Authors of hopes and fears.



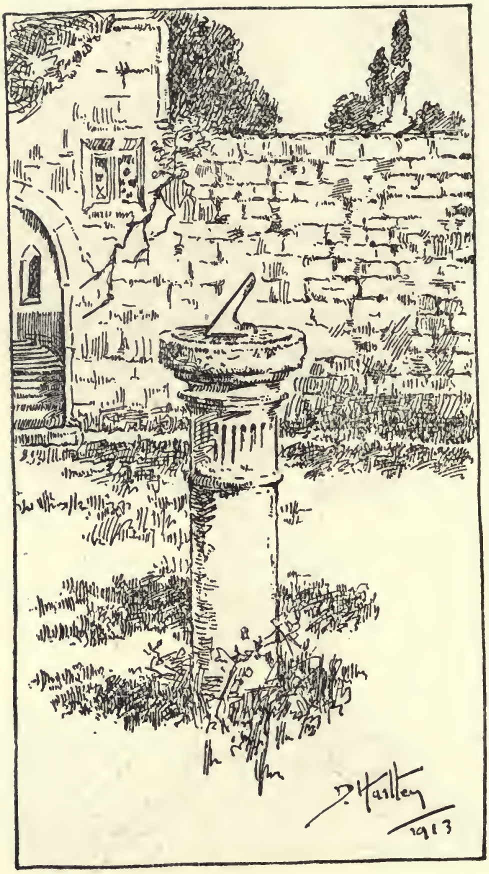
SUNDIAL AT KINGSTON LACY.

A cunning workman fashioned me,
  To tell the time of day.
Unless a fool should alter me,
  I'll never go astray.



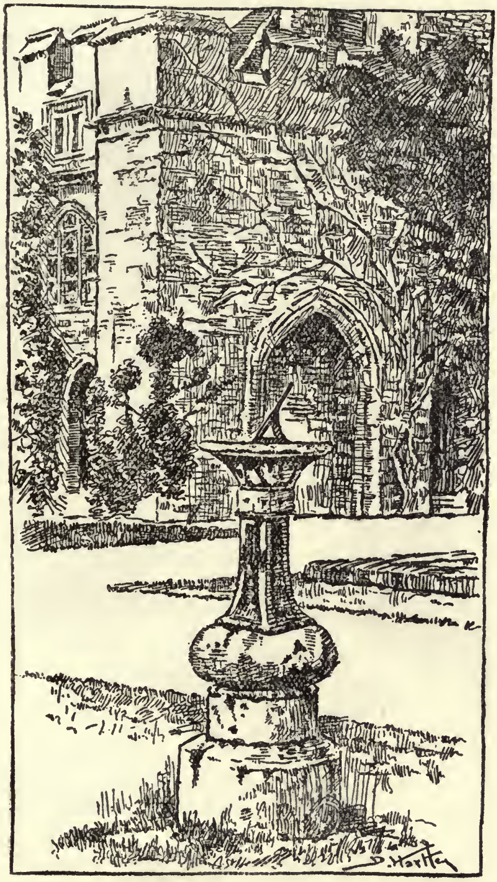
SUNDIAL AT ENFIELD PARK.

Remember ever when you're late,
Causing other men to wait,
You responsible shall be,
For your unpunctuality.



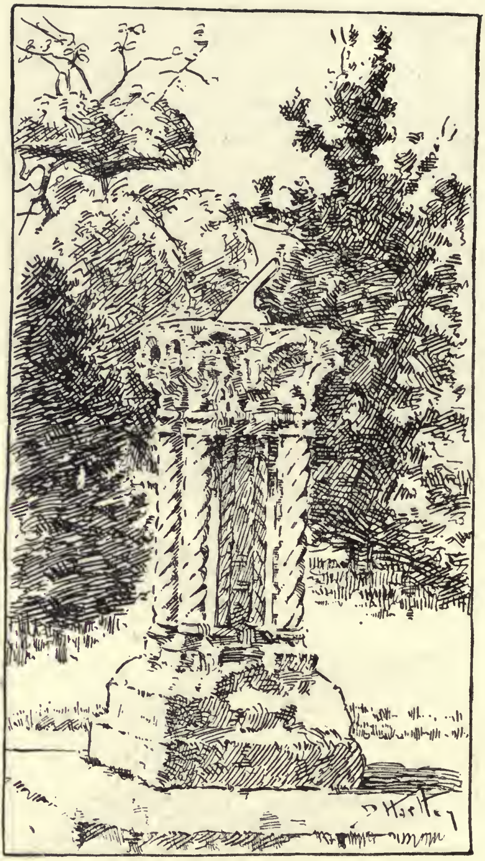
SUNDIAL IN THE GROUNDS OF THE HOSPICE OF ST. CROSS, WINCHESTER.

Ye bright sun and ye shade,
Show how true I am made;
And my lines, every one,
Are all evenly done.



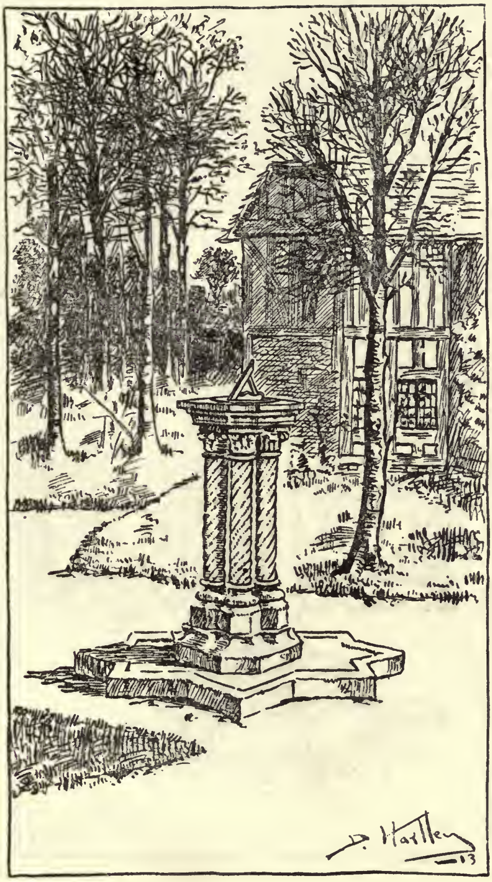
SUNDIAL AT BATTLE ABBEY, HASTINGS.

By time you must measure,
Your work and your pleasure,
So be fair with each hour,
Nor abuse thy great power.



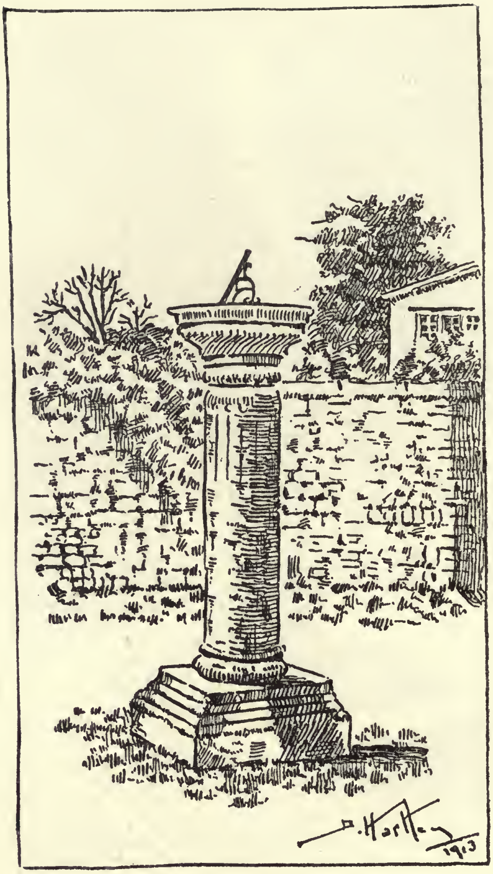
SUNDIAL AT SUDBROOKE.

Our life is short,
  So be thou kind,
For no man ought,
  To anger find.


D. Hartley
13

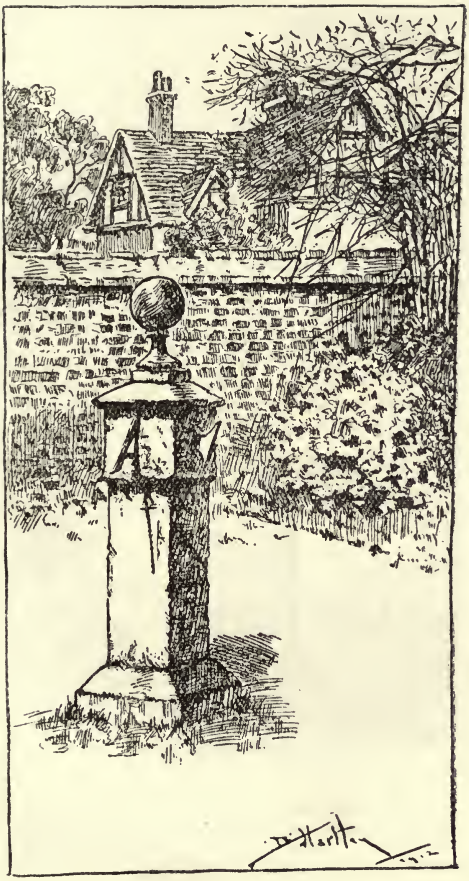
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

Love rules the world,
  Turns night to day,
When hate is hurled
  Far, far away.



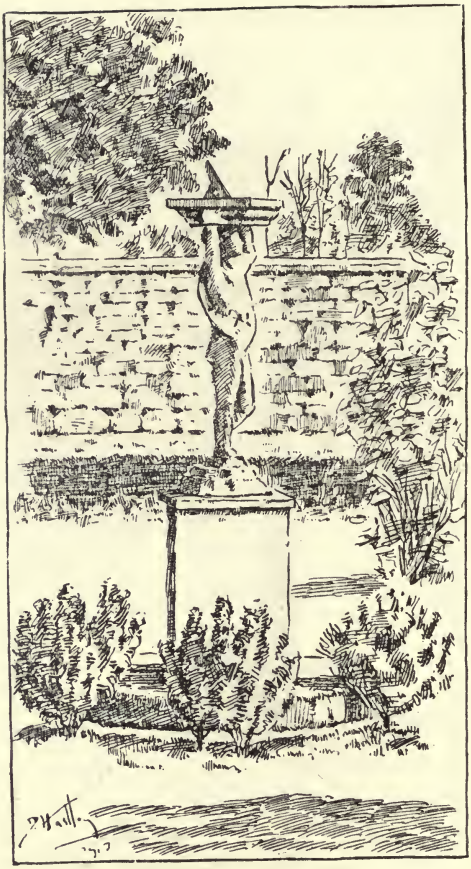
SUNDIAL AT MONKEND, YORKSHIRE.

Idle not thy time away,
  We are all known by our work,
And if toil we fear to-day,
  Extra tasks next morn we shirk.



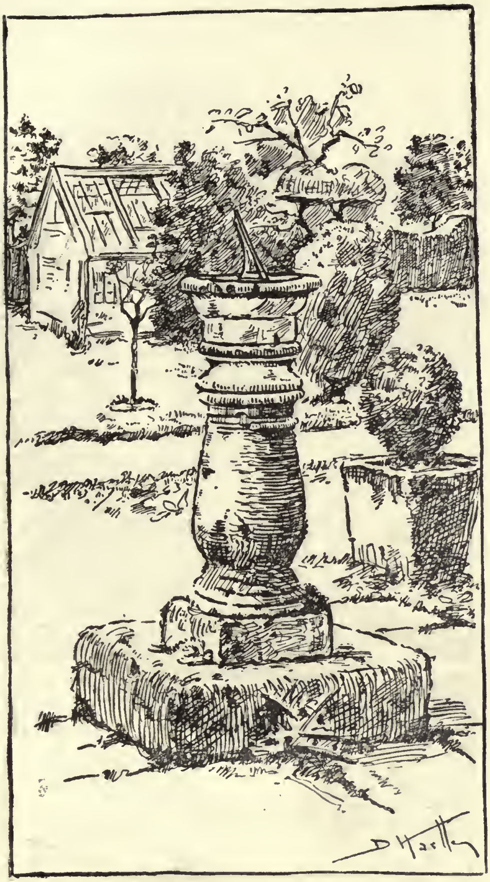
SUNDIAL AT LITTLE MALVERN.

Wherever shadows do appear
  Be sure there's always sun,
And every doubt and every fear
  Must vanish one by one.



SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

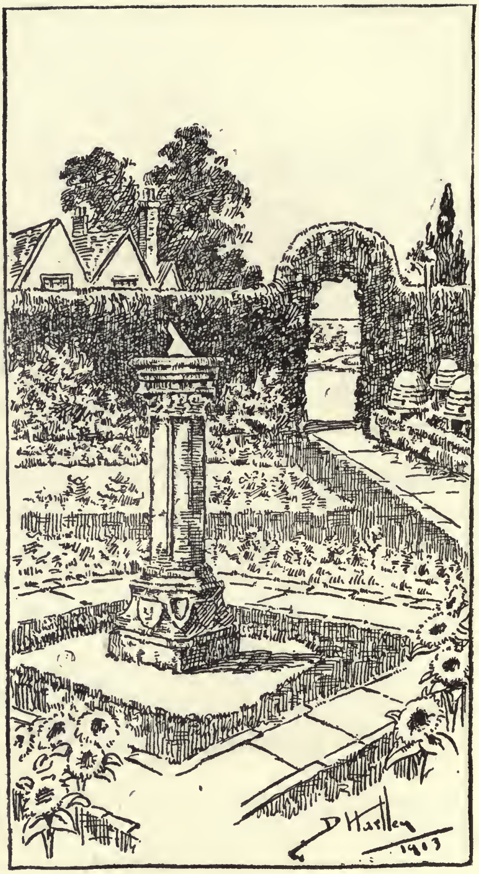
If on looks ye build, my lass,
Learn like a shadow they must pass,
Affect not then at all surprise,
For in my face a fortune lies.



SUNDIAL AT CHILVESTER LODGE,
CALNE, WILTS.

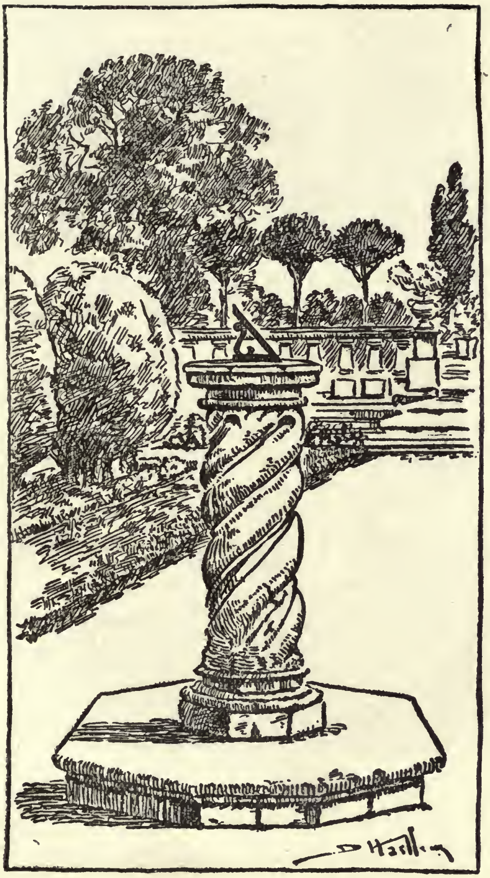
Date 1754.

Since theft by all is judged a crime,
Who will excuse poor Father Time,
For since this world saw light hath he,
Pilfered and stole continually.



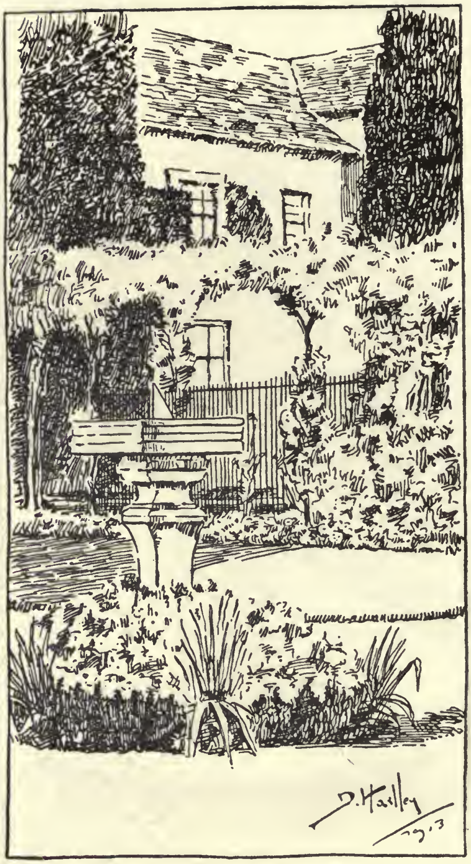
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

Be cheerful under adverse showers,
Honest, bright, and full of fun;
For our fellow-men, like flowers,
Ever turn towards the sun.



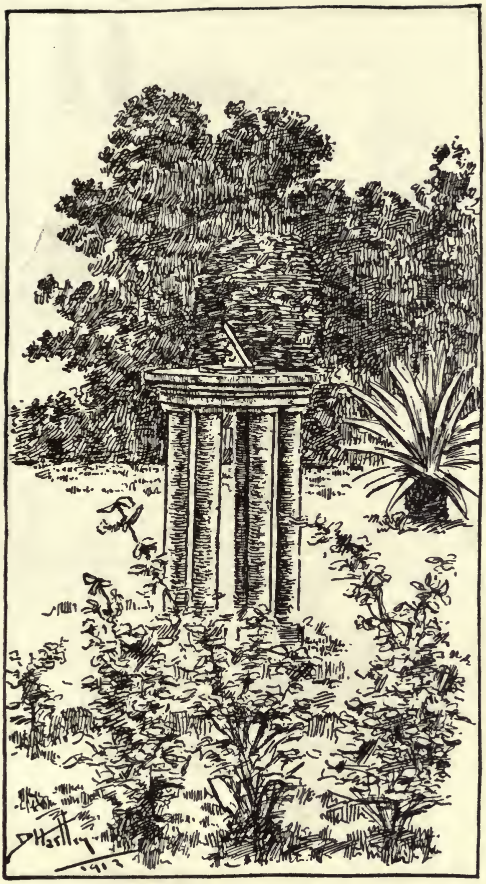
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

If you would retrieve time lost,
  Sacrifice some hours of play;
Remember life exceeds all cost,
  And night soon ends each day.



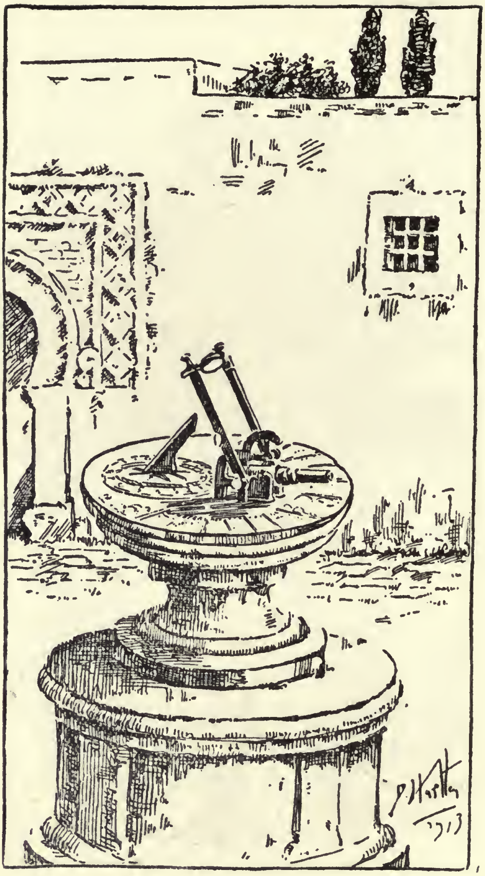
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

In hope man hurries on his way,
To work his will ere close of day,
Remembering always, with a sigh,
How swift the hours and minutes fly.



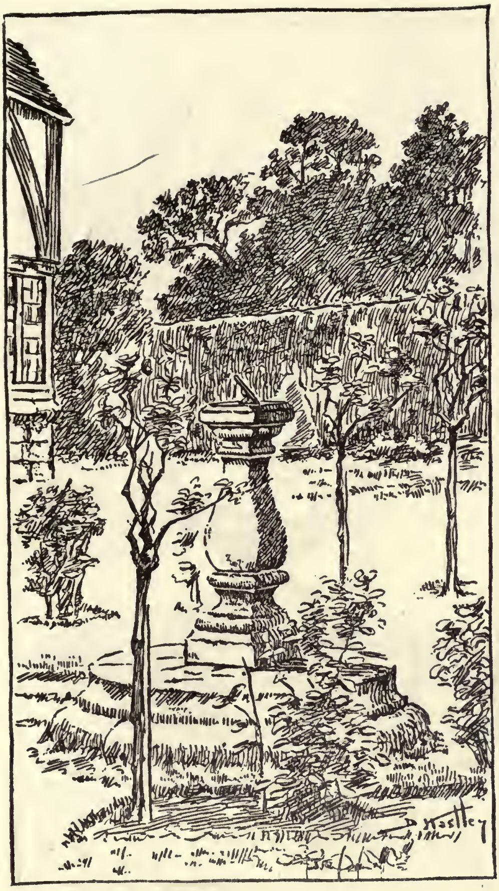
SUNDIAL AT STANTON ST. QUINTIN,
CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.

At even' ere the sun be set,
While golden twilight lingers yet—
Before night's hours do intervene,
A brighter light is often seen.



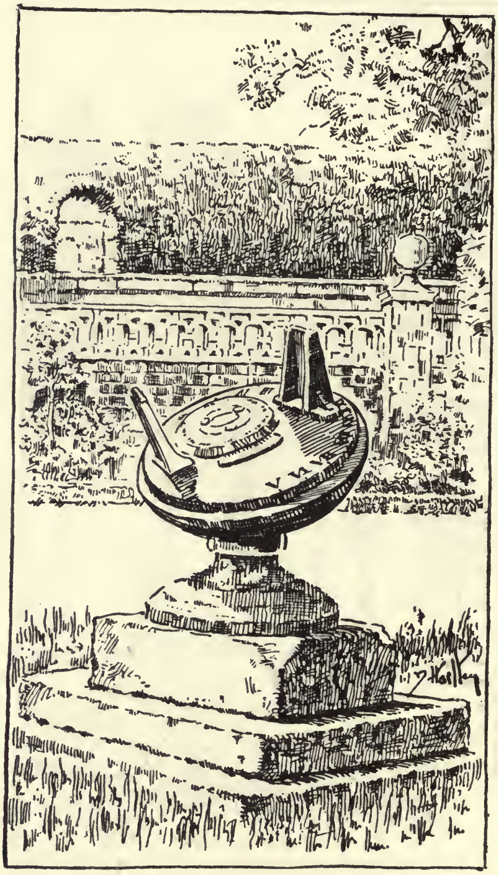
CANNON SUNDIAL, BELONGING TO THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

Like a warrior take a look,
Ever bringing time to book,
For he'll take thee unaware,
If no hours ye mark with care.



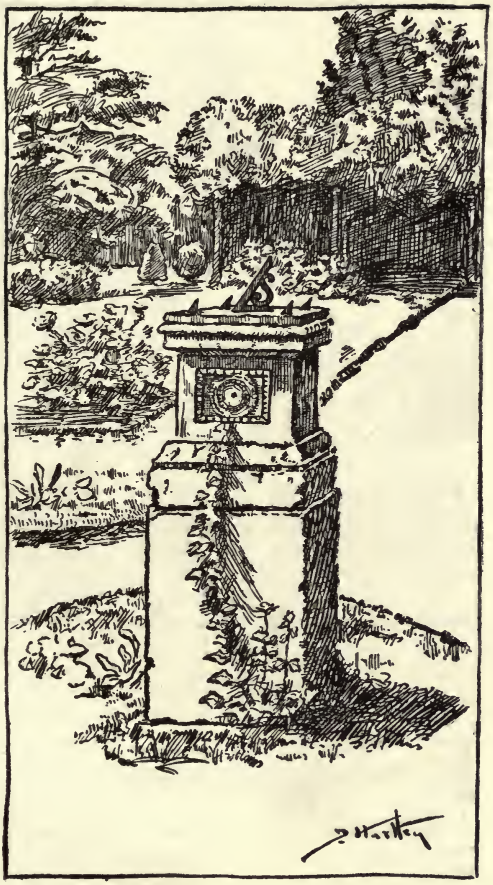
SUNDIAL IN GARDENS OF QUEEN MARY'S HOME, WHITSTABLE.

Roses all the year I grow,
And with such I never part,
For though seasons come and go,
Roses bloom within my heart.



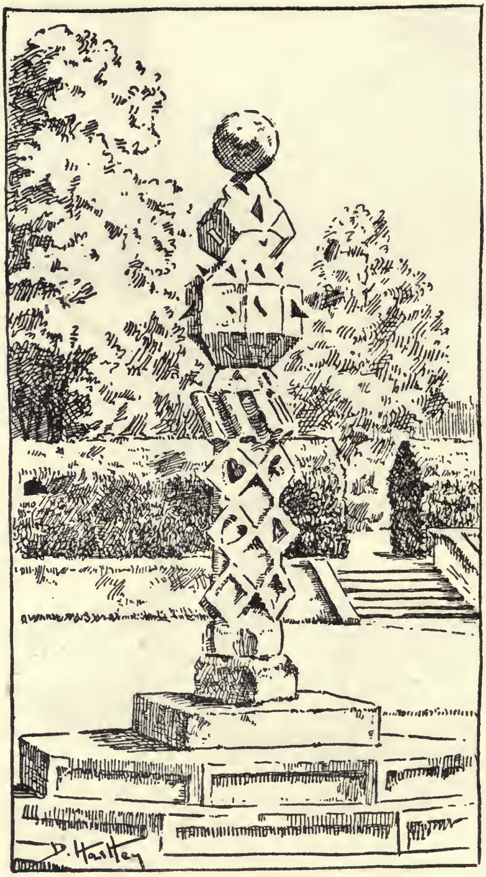
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY, LATEST PATTERN.

There is nothing that's new under the sun,
  Such a statement is truly sublime;
Then boast not ideas, original one,
  When unknown are the annals of Time



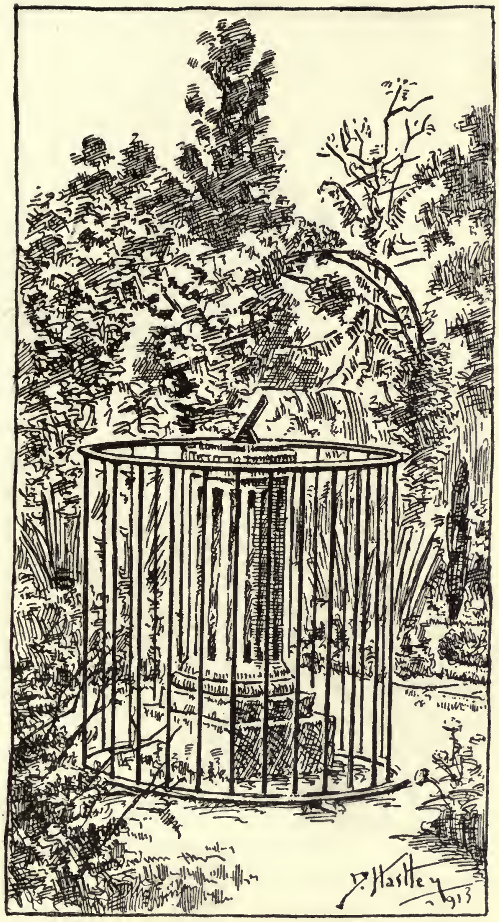
SUNDIAL, COOKHAM, BERKS.

Go, live thy life, enjoy the day,
  Those happy hours that swiftly fly;
Yet learn thou from each sunset ray
  To live, remembering all must die.



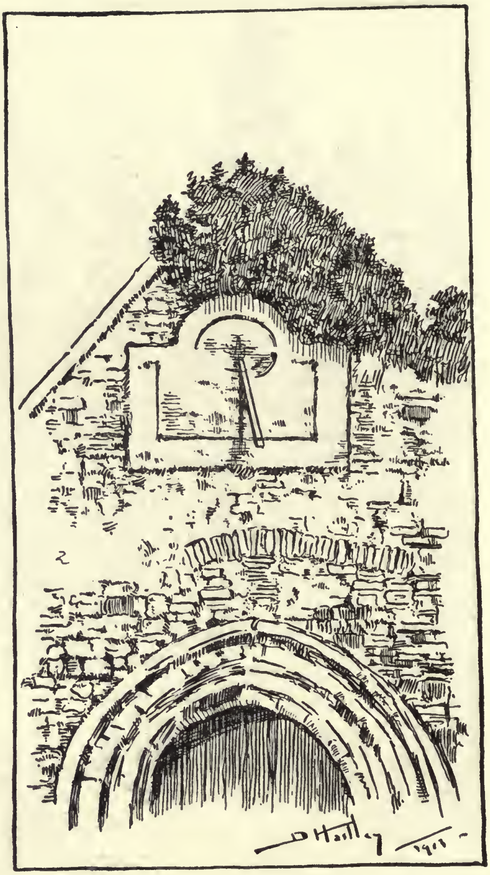
SUNDIAL AT BALCARRES HOUSE,
FIFESHIRE.

Learn thou surely from the past,
What thou to-day should'st be;
Thus shall thine own records last,
And others learn from thee.



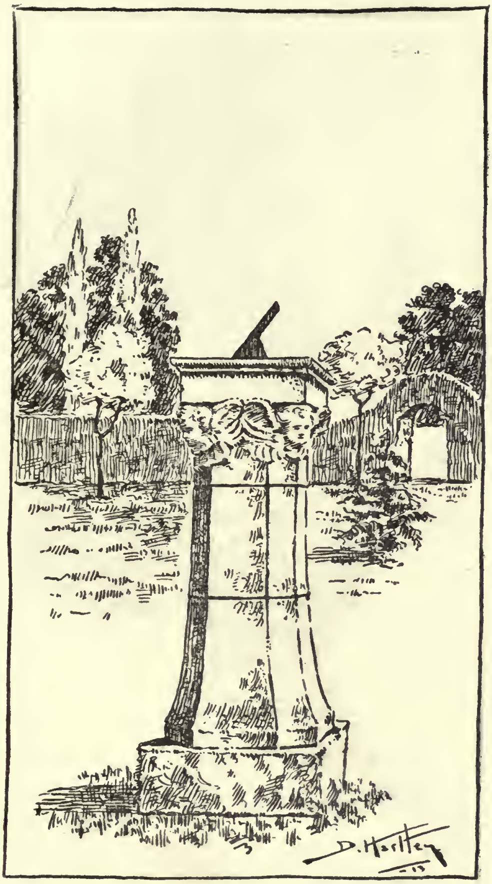
SUNDIAL AT GOLDER'S GREEN.

Clouds that veil life's sky give pain,
  Dull the vision, clog the hour;
But all clouds condense in rain,
  And bring a blessing with the shower.



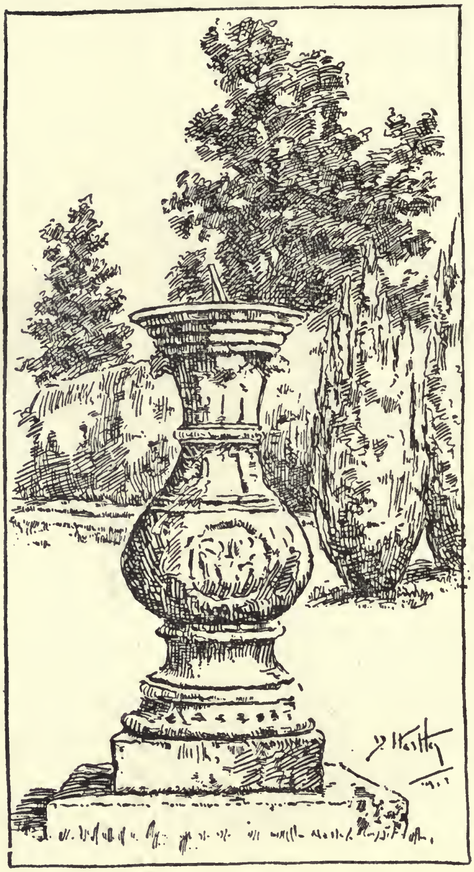
SUNDIAL AT LEWANNICK, LANCASTER, ENGLAND.

All things must die,
  'Tis God's behest;
Then never sigh,
  He calls it rest.



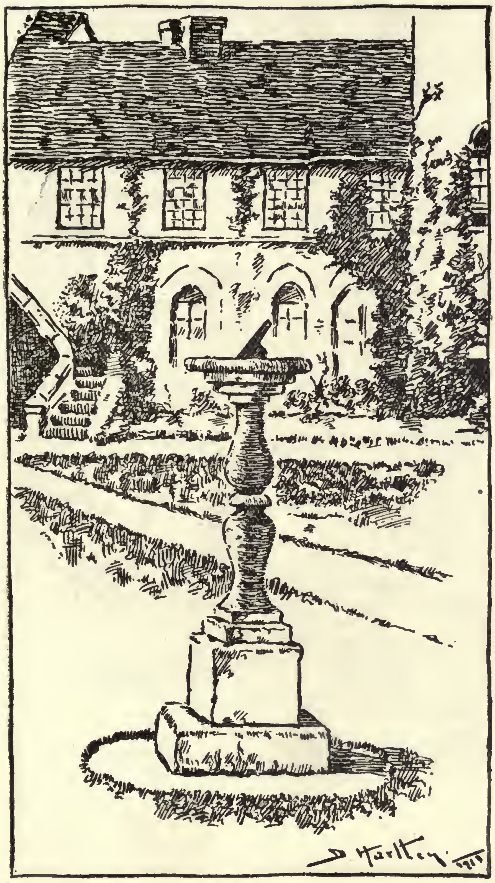
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

That friends are rare
  All men agree;
Yet I will swear
  I'm true to thee.



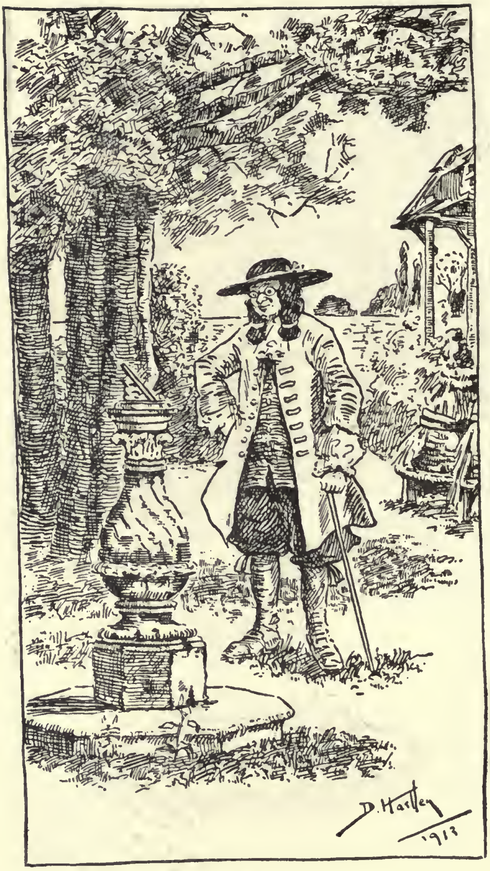
SUNDIAL AT HAMPTON COURT, LONDON.

Keep sorrow for to-morrow,
Do not spoil to-day,
For those who wait, it will abate,
And soon fly fast away.



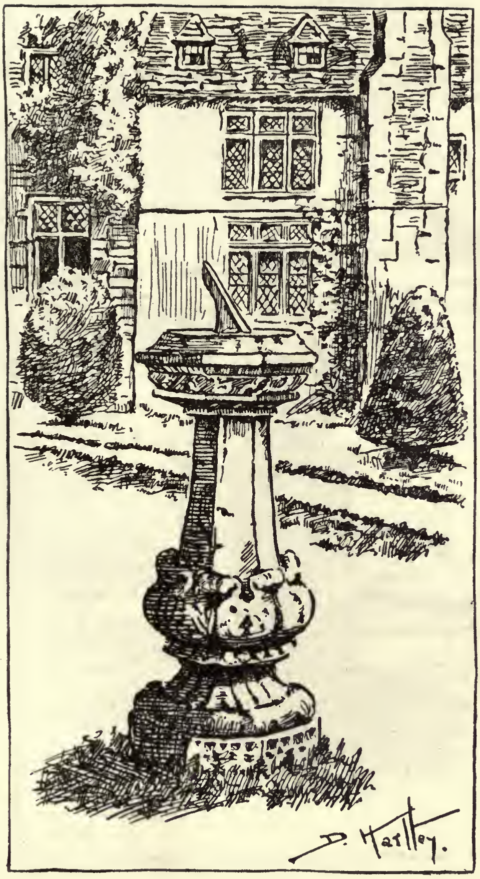
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

To those who would marry,
Like day, do not tarry,
For he hastes in his flight,
To be wed with the night.



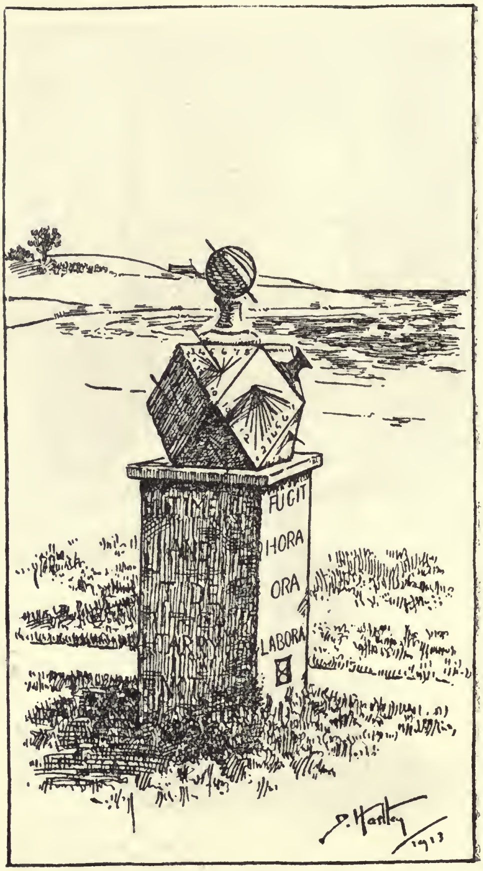
SUNDIAL, EARLY 18th CENTURY.

Read the riddle that I've found,
  Come, answer it to me,
What is it travels o'er new ground,
  And old continually?



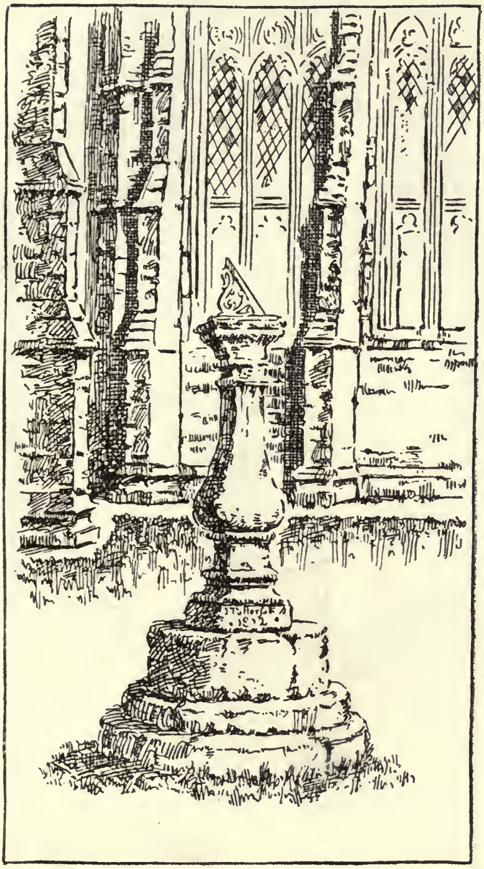
SUNDIAL AT SOUTH PLACE, CALNE, WILTS.

One rival only do I fear,
  Ignored e'en now by man,
Nature, that tells the time of year,
  By many a varying plan.


TIME
AND
TIDE
FUGIT
HORA
ORA
LABORA
D. Hartley
1913

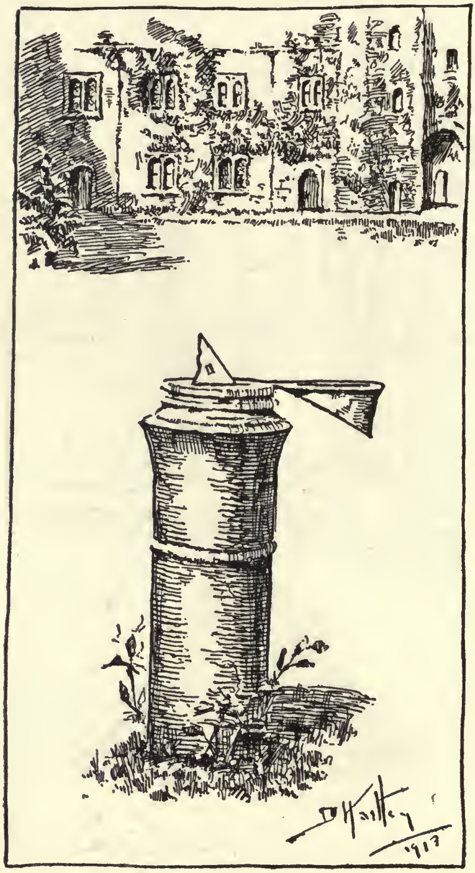
SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

If but the sun would always shine
You'd have perpetual motion.
The shadow on this dial mine,
Would claim it like the ocean.



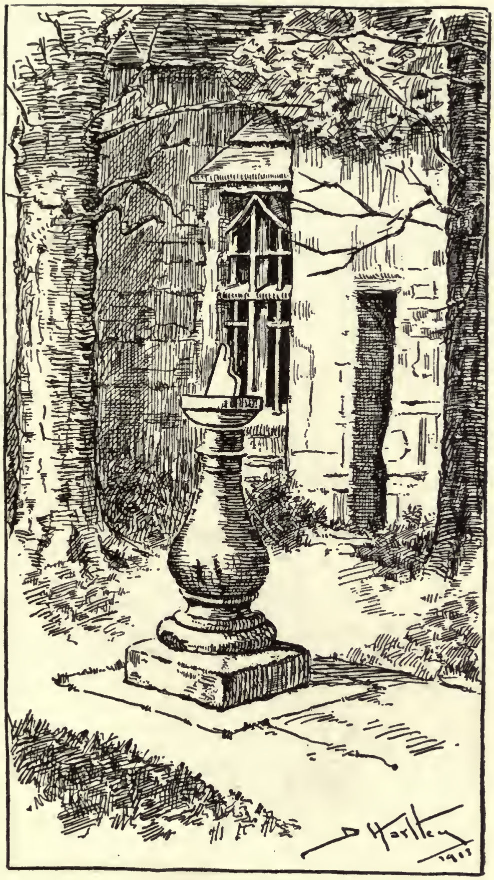
SUNDIAL AT TIDESWELL, DERBYSHIRE.

Let not your wrath outstay the sun,
For He who fashioned everyone
Has said that He will never be,
A friend to those in enmity.



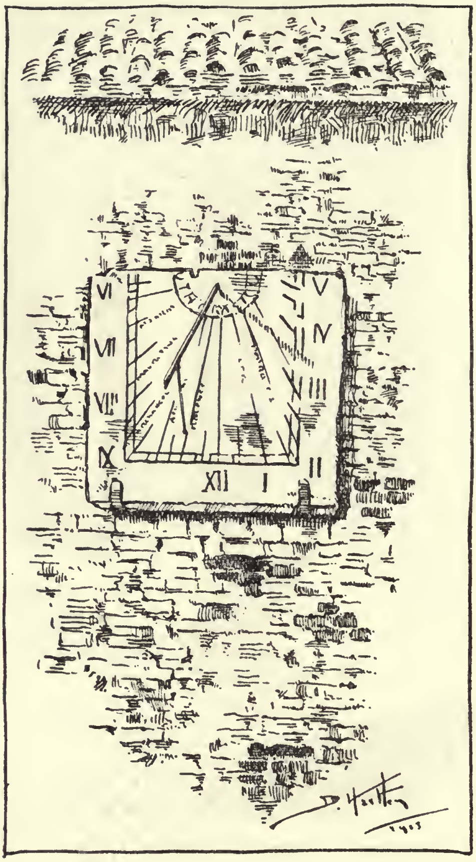
A CANNON SUNDIAL AT THE ARSENAL,
FRANKFORD, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

Wait not for the sun to shine;
  Should there be a cloud or rain,
By the forelock take thou Time,
  Haste away and call again.



SUNDIAL AT BUXTON, NORFOLK.

A work well begun is half done,
  This motto we will not mend,
But add that hours of play are won
  When the hours of toil we end.


VI
VII
VIII
IX
XII
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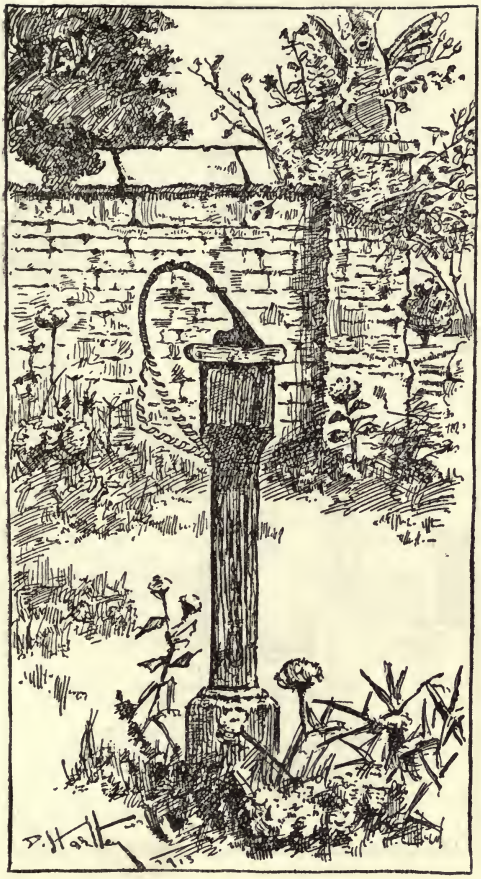
V

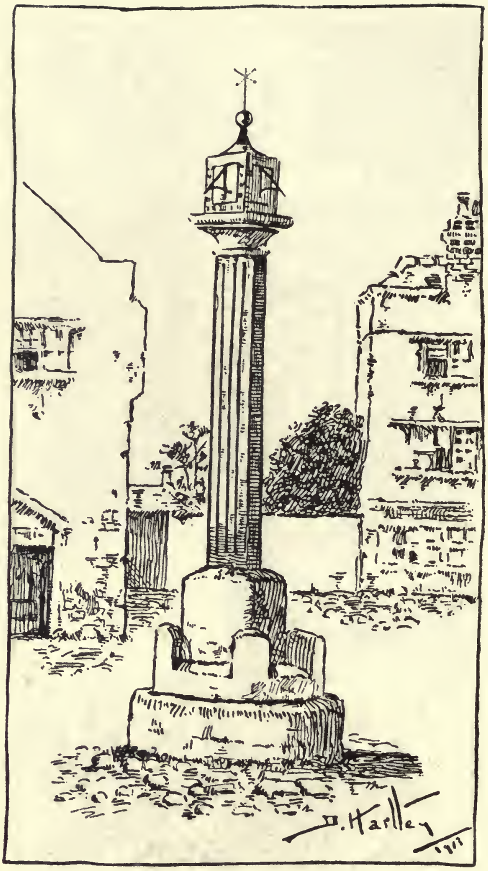
SUNDIAL AT NEASHAM, DURHAM.

O, speed ye hours of dark away,
  Give place to hours of sun;
I only live while it is day,
  And die when night doth come.



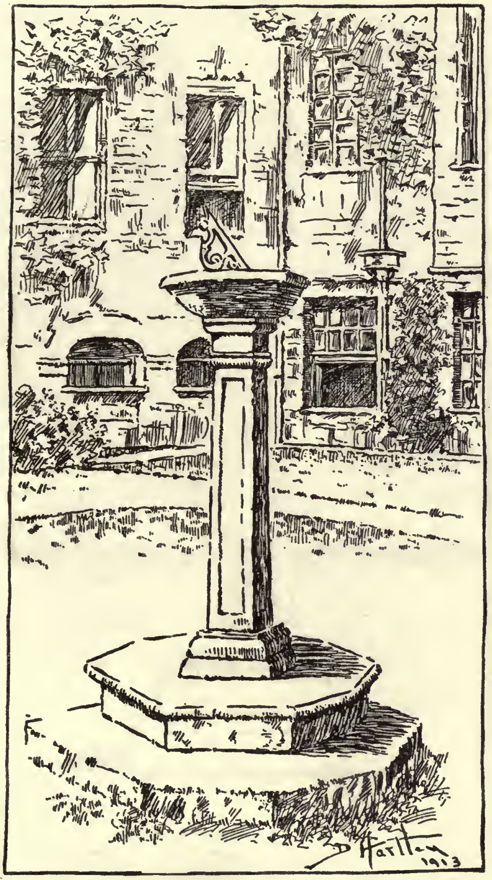
SUNDIAL, EARLY 18th CENTURY.

If life's labours weary you,
  Casting shade on days of grace,
Try and keep in each hour new,
  Like the sun, a smiling face.



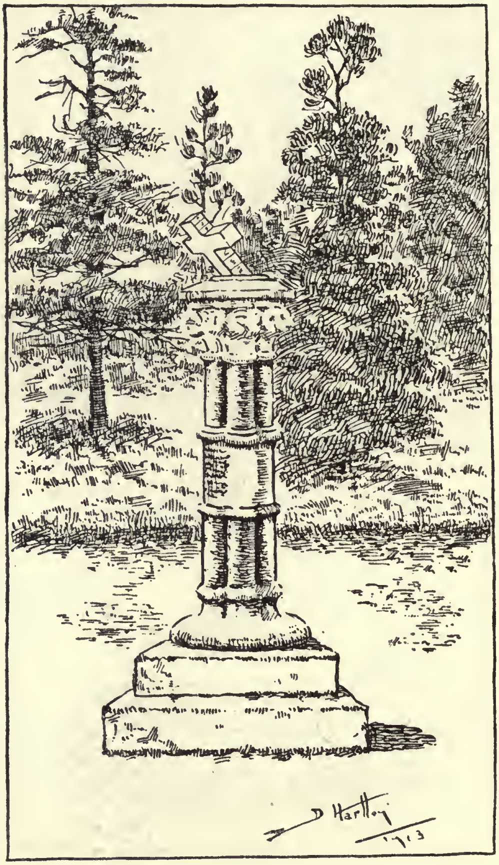
SUNDIAL AT MARTOCK, SOMERSET.

Traveller think,
  Yet do not remain,
But ere you go,
  Just think again.


D Hartley
1913

SUNDIAL AT KIRKLEES PARK, BRIGHOUSE, YORKSHIRE.

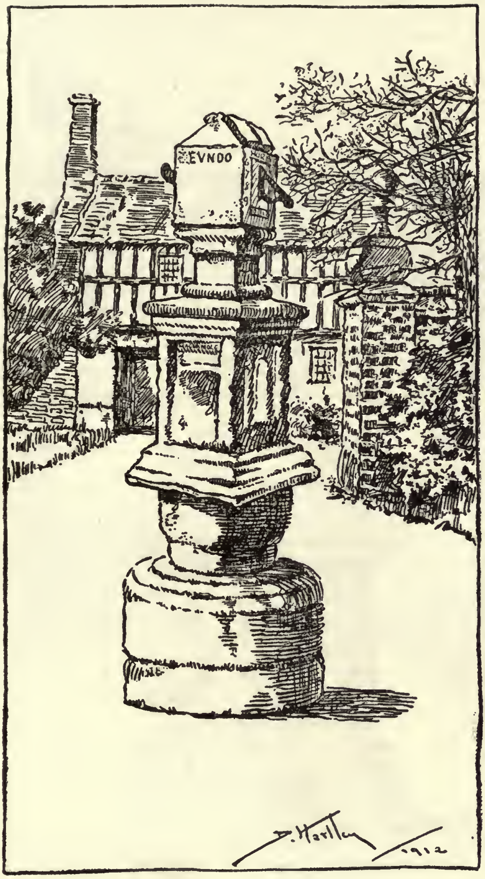
Your servant, sir,
I'm never late;
Do not demur,
I'm up to date.



SUNDIAL AT HARROW SCHOOL, HARROW.

Date 1869.

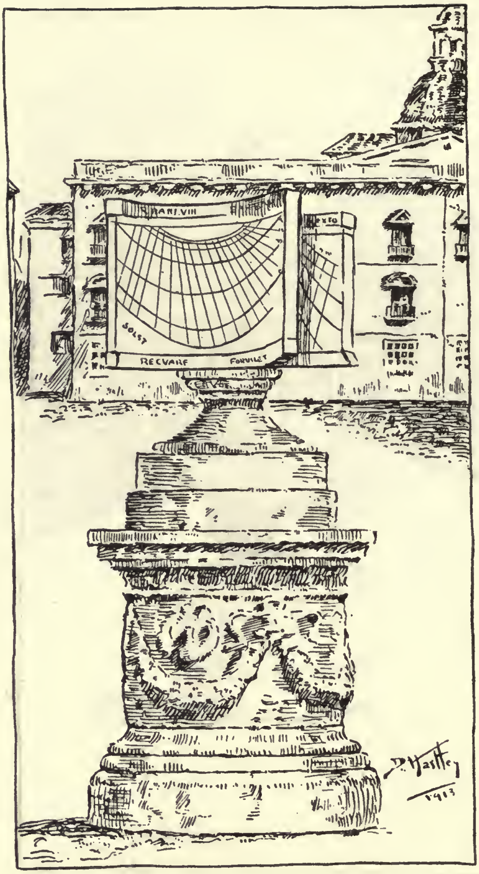
Let each day begin with praise
  To thy God on high;
Like the birds, fresh anthems raise
  E'er the day doth die.


EVNDO
D. Hartley 1912

SUNDIAL AT TRELLECH, TINTERN,
MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Date 1648.

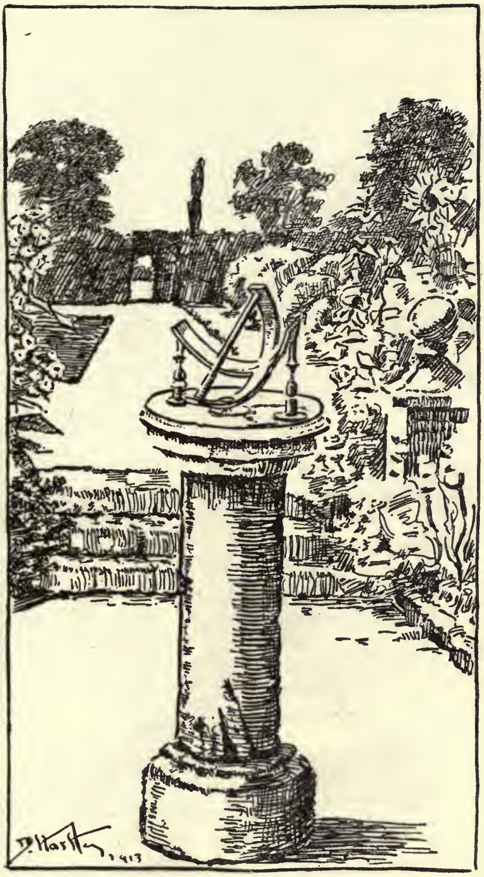
Would'st thou prolong thy life?
  Live not too fast;
Seek not to-morrow's cares
  Before to-day's are past.


ARI.VIII
SOLST
RECVARE
FORMVLET
D. Hastley
1913

SUNDIAL AT THE PALACE OF QUIRINAL, ROME.

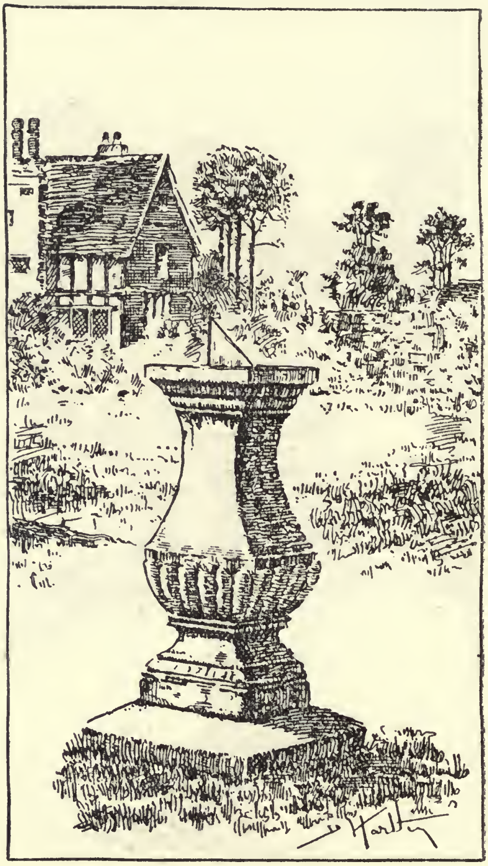
Date 1718.

A little time and you shall see
  This shadow's journeyed on my dial;
But though you gaze full hard at me,
  You cannot mark me move the while.



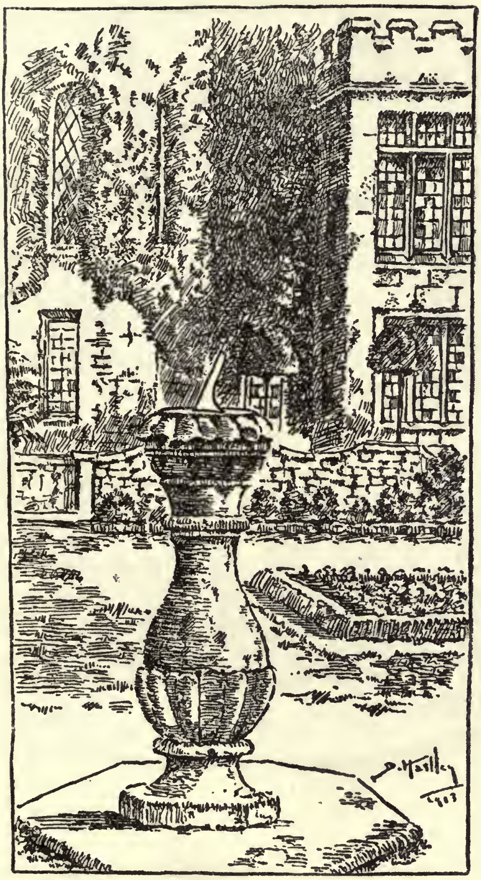
SUNDIAL FROM AN OLD CURIOSITY SHOP,
LONDON.

Like a coin each day is made,
From darkest night till morn,
For when its worth is duly paid,
We pass it and ’tis gone.



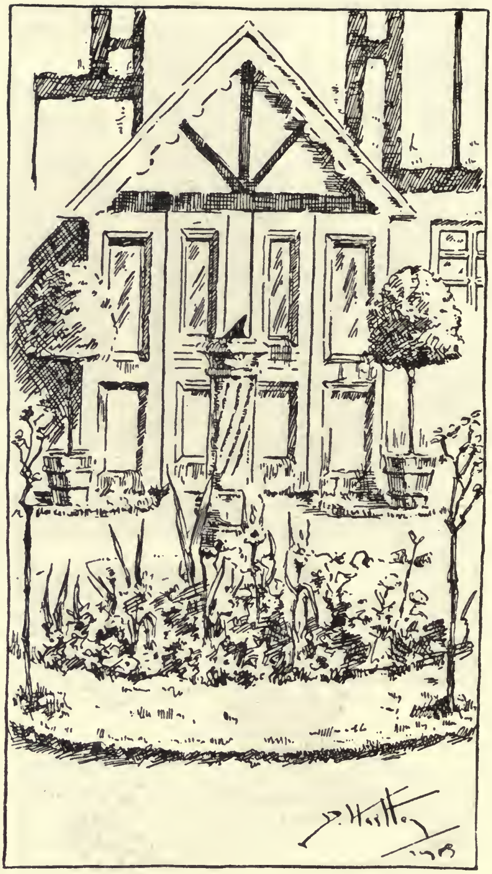
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

If death doth seem a tragedy,
And men esteem it such;
Then make sweet life a comedy,
Nor fret thou over much.



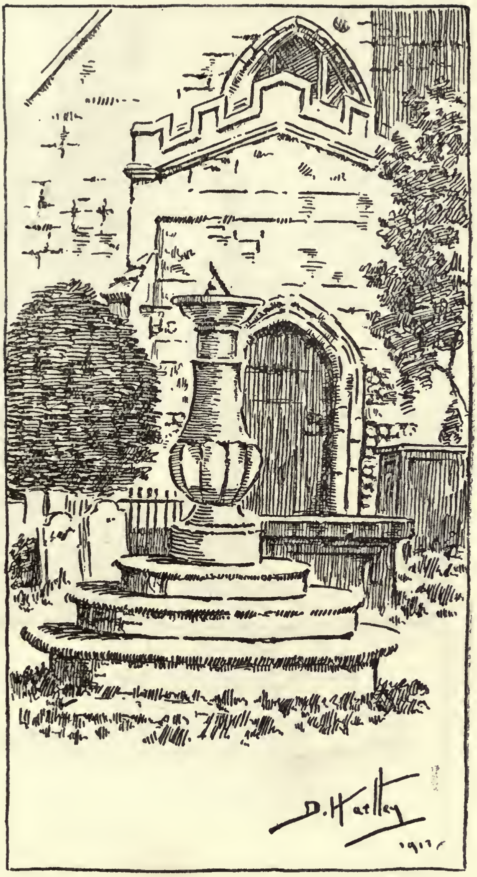
SUNDIAL, BROWNSEA CASTLE, DORSET.

Ho! all gardeners find
  Your forks and your spades;
For the sun has consigned,
  This shade to the shades.



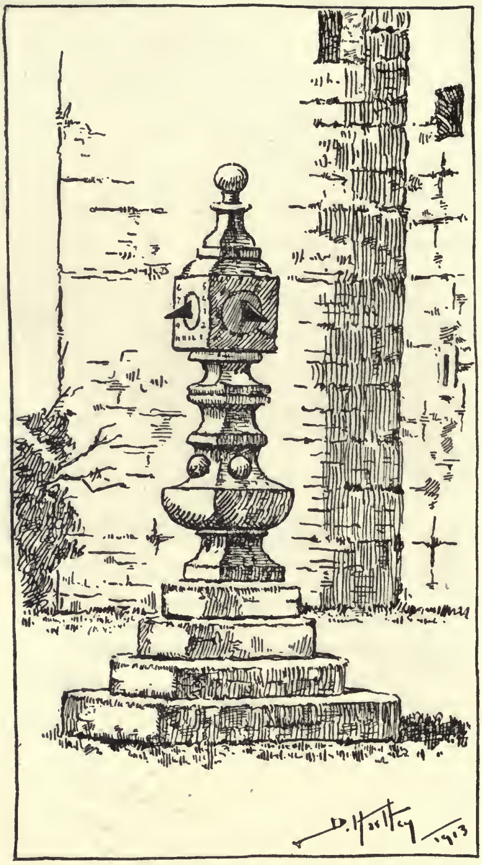
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

Spend each hour as best you may—
  Life is full of sorrow,
And the roses of to-day
  Live but through the morrow.



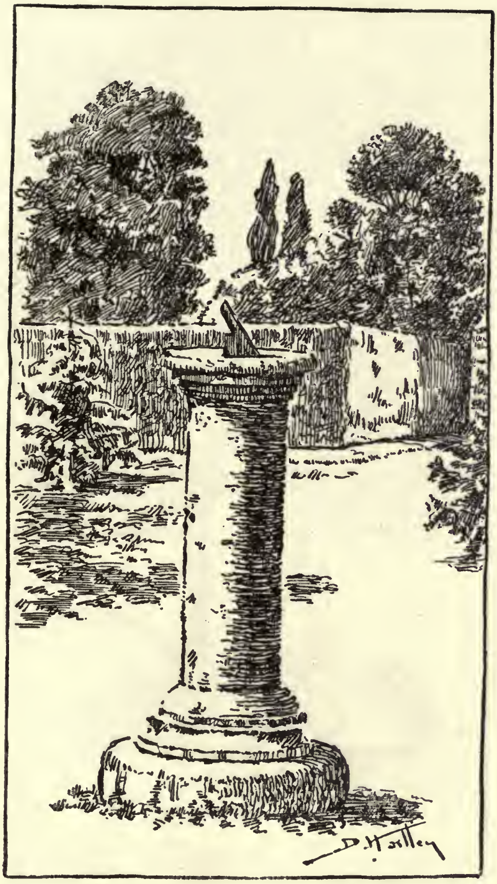
SUNDIAL AT PRESTBURY, ENGLAND.

Though Heaven is our home,
  We pilgrims have no option,
Whilst we are here, but roam
  O'er the land of our adoption.



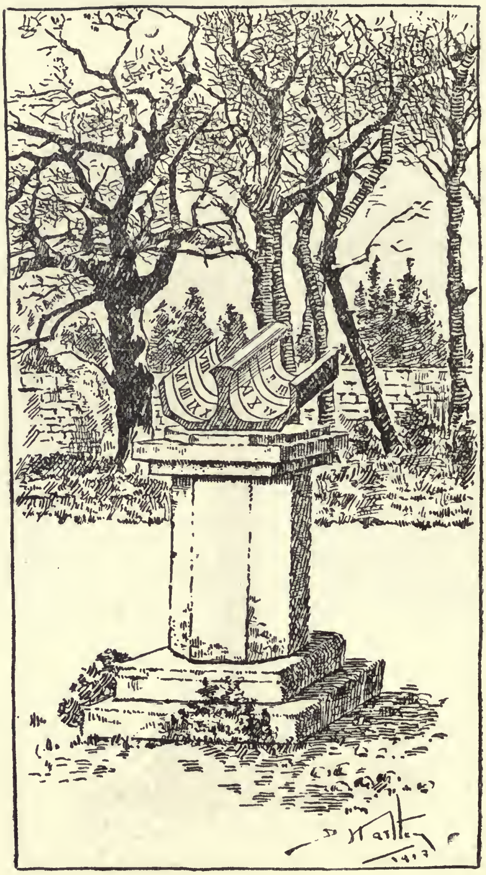
SUNDIAL AT KILRAVOCK CASTLE,
SCOTLAND.

Life's a bubble some men say,
  Who never look at me;
It may be so to fools, but know
  Life's stern reality.



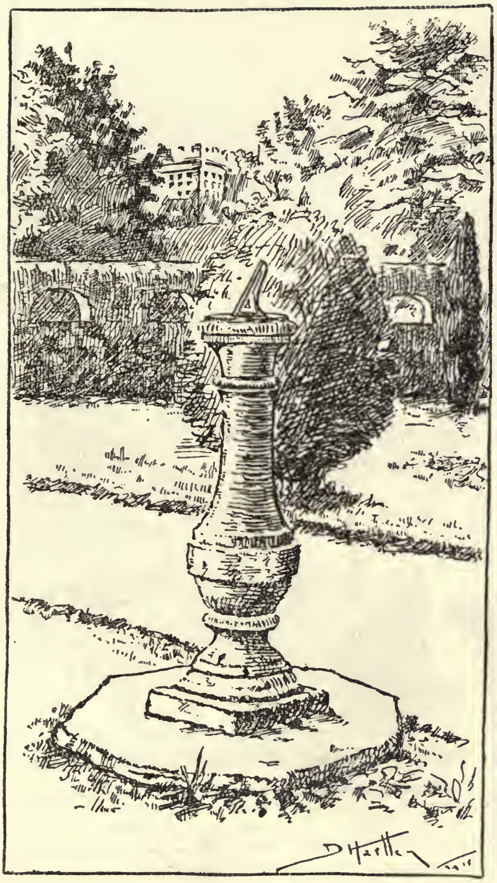
SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY.

I view the early dawn,
  Endure the heat of day,
And hours of night till morn
  Watch silently away.



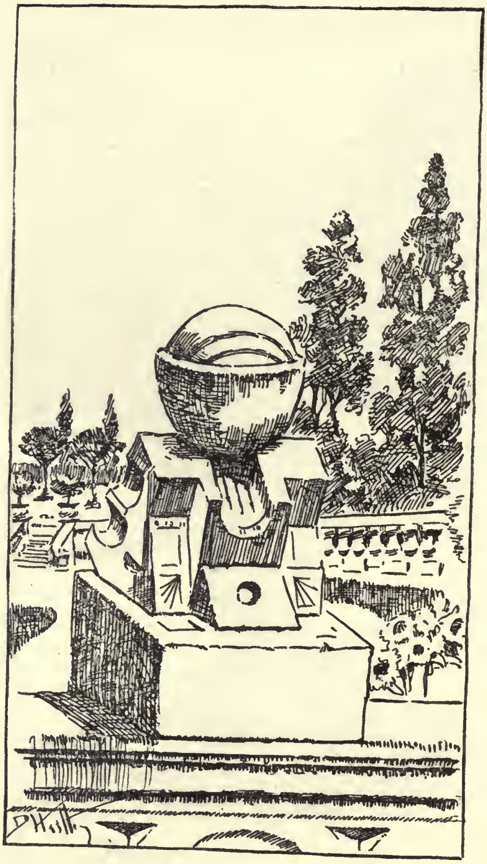
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

Be like a cork on the ocean
 Of Time's unlimited span,
And though troubles may sink hold the notion,
 To rise up again the same man.



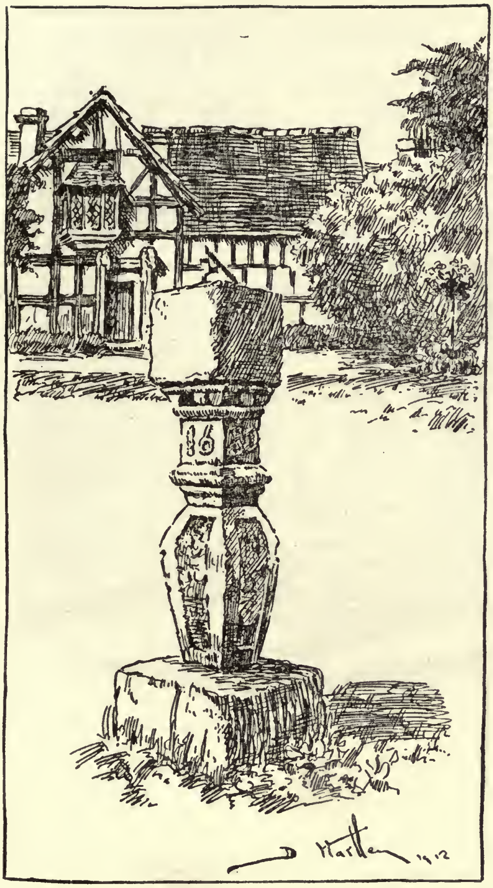
SUNDIAL AT CASTLE HOUSE, CALNE, WILTS.

Everyone I'd have you know,
Some day must a journey go,
But, like me, not all come round,
To follow the paths they've proved so sound.



SUNDIAL AT THE CHATEAU DE TOURNEUELLES, FRANCE.

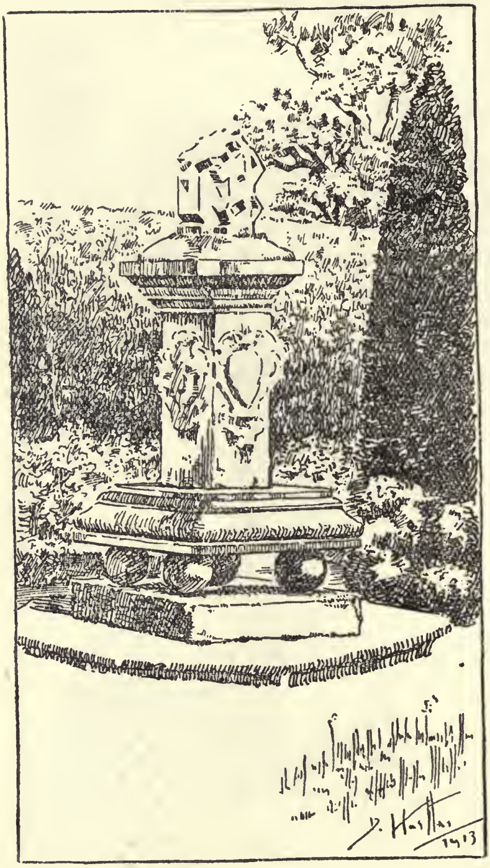
Come, follow me,
  And you shall see,
The morning dawn,
  And shadows flee.



SUNDIAL AT ST. ANNE'S, TINTERN, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

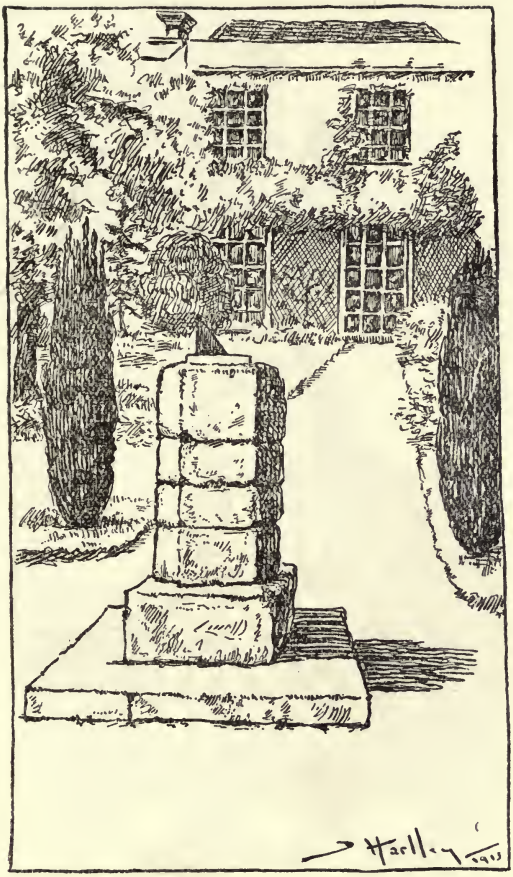
Date 1680.

Attend to your work,
  'Tis ever best,
For others will shirk,
  Where there's no zest.



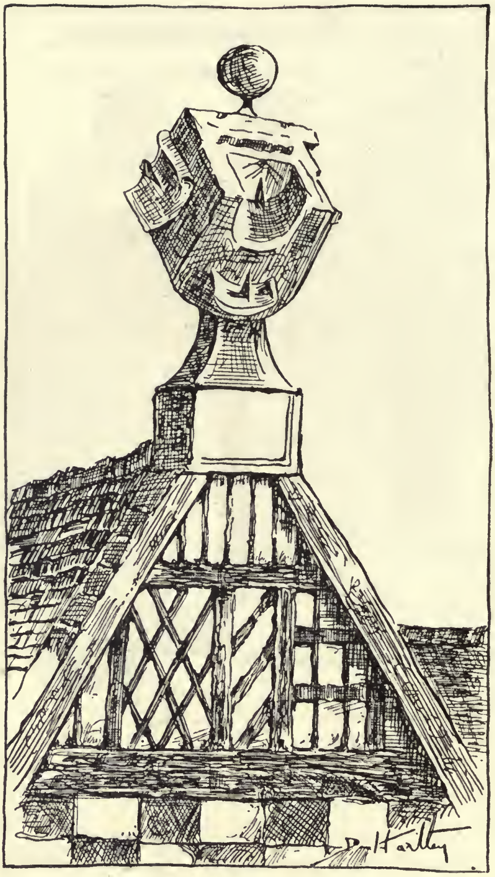
SUNDIAL 17th CENTURY.

The man who lets these hours decay,
  With charity undone,
May want a friend another day,
  And fail to find e'en one.



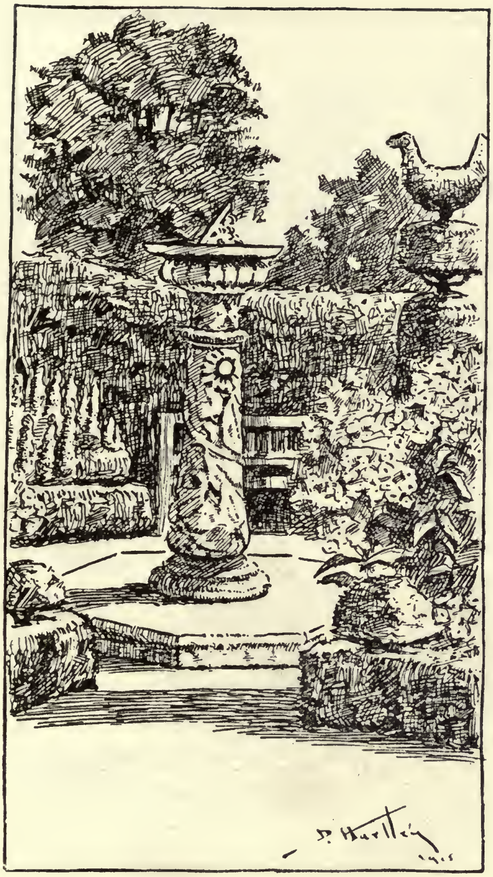
SUNDIAL IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS,
OXFORD.

Good health to enjoy ye hour,
  And some strength to improve it,
Let shadows no sweetness sour,
  Whilst my gnomon can move it.



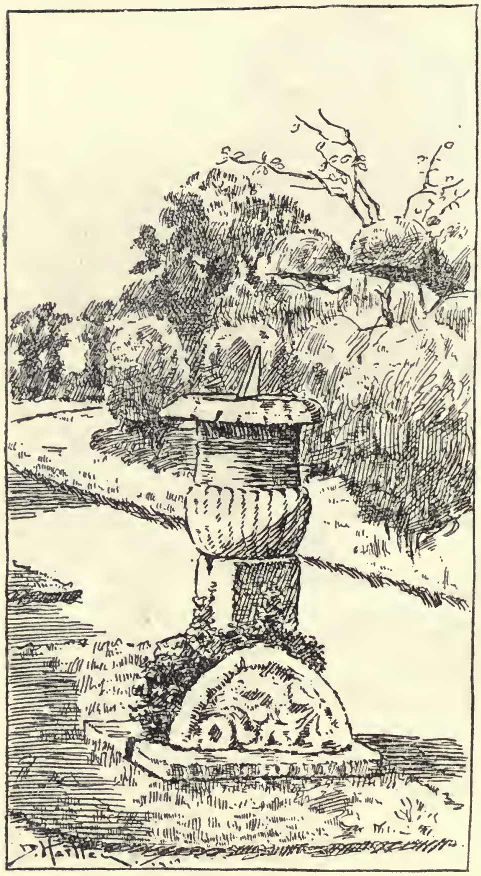
SUNDIAL AT HARTBURN,
NORTHUMBERLAND.

Keep your eyes well open,
Never miss a chance,
Trust to me to holpen,
All who at me glance.



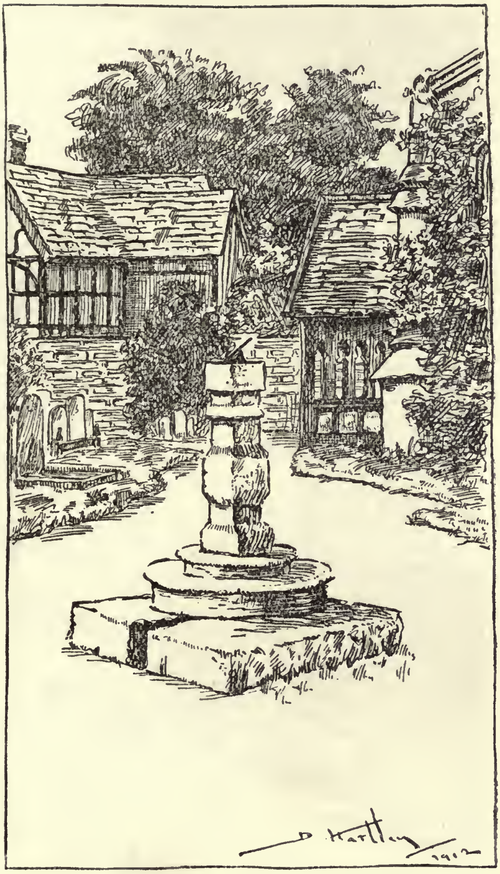
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

O fear not the sun,
  But fear ye the shade,
For hours when run,
  Are never re-made.



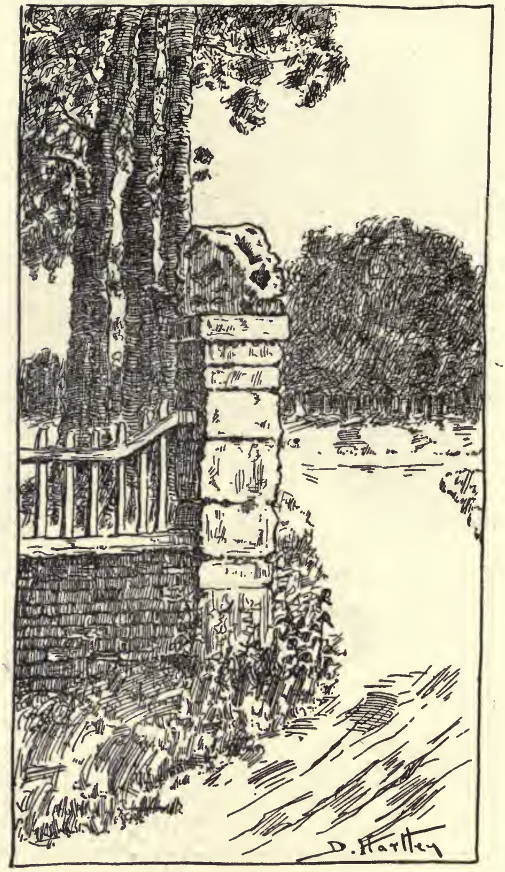
SUNDIAL AT HEDSOR.

Go, mortals, live,
  Do not exist,
Take all I give,
  Let naught be missed.


D. Hartley 1912

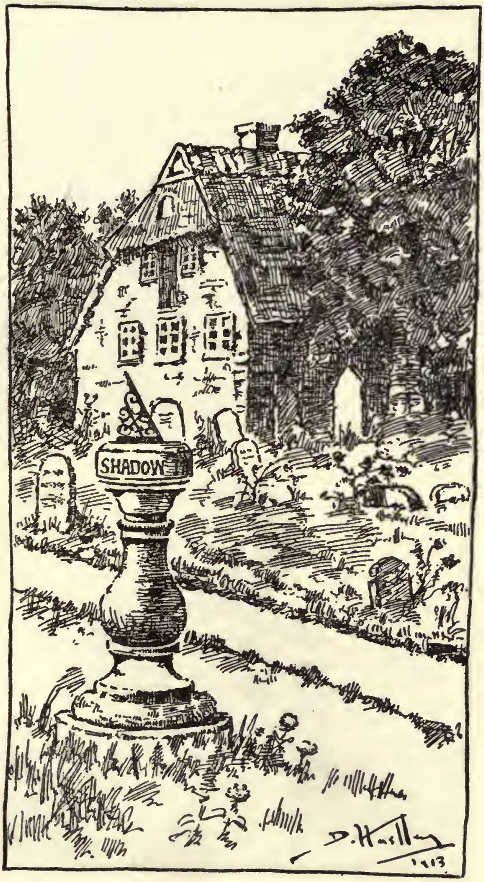
SUNDIAL AT WILMSLOW, CHESHIRE.

The same to all,
  The good and bad,
What e'er befall,
  You've all I had.



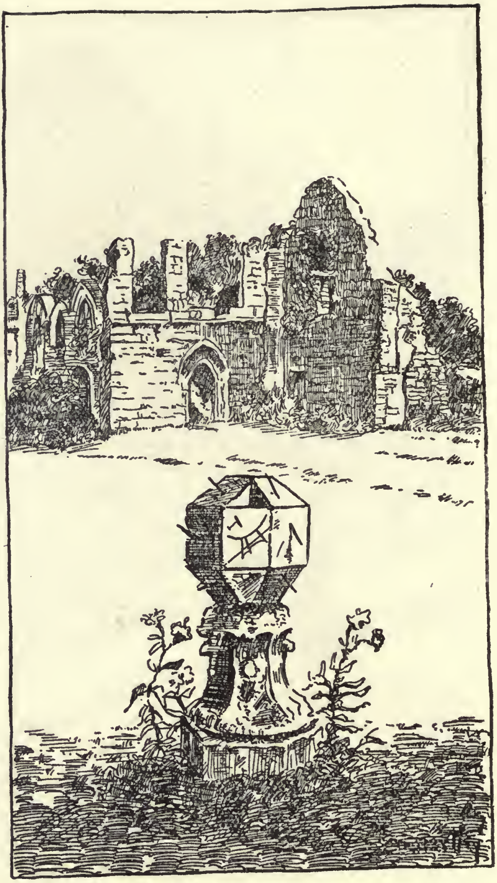
SUNDIAL AT PATRINGTON, YORKSHIRE.

May the hours be golden,
Free from care's alloy.
And whilst they are holden,
May they never cloy.



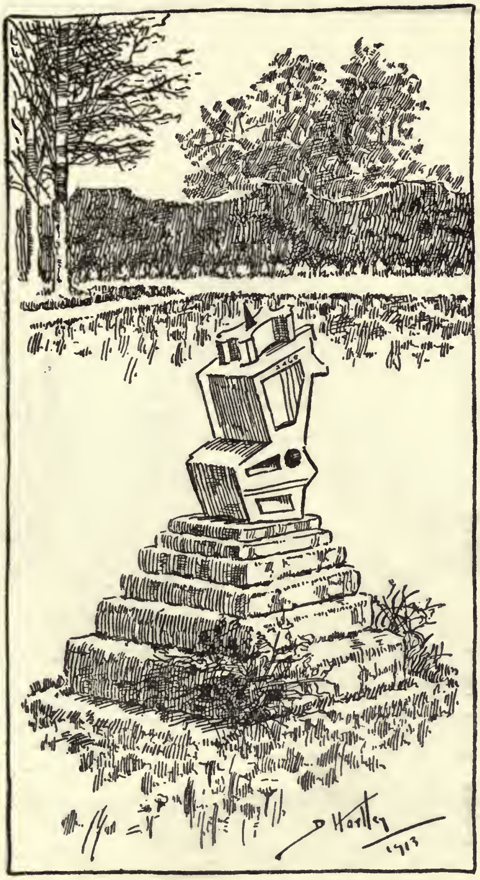
SUNDIAL AT THELWALL.

To-morrow if we live,
  To-day before we die,
Make most of time I give,
  For hours swiftly fly.



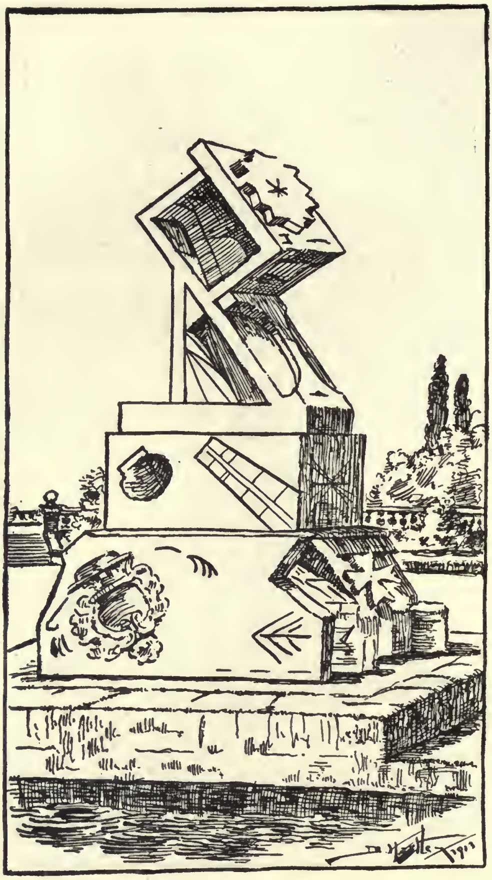
SUNDIAL AT THE PALACE SCHWERIN.

To the history of this world,
 We contribute all,
And since Time must be unfurled,
 Let no act appal.



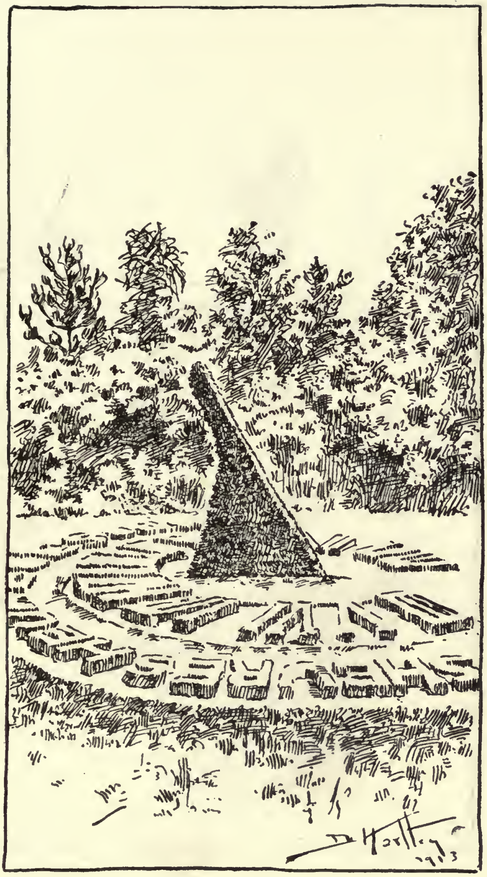
SUNDIAL AT GRAYHOUSE, DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

They who drive true love away,
  Causing often sorrow,
Soon on bended knee shall pray,
  His return some morrow.



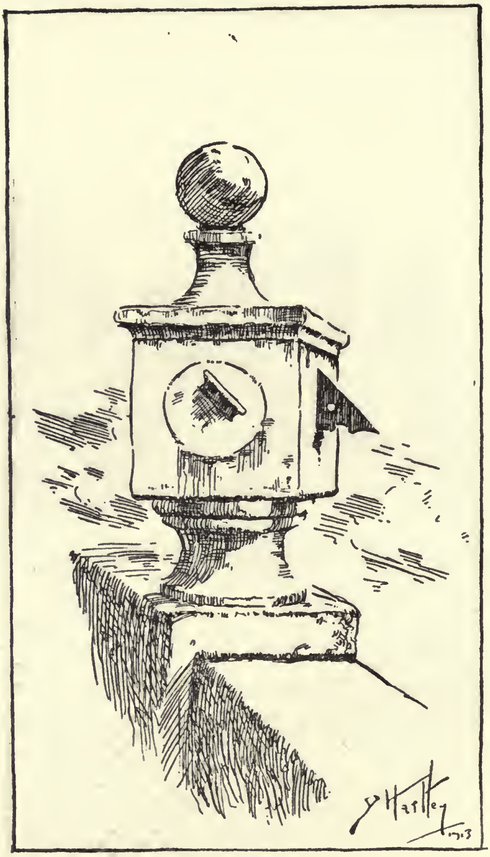
SUNDIAL, 17th CENTURY, at BUEN RETIRO, CHURRIANA, Nr. MALAGA.

A shadow of a shadow,
  A fraction men call time,
Yet from this shade go borrow,
  A wisdom all sublime.



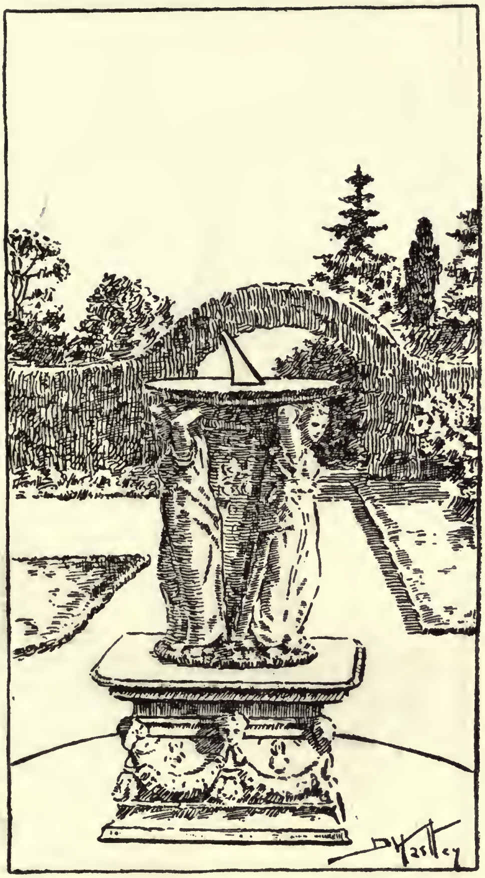
SUNDIAL IN YEW AND CUT BOX.

Some men the night do fear,
  While others dread the day,
But he who shuns the year,
  Time help him pass away.



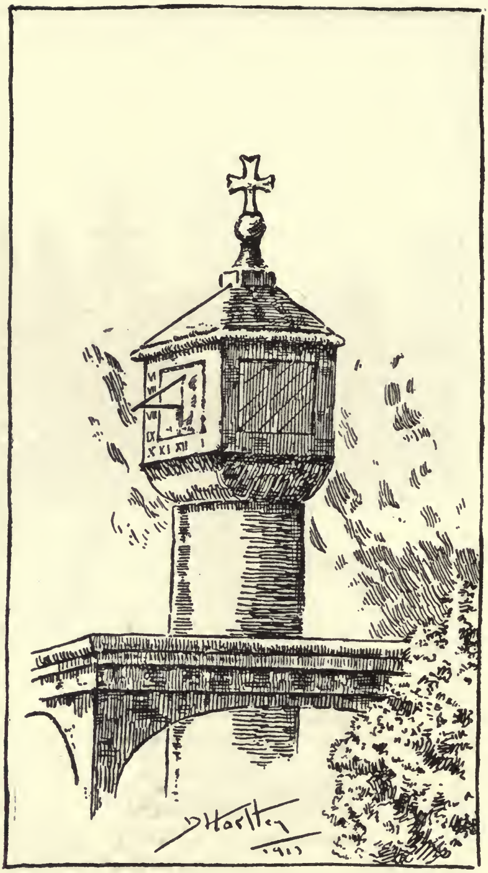
SUNDIAL AT BRYMPTON, Nr. YEOVIL.

Who knows each mark upon my face,
  Ye sunny hours do plan,
Or who can tell each line of shade,
  Not man—not man.



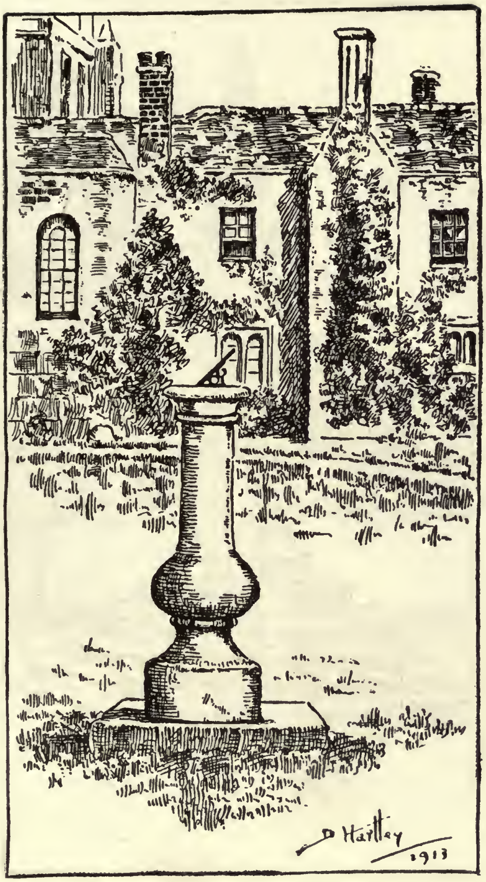
SUNDIAL AT WROXTON ABBEY,
OXFORDSHIRE.

O live not to the minute,
  Keep some time well reserved,
Thus fates through life they spin it,
  Ne'er cut it unobserved.



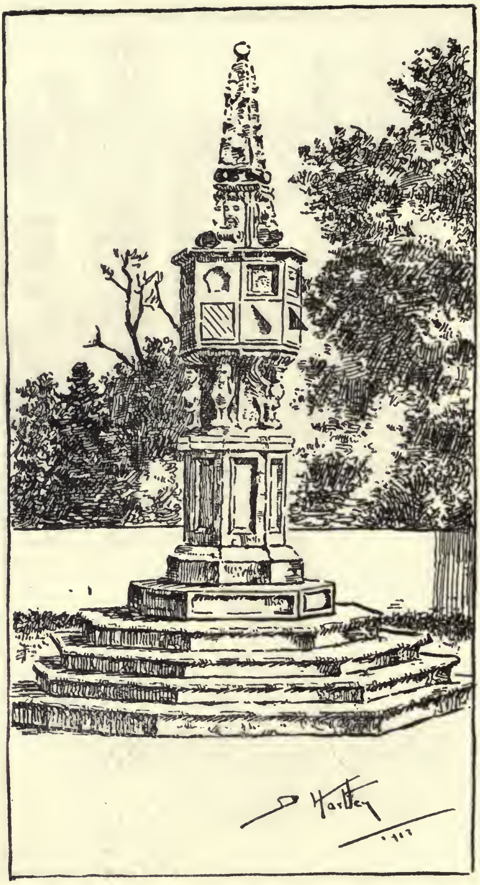
SUNDIAL ON THE MARKET CROSS,
WOODSTOCK.

Consult this dial and you see,
  A cause for fresh alarm,
Learn safety knows no certainty,
  Save strength of thy right arm.



SUNDIAL IN THE GARDENS OF THE
BISHOP'S PALACE, CHICHESTER.

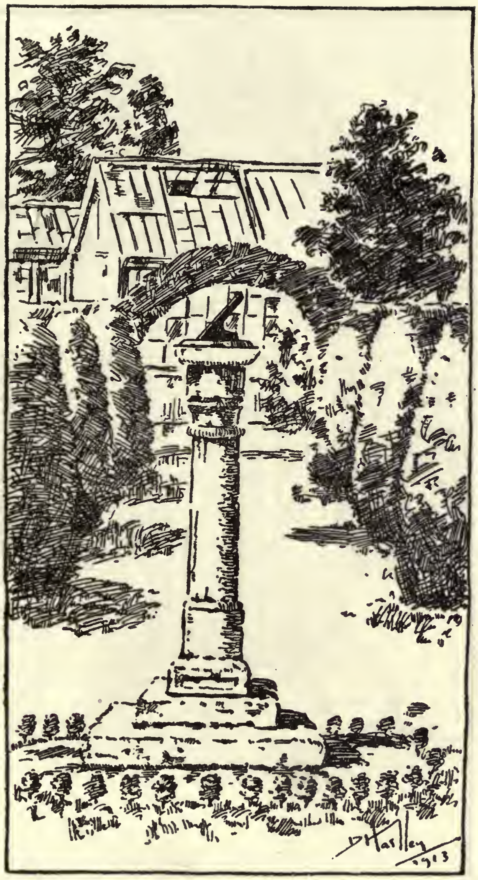
It is given to each one,
  To rise above the ills of life,
And of trials there are none,
  That are unconquerable in strife.



SUNDIAL AT NEWBATTLE, SCOTLAND.

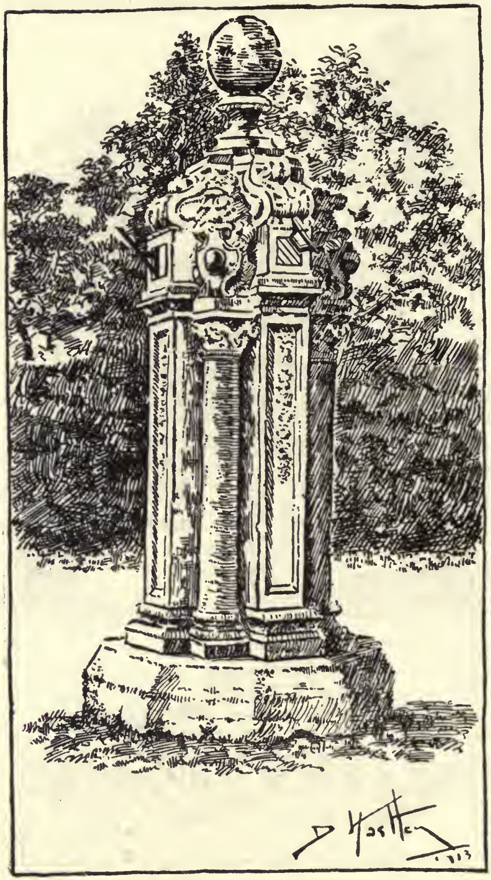
Date 1635.

Time may change the hearts of men,
But not the record of their lives;
For when they are perished, then
All their history survives.



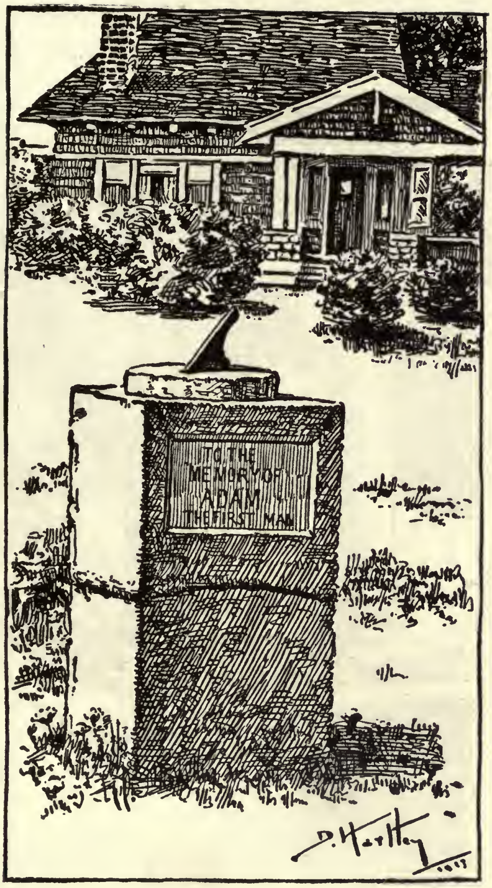
SUNDIAL AT BROMBOROUGH HALL,
CHESHIRE.

Love like the tide may ebb and may flow,
May fail in fond endeavour.
But love that is true I'd have you know,
Like time, lives on for ever.



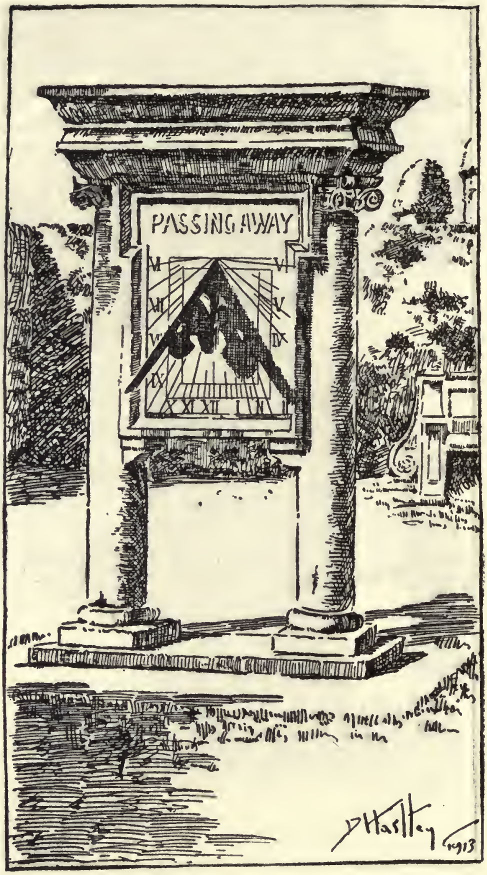
SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

O never meet this life's reverses,
With idle words or foolish curses,
But strive to prove that each one blesses,
All thy endeavours to successes.


TO THE
MEMORY OF
ADAM
THE FIRST MAN

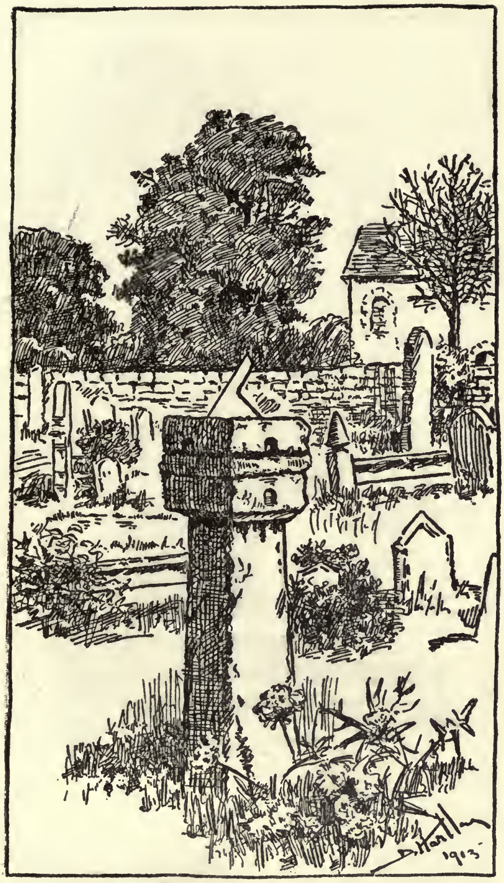
SUNDIAL AT HICKORY GROUND,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, U.S.A.

Though some look forward, some look back,
And others mark the present,
I leave to Fate all chance attack,
Keep working and look pleasant.



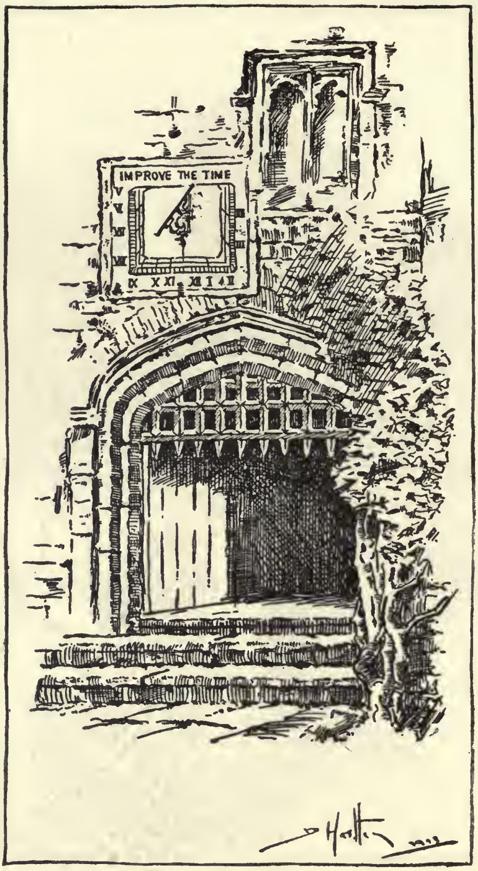
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

If me with life you would compare,
Every minute takes its share,
O suffer then no time to be
Wasted or misused by thee.



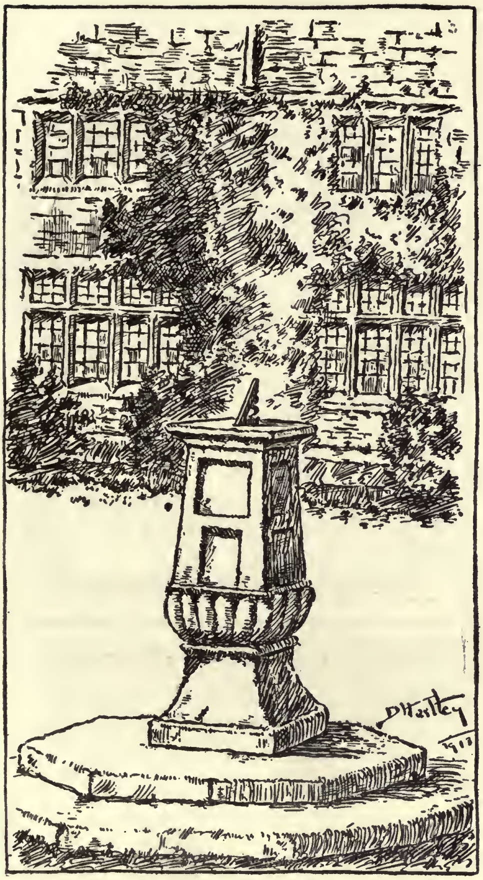
SUNDIAL AT MELLOR, DERBYSHIRE.

Ever let each rainbow prove,
God's eternal, God is love,
And for hours of light you see,
Praise His name continually.


IMPROVE THE TIME

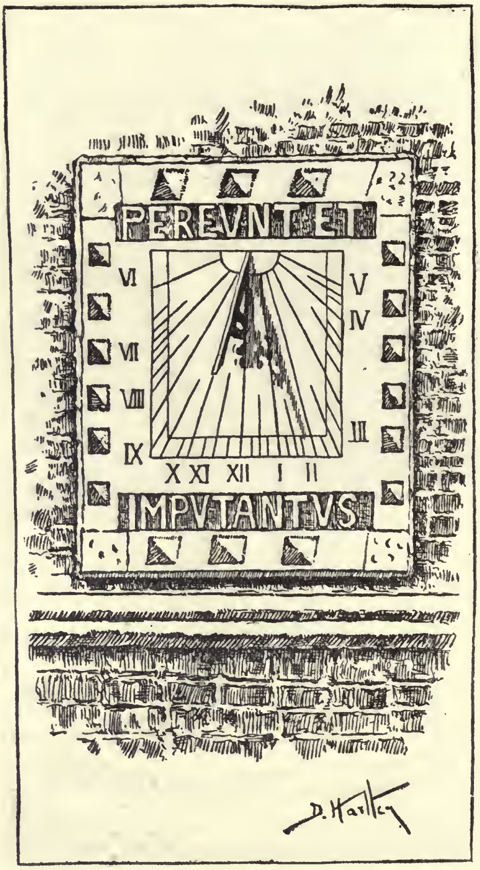
SUNDIAL AT MARKET HARBOROUGH.

Where are those who went before?
And where are hours past?
Departed they return no more,
So long as time may last.



SUNDIAL IN THE GARDEN OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE, CANTERBURY.

At the breaking of the day,
  We seldom think of night,
And till childhood's passed away,
  Death seldom looms in sight.


PEREVNT ET
VI
VII
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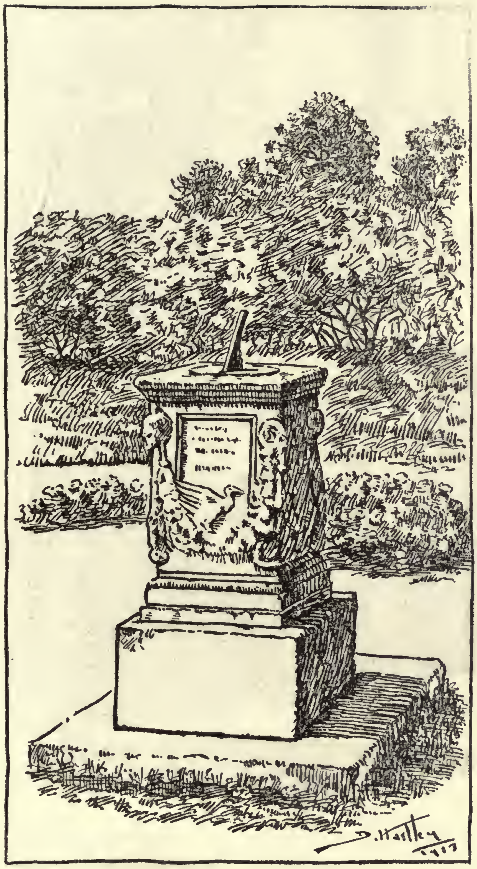
X XI XII I II
IMPVTANT VS
D. Hartley

SUNDIAL IN WESTBOURNE PARK ROAD,
LONDON. Date 1850.

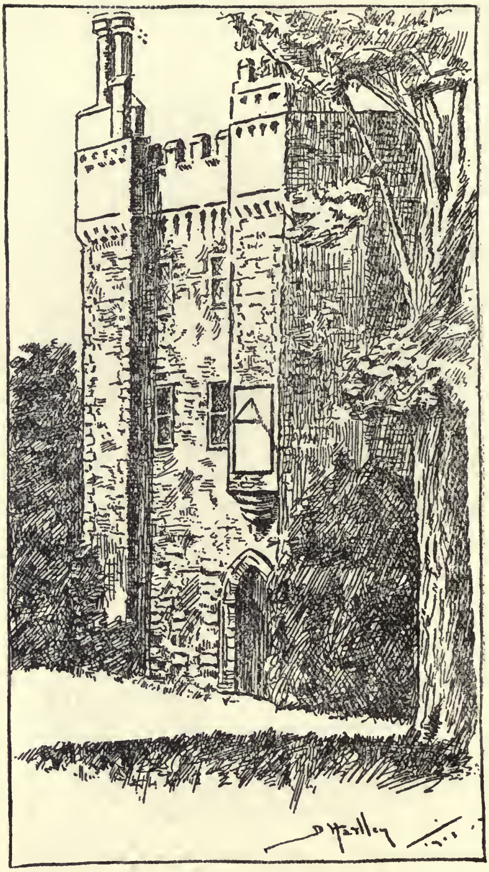
With an iron rod I mark
Every sunny hour till dark,
With a rod of iron, too,
Every hour marks all you do.



SUNDIAL, COOKHAM, BERKSHIRE.

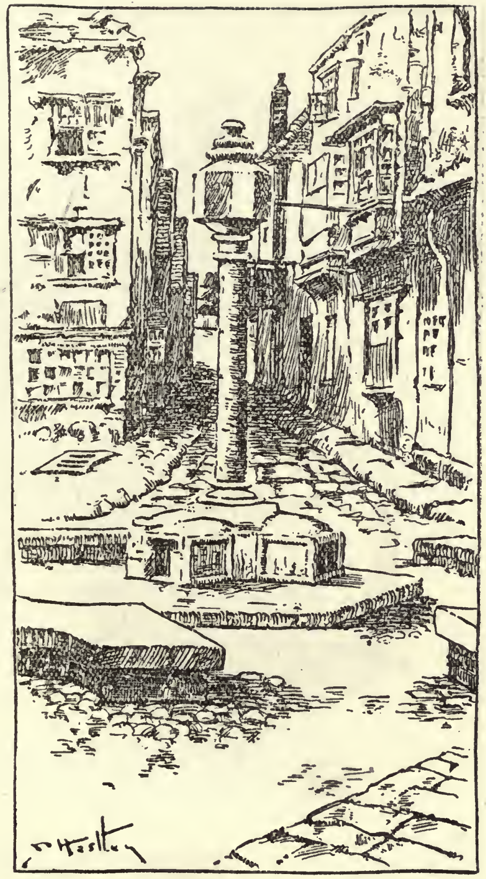
18th Century.

Go, live as long as you can,
Love for ever and aye;
Be kind to every man,
For life soon passes away.



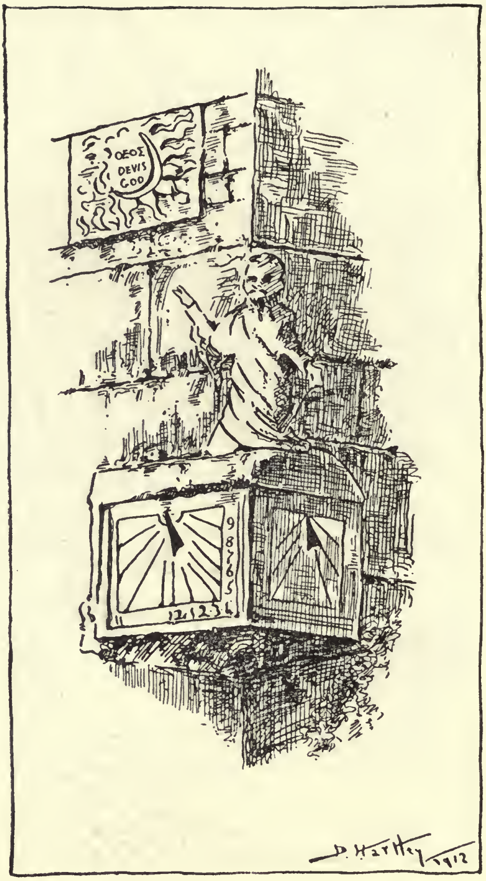
SUNDIAL ON BISHOP FOX'S TOWER,
FARNHAM, SURREY.

Whither wend ye, Sir, to-day,
  What about the hour;
Tarry not too long away,
  From thine ancestral tower.



SUNDIAL AT SHIRLEY.

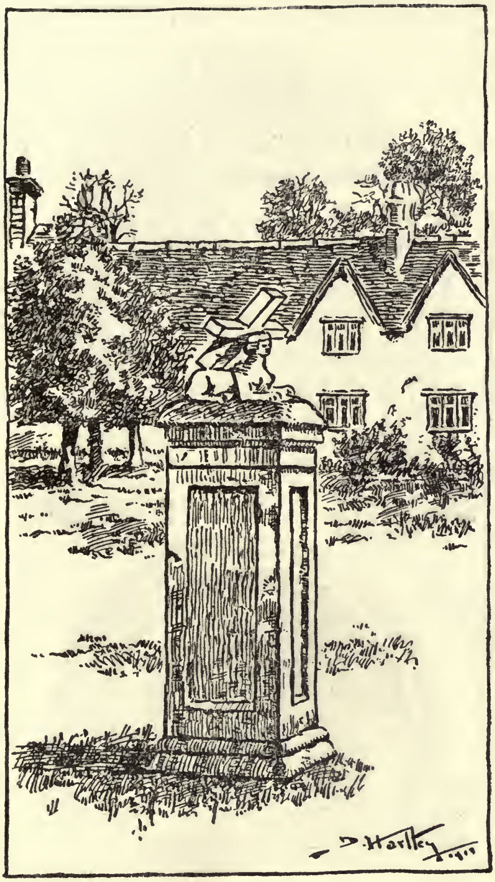
Forgotten, yet recorded,
  Reminder of the past,
Each hour from life defrauded,
  Thou showest us at last.


ΘΕΟΣ
DEVIS
GOD
D. Hartley 1912

SUNDIAL ON JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

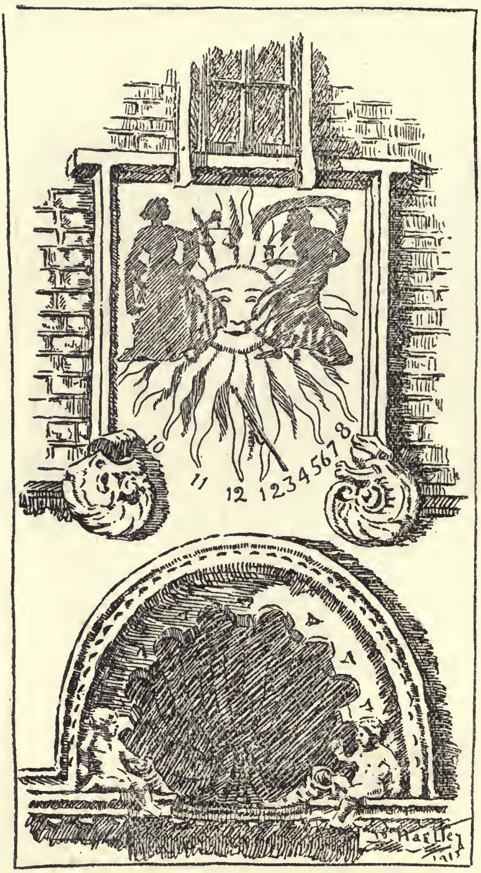
Date 1565.

Blame not the hour,
For God's bright sun,
Gave you like power
This course to run.



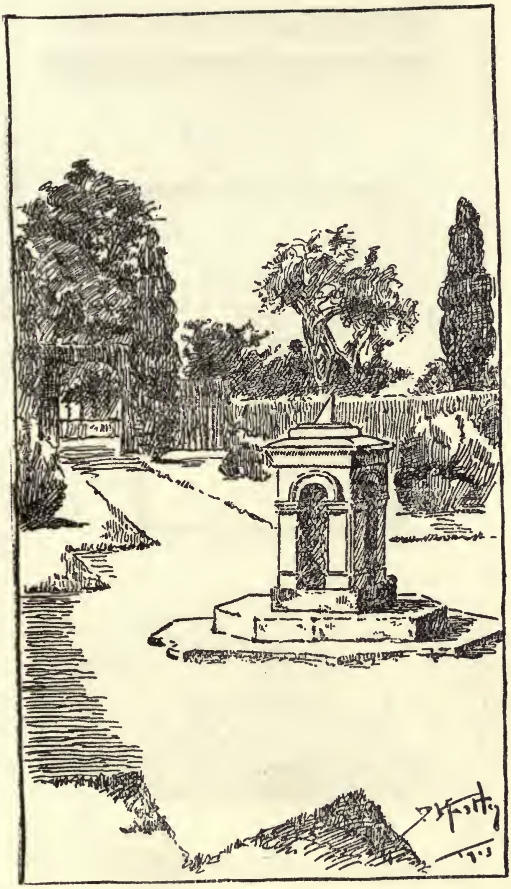
SUNDIAL AT PORT SUNLIGHT.

O mourn not the old,
  But rejoice in the new,
For hours that I hold,
  Are gifts good and true.


10
11
12
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8
W. Hartley
1913

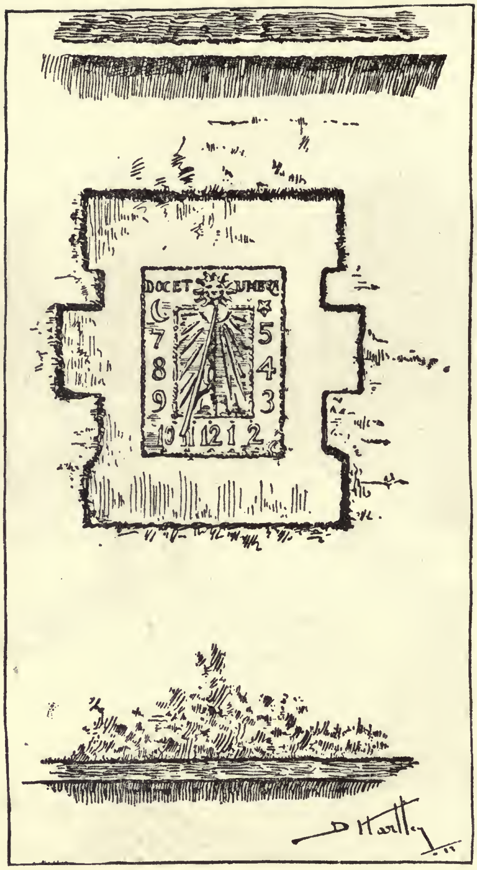
SUNDIAL ON IMPERIAL HOTEL,
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON.

Do not think me solemn,
For I am full of fun,
The hours when bright I hold them,
When dark I mark not one.



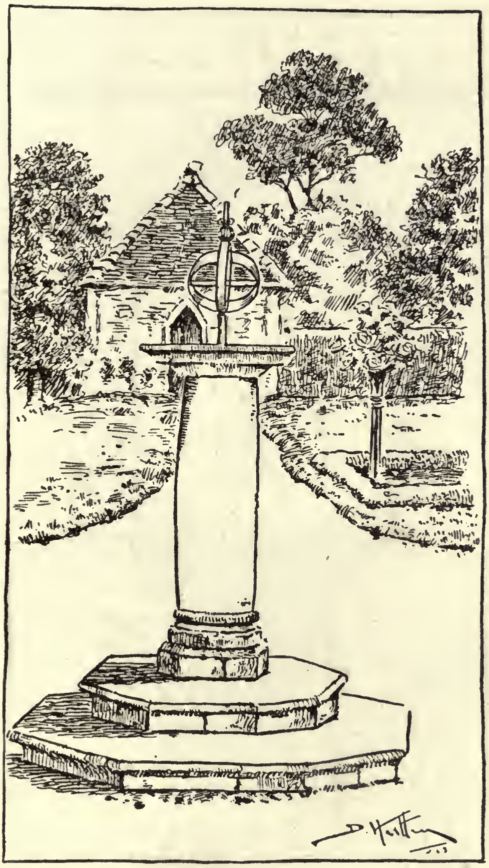
SUNDIAL AT MOOR PARK, HERTS.

Let mirth give place to sorrow,
  Time is with you yet.
Live, for a to-morrow,
  May never dawn or set.


DOCET UMBRA
7 8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3 4 5
D Hartley

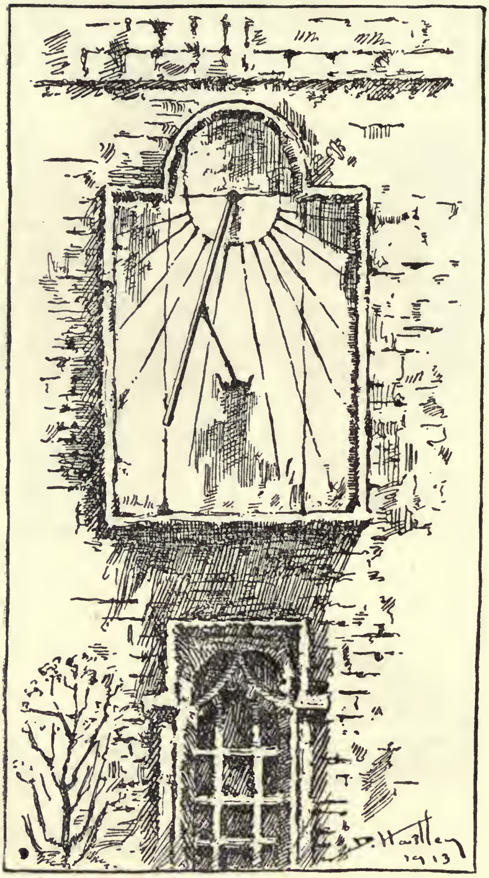
SUNDIAL ON A HOUSE, HEATH DRIVE,
WEST HAMPSTEAD.

The wisest saying if unheard,
Is like this hour unseen,
And idle years that mark no word,
Or time, need not have been.



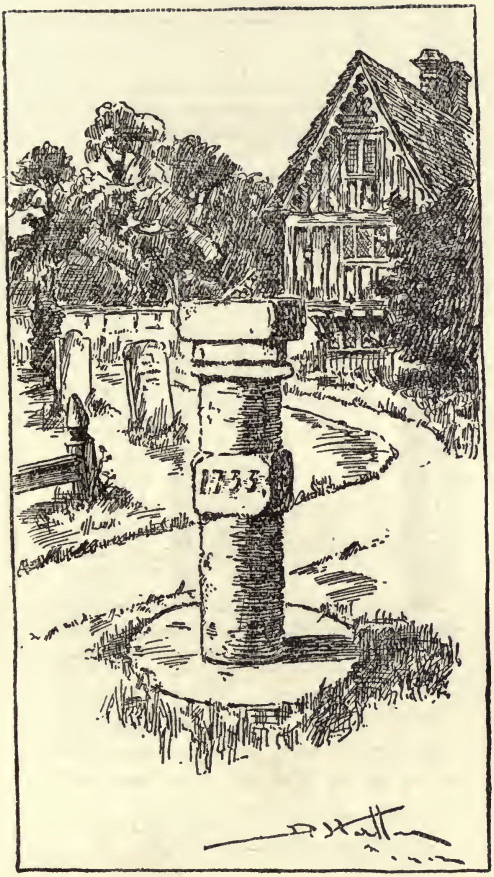
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

To stop a trouble on the way,
  Go meet the same at break of day,
For like a snowball trouble grows,
  Each hour it moves, each step it goes.


D. Hartley
1913

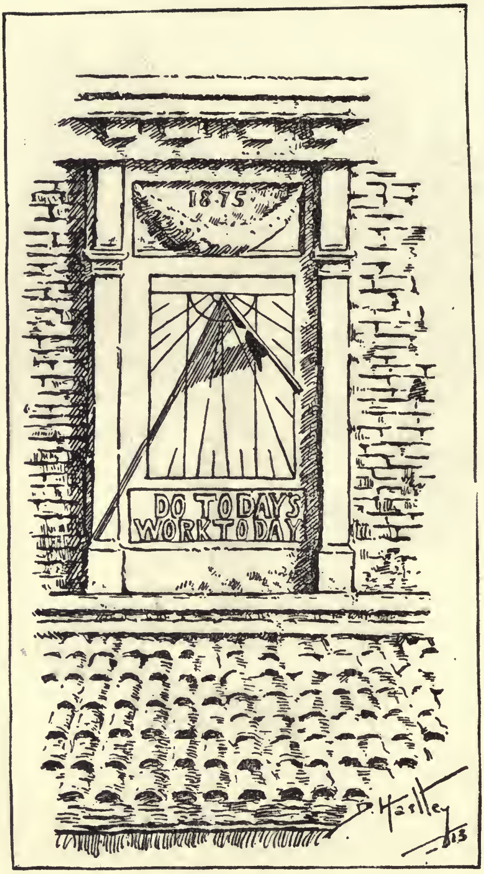
SUNDIAL, EARLY 17th CENTURY.

Be brave, be strong,
It is not long,
Ere you shall see
All troubles flee.



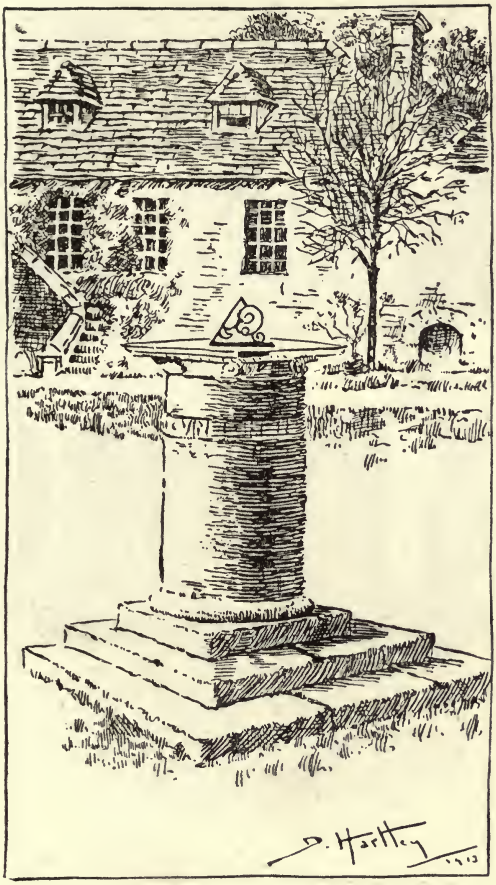
SUNDIAL IN BIDSTONE CHURCHYARD,
CHESHIRE. Date 1733.

Old friends are best,
Time tells us so,
Hark his request,
No further go.


1875
DO TODAYS
WORK TO DAY

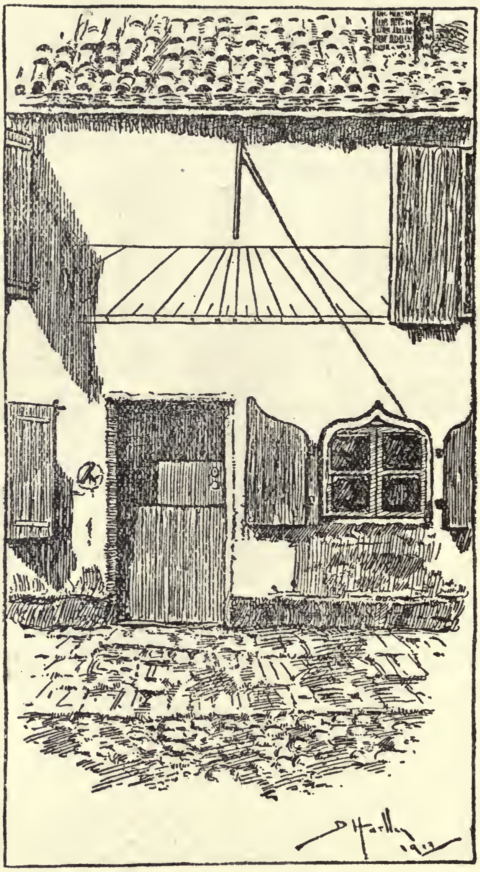
SUNDIAL ON AN HOTEL, HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Date 1875.

O regulate your lives,
  Come order them by me,
For he grows rich and thrives,
  Who husbands hours men see.


D. Hartley
1913

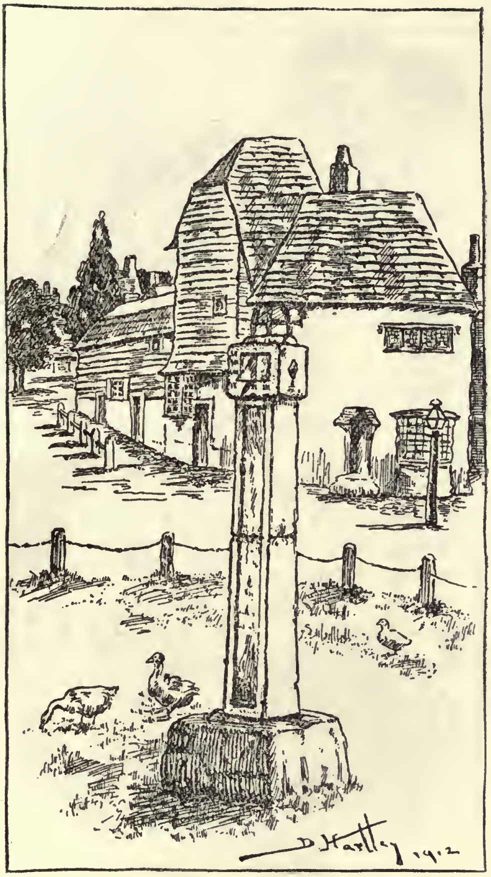
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

We both await the hour,
Time we cannot hurry,
Whilst we've life and power,
Let us cease from worry.


D Hartley 1913

SUNDIAL ON A COTTAGE IN NORMANDY.

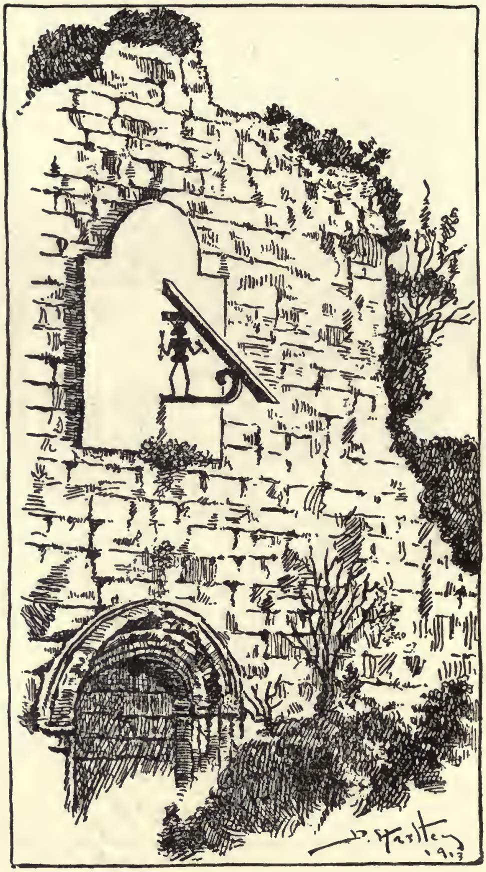
I never miss my mark,
  Or wander from the track,
For when 'tis grown too dark,
  I wait 'til day comes back.



SUNDIAL AT BIDDULPH, STAFFORDSHIRE.

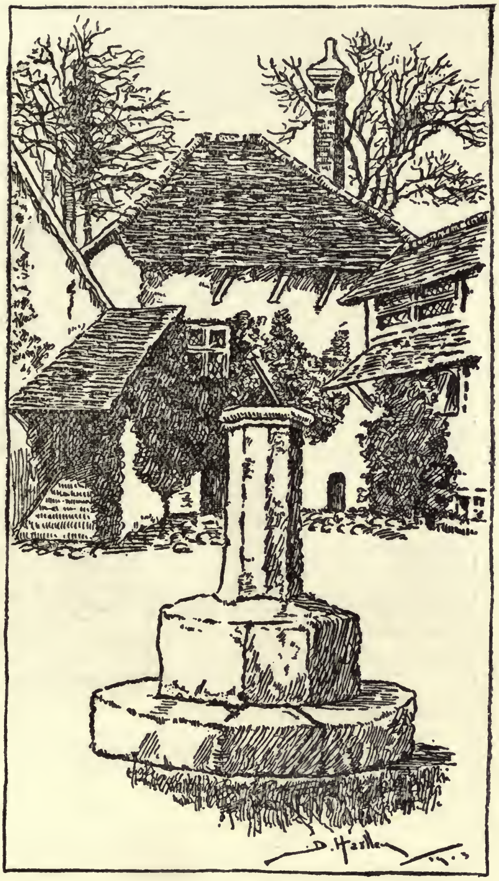
Date 16th Century.

To-morrow and to-morrow,
  Every mortal cries;
All from the future borrow,
  Forgetting how time flies.



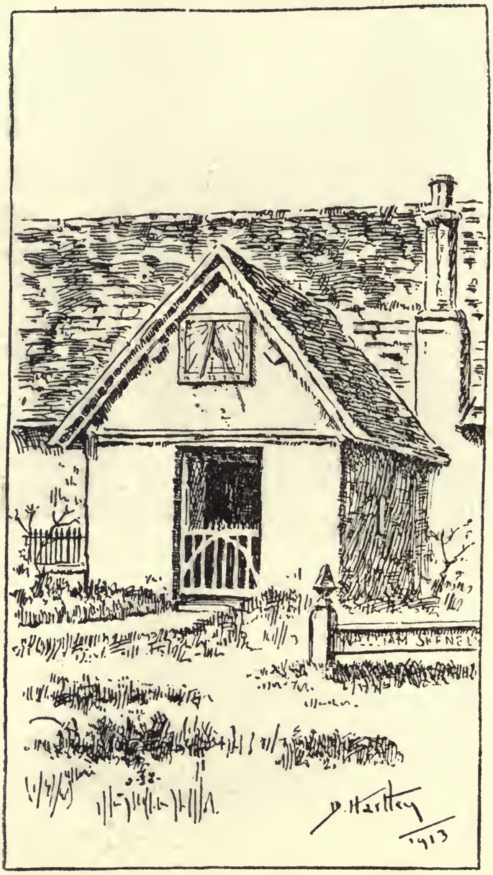
SUNDIAL ON LELANT CHURCH, CORNWALL.

He who thinks to kill ye hour,
Over-estimates his power,
For although he hath the will,
Time alone exists to kill.



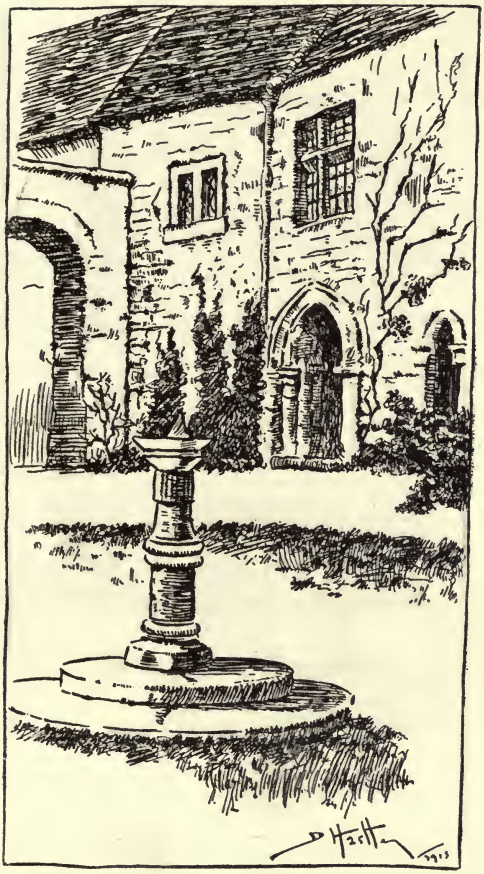
SUNDIAL AT ASTBURY, CHESHIRE.

Love alone outlives our day,
  Vanquishing e'en time,
For when we have passed away,
  'Tis found in halls sublime.



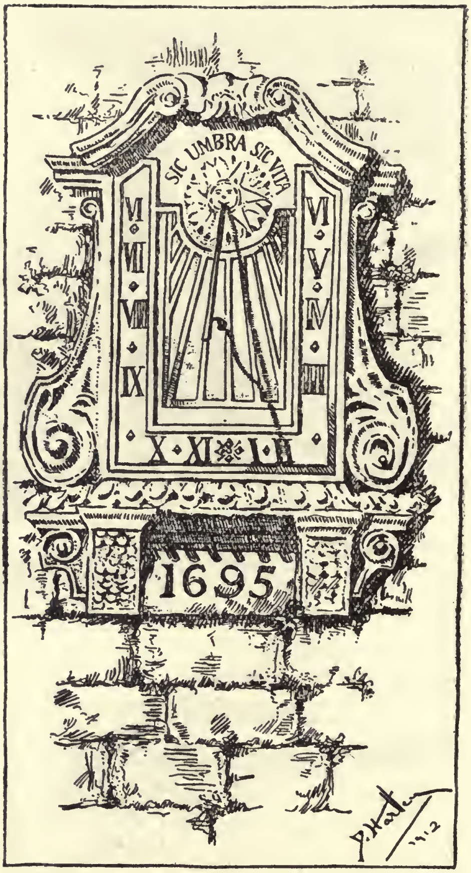
SUNDIAL ON PENN CHURCH, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Dissolved 'tis possible men may be,
In mind and matter eternally,
But things created here below,
A future resurrection show.



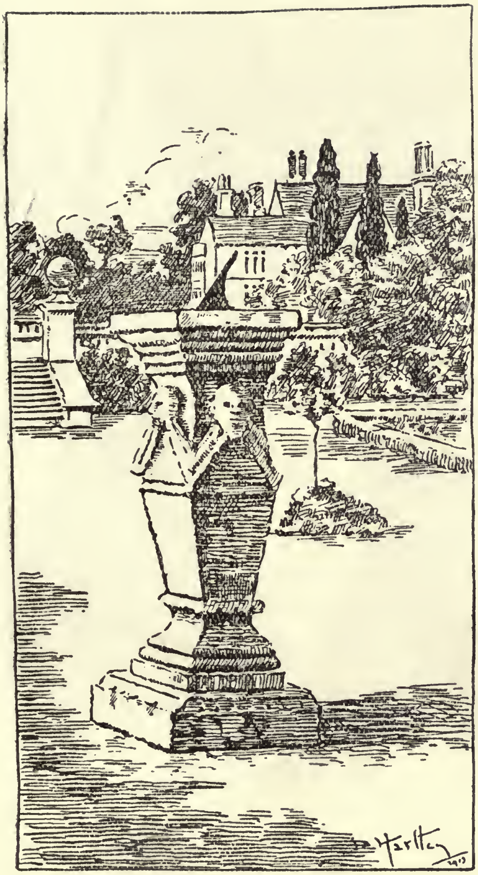
SUNDIAL AT ALDINGTON HALL, KENT.

If 'tis earlier than you thought,
Use time's balance as you ought,
Waste not hours that you need,
To further work you fain would speed.


SIC UMBRA SIC VITA
VI
VII
VIII
IX
X
XI
I
II
VI
V
IV
III
1695

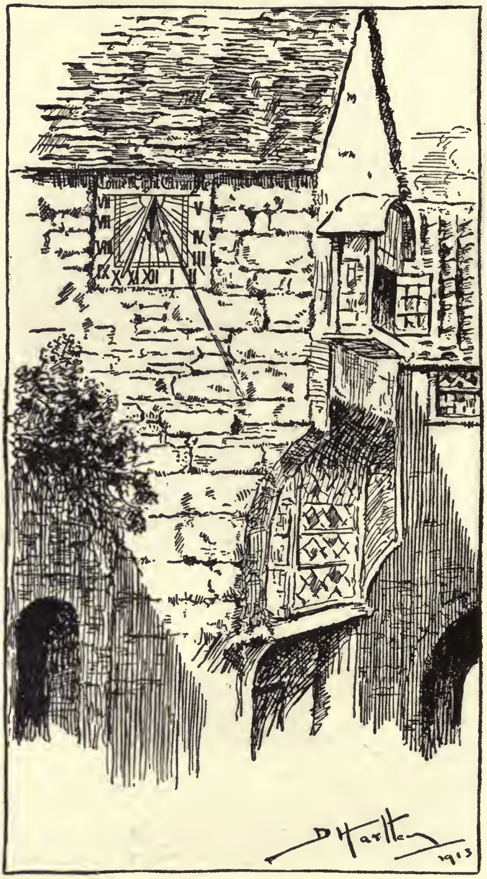
SUNDIAL AT MORDEN COLLEGE,
BLACKHEATH. Date 1695.

Live, like me, in the present,
Dwell not on the past,
Your life will be more pleasant,
And hours longer last.



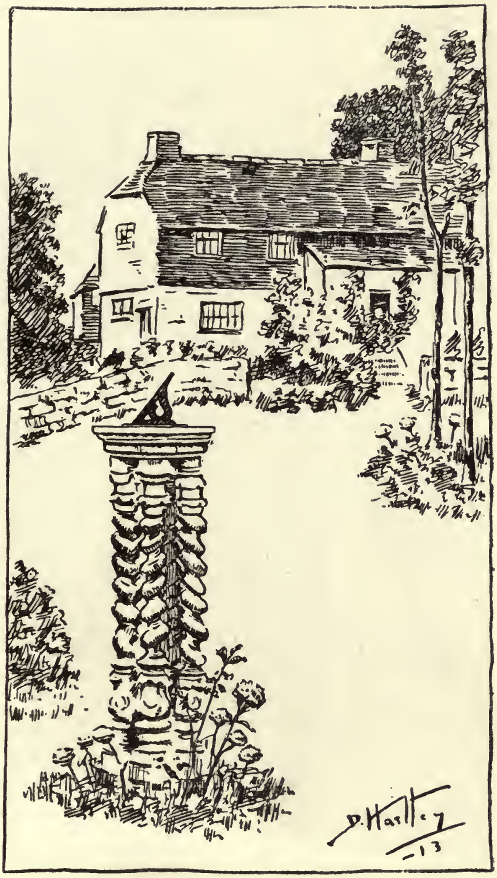
SUNDIAL, 19th CENTURY.

From the dial learn content,
  And many other virtue,
For the hours were never meant,
  To fashion things to hurt you.



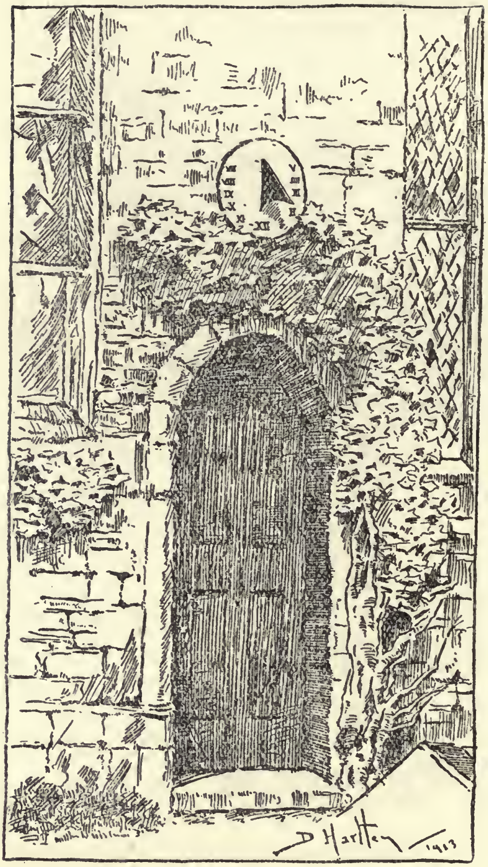
SUNDIAL, EARLY 17th CENTURY.

Here a little, and there a little,
  Upon this dial mine,
The hours from life I whittle,
  Line upon line.



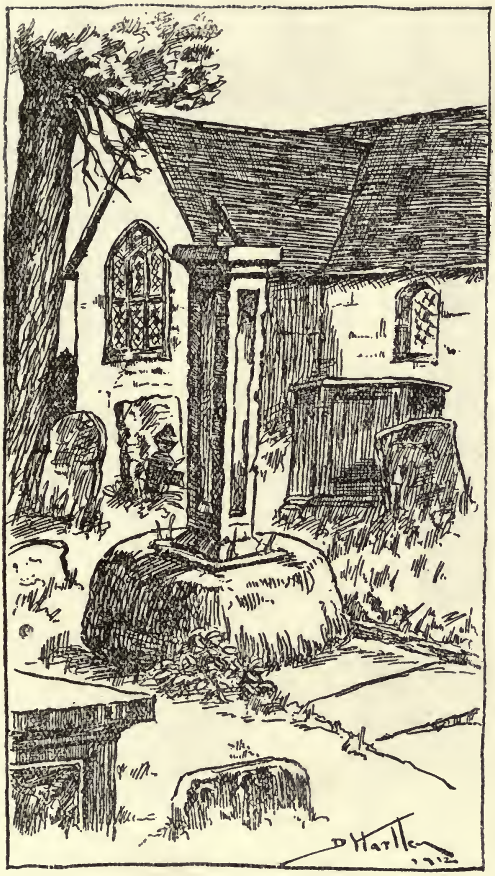
SUNDIAL, 20th CENTURY.

Remember me in all you do,
 Whilst time is with us yet,
Let this a warning be to you,
 Do not forget.



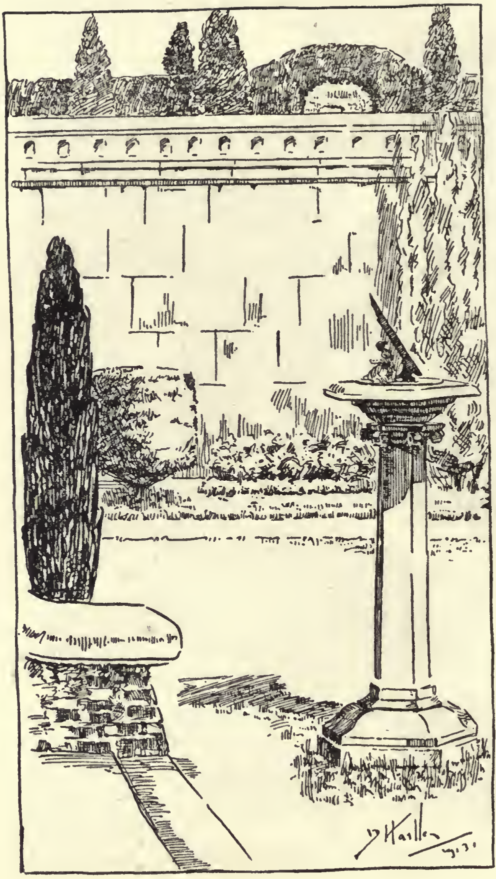
SUNDIAL ON YE OLDE WHITECHAPEL,
WHITCLIFF, CLECKHEATON,
YORKSHIRE.

Mourn not ye hour, nor look sad,
  Thy life won't bear such masking,
God gave ye hours to make us glad,
  With pleasure for ye asking.



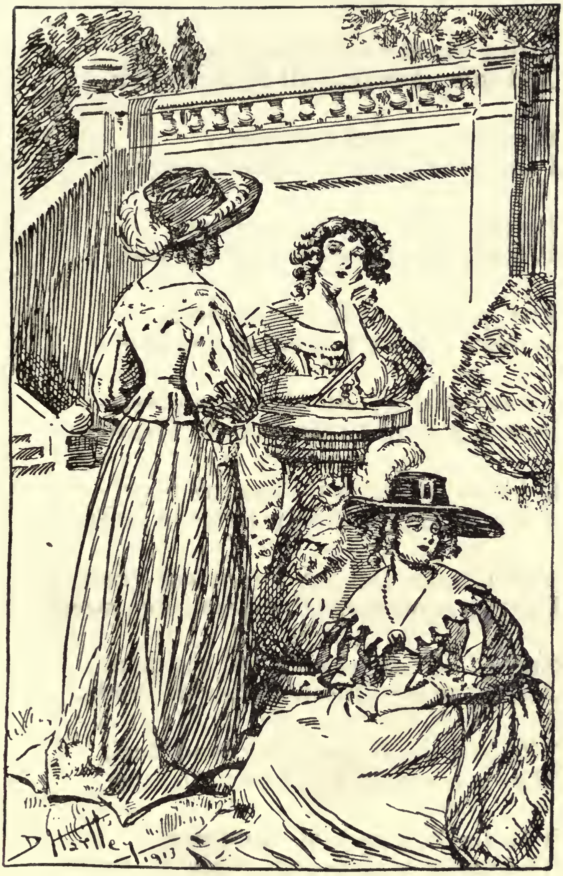
SUNDIAL AT LLANTYSILIS, NORTH WALES.

Mark thou the shadow as it goes,
  Right forward to the end,
Then learn the lesson that it shows,
  All life must thither wend.



SUNDIAL, 18th CENTURY.

Time is speeding fast away,
Love waits not for ever,
Lads and lasses, mark I pray,
When 'tis now or never.



ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR A LEAP YEAR DIAL.

Listen to my simple rhyme,
Telling hapless maids the time,
How each February three years fled
Women all may ask to wed.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

We cling to life for fear that we,
When life is gone should cease to be.

When the shadows flee away,
God give thee rest 'til break of day.

Without a pencil or a pen,
I trace the hours of light for men.

He only can be called a friend,
Who keeps the same unto the end.

The greatest maxim I can give,
Is make the most of hours you live.

I fear for thee, lest all hours given,
Pave not a road that leads to Heaven.

O blame not time if thou art poor,
For who knows what it holds in store.

Fresh hours and troubles never greet,
Ere you have spent these moments sweet.

Second by second each hour is paid,
And little by little fortunes are made.

Life is a wind, a shadow, and dust,
Man is a mortal and perish he must.

Two forces man may not deride,
The flight of time and strength of tide.

First recognize that life is short.
Then live each day as all men ought.

God through the senses gives to all,
Proofs of time's flight men may recall.

None so blind as those who will not see,
Remember this when next you look at me.

Hours there are most men would recall,
But few of us ask the return of them all.

O never fear an hour of loss,
That takes its shadow from the cross.

Passenger, follow my flight and know,
A journey like me you soon must go.

Live, O live, to all I cry,
Live, remembering ye must die.

Just like the clouds I too drift by,
Formed and reformed incessantly.

Mortal, ever strive to learn,
Thou art from dust, and must return.

Through the hours of life men should,
Learn to take bad with the good.

Since life's as short as all men say,
Mortal, do not waste a day.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Sees the sun set and lighten the skies.

A good-bye never, mortals, say,
Since we must meet another day.

Ere thy sunny hours do cease,
Patience learn and be at peace.

Remember whilst you have your prime,
To get good value for your time.

Note ye blessings that I bring,
Ere these fleeting hours take wing.

Since no man e'er can live for naught,
See that you live e'en as you ought.

Hour by hour I yearly strive,
To show to men this dial's alive.

If life's chances you ignore,
Blame but yourself when you are poor.

O haste before the end of day
Impedes your work or stops your play.

O happy land rejoice and sing,
God bless the day, long live the King.

Have patience like me, and never complain,
When asked the same question again and again.

Our life's a bubble, hold it who can,
For it goes with the wind, like the breath of man.

Troubles, what are they? Clouds that must come,
Blessings disguised, experience the sum.

O strive each man like new mown hay,
To hold those gifts that pass away.

I live in the present, a past I recall,
But my future depends on the strength of this wall.

Haste, O haste, for 'twill soon be to-morrow,
And hours that we waste bring days of sorrow.

Good fortune, like these hours, will soon be past,
So make the most of such while it doth last.

He who made the sun, made too the shade,
Let not life's shadows anyone hide Him who made.

Since He who gives can also take away,
Let every man who lives go watch and pray.

Within the sight of all I hourly stand,
To praise, reproach, and teach throughout the land.

Go, take your time is truly said,
For we when gone are a long while dead.

Let thy thoughts now dwell on the present you see,
Not a past or a future continually.

Year in, year out, silent the hours of day I tell,
Nor vex like noisy clock or loudly chiming bell.

Hours misspent I'd liken to weeds,
With minutes for roots and seconds for seeds.

He who starts each day with doubts or fears,
Seldom smiles and is full of tears.

A circle, a gnomon, a shadow, a look,
Are worth more to men than the leaves of a book.

Time tests our friends, and soon doth teach
The value of their love and speech.

Frail mortal, tell me, who hath power
To stop ye tide or check ye hour?

He is thrice wise, and he thrice blessed,
Who portions out work, play, and rest.

Though clouds may dull both hour and day,
Love like the sun endures for aye.

Time tests our friends and soon doth show
Which is the friend and which the foe.

Death can never lose its sting,
Whilst we fear time on the wing.

I live an example to man and youth,
Of patient consistence, brightness, and truth.

He who waits for something to turn up,
Fills not the platter nor yet the cup.

The sun, the source of heat and light,
Gives flowers their scent and colour bright.

They the thread of life entangle,
Who guilty are of endless wrangle.

What's the time? Come, why do you ask?
Is it to start or end your task?

The thread of life, though thick and strong,
Fates shall sever for thee ere long.

Who goes early to bed and early to rise,
Needs naught but the sun to lighten the skies.

Go, live and let live while you've power,
For life is but a thing of hour.

What we sow in time we reap in Eternity,
Seek help then Divine, Christian fraternity.

No man may ever my hours deride,
Who has lost by such, train, horse, or tide.

The age of this dial, who can compute it?
So hazard no guess for men to refute it.

Work so hard to-day that you
Will find the morrow with less to do.

Like the print of feet on the sand or snow,
This shadow reveals where the sun doth go.

Remember, an old age shall tell,
Of hours misspent and hours lived well.

If for you this hour prove late,
Do not hesitate or wait.

The most important thing on earth
Is of time to learn the worth.

Valued chances never waste
Through thoughtless and imprudent haste.

I tell the time of day, 'tis true,
Yet mind my business; pray, do you?

Time proves our work, so do not try
To hide your faults or time defy.

Remember when 'tis darkest night,
The dawn will shortly be in sight.

Hold not Thy hand, grant us true light,
Let Thy command make all things bright.

Thy neighbour's landmark, so now mind,
Who moveth me a curse will find.

If, like some, I went the pace,
Who would study then my face.

A shadow rules our lives sublime,
And takes the ancient name of time.

Some men delight to weigh the showers,
But few attempt to weigh the hours.

Wait a moment never say,
When hours you mean, or chance the day.

Time was made for slaves, men say,
Yet free men ask the time of day.

Though every hour thou readest well,
Thy final hour thou canst not tell.

If of life you'd take your fill,
Never work another ill.

When the hours have ceased to run,
'Tis man, not Time, whose race is done.

Like smoke, my hours are quickly gone,
With only ashes left to mourn.

Scarce with a smile I greet anew,
Ere I do bid again adieu.

The shadows rise, the shadows fall,
Man sees but part, though God sees all.

Husband thy hours with due care,
For thus shalt thou extend the year.

I govern all things by a measure,
And keep the time in work and pleasure.

Learn to borrow of the sun,
Ere the night engulfs each one.

Without the light the sun doth give,
Not many men would care to live.

The hours and minutes I ever renew,
Like glorious rain or fall of the dew.

I work for the sun and man alone,
By marking the hours upon this stone.

Learn, like me, to waste no time,
Words are empty, actions climb.

Man made this dial, with gnomon to plan
A shadow in time to govern the man.

Go, save thy time and mend thy ways,
And thus prolong thy length of days.

Come, learn the hour I have to tell,
For like a friend I greet you well.

Mortal, mortal, tell me why,
You would live midst hours that die?

All men equality shall know,
When time for each has ceased to flow.

Go, use the time as all men ought,
A guide to life and food for thought.

The hours of life will soon be passed,
So live this day as if thy last.

With certain seasons there is power,
To alter the dials by minutes each hour.

Good work ennobles everyone,
And stands the test of time and sun.

Learn, dear child, this one great truth,
That all our love outlives our youth.

Thy days are numbered, but by me
Are only marked bright hours you see.

When on me the hour you find,
Traveller, traveller, know your mind.

Man's greatest friend's his mother,
Next this dial, then any other.

Since hours to come are all in sight,
O haste then while you have the light.

The shades of night shall end the day,
And drive the shade of light away.

Man how to spend these hours proposes,
But God alone my time disposes.

Mark my shadow ere 'tis past,
Not thy first, though chance thy last.

Like a builder work and pray
That all thy best outlives thy day.

Let progress be thy motto bright,
Forward thy watchword, while 'tis light.

Faith I teach through hours I give,
And men trust me while they live.

I show the road to health this way,
By ending work at close of day.

God's greatest gift to man is thine,
To read the hour when sun doth shine.

The greatest conquerors in strife,
Is time, then love the light of life.

These hours that please or that pain,
Shall never by man be lived again.

Let not thoughts of time depress,
A heart that owes but thankfulness.

Shine, sun, and let thy radiance bright
Disperse the gloomy shades of night.

Time hastens on an end too near,
And friends grow dearer every year.

Should with this day a sorrow come,
All hours, remember, gladden some.

My shadow keeps the time-worn track,
Moving forward, but never back.

Our time's so short that all men should,
Both start and end each day with good.

God fill thy cup brim full of joy,
And send thee hours that never cloy.

To-morrow, men too often say,
Forgetful that it is to-day.

By shadow through the sun's bright rays,
Every day God's name I praise.

Leave sometimes the cares that kill,
Seek the wood and seek the rill.

Procrastination is a thief,
That robs us of a pledged relief.

Where the light of heaven rules,
Time's neglected but by fools.

Go, kill the hour and waste the day,
But count the forfeit you must pay.

Behold my shadow on this wall,
Warning to some and guide to all.

Amidst the flowers of earth I stand,
Ever at the sun's command.

I bring life and I bring breath,
I bring shade and I bring death.

Hours that come are hours that go,
Waste not then the hours I show.

Gold that called me into being,
Cannot regulate time fleeing.

With my gnomon I have power,
To mark ye sun and tell ye hour.

I remind of what is best,
Hours of work and hours of rest.

Without the sun I silent keep,
Ever watchful, ne'er asleep.

Ere each day doth end Time's path,
Gather up some aftermath.

When the clouds of life have gone,
Sun remains for every one.

On your behalf the hours I tell,
For others, too, who note me well.

No one shall ever say of me,
I marked a clouded hour to thee.

Let the morrow ever find,
You've advanced, not lagged behind.

Like me, go work without a fuss,
For we are labourers, both of us.

Time passes silently away,
By minutes, hours, and then the day.

Let sun's declining rays now teach,
A greater lesson than I preach.

Come, mortal, own this hour to be,
A gift to frail humanity.

Care and fear storm clouds never,
Hide the sun for long or ever.

True love, a circle, and the sun,
Are not excelled, own equals none.

He indeed shall happy be,
Who makes the most of hours you see.

If time by speech I could but tell,
You, noisy cockerel, I'd excel.

Each one alive some folk deride,
And even me when sun doth hide.

Without ye gnomon who can tell,
Upon this dial where sunlight fell?

Good luck, just like a summer's sun,
Lies in the path of everyone.

Man need never darkness know,
Who early to rise and sleep doth go.

Traveller, take a look and see,
I change each minute more than thee.

With the rising sun I wake,
And side by side our course we take.

To-day is thine what God hath given,
To-morrow may be first day's heaven.

He who sleeps both night and day,
The cost of idleness must pay.

To waste thy time is bad enough,
But that of others, mortal, rough.

Man, treat me with reverence,
With time there's no severance.

I mark the hours as they come,
But weary no man with the sum.

Know the hour and thy mind,
Thus fresh power you will find.

Mark this hour and ere it dies,
Let thy heart to Heaven rise.

I am governed by the light,
Man a shadow 'til the night.

He who notes not hours or days,
Time shall suddenly amaze.

In your joy or in your sorrow,
Sympathy from me come borrow.

I've been ever taught to prove,
Time's eternal, so is love.

I live a parable to all,
Who note my shadow on this wall.

I do my duty and I mark,
The hours and minutes until dark.

Pass on, like me, and let the day,
Help thee further on thy way.

Find in me a faithful friend,
True and steadfast to the end.

If but rightly understood,
All God's earthly gifts are good.

Since Nature doth the seasons show,
I only mark the hours that go.

Every hour, each plant and flower,
Gives reality to immortality.

I live for ever, having done
A work that's worthy of the sun.

Act thou like a shaft of light,
Ere the chance is out of sight.

I am only in disgrace.
When the sun doth hide his face.

Some evil you indeed must flee,
If I become your enemy.

May thy record in Heaven,
Be like hours that I've given.

The bright days only I record,
But all are noted by the Lord.

Like the flowers, ever try
To catch the sun ere it go by.

Take thy pleasure when you may,
But to-day's work do to-day.

An hour never try to kill,
For I can do that at my will.

About the day I will not jest,
But simply ask men for their best.

He who made me I will show,
Helped his fellows here below.

If from my shadow you can learn,
Do not then such wisdom spurn.

Like the bee, go, hourly strive,
Lest you find an empty hive.

I fly, I walk, I run, I crawl,
Yet own no wings or legs at all.

My dial is a picture rare,
On which the lives of all appear.

A clock or bell a lie may tell,
I never, if the sun shines well.

I'm fast to some,
Who've naught to come.

Ye sunniest hour,
Is ye life of a flower.

The greatest gift supernal,
Is love eternal.

Since I never lose,
A fresh excuse go choose.

Keep working,
No shirking.

The hours of night
Are well in sight.

Halt ye and learn,
Then quickly turn.

Speed high, speed low,
I swiftly go.

When night doth flee,
Men look at me.

Our end gets nearer.
And time grows dearer.

Ere the day doth flee,
Lord, remember me.

Go live thy day,
But watch and pray.

Go, mortals befriend,
Like me to the end.

At each daybreak,
My course I take.

Halt not or stay,
'Til close of day.

Ye hour of prayer,
Is always here.

Slow but sure,
Who wants more?

To enjoy thy days,
Heed thy ways.

Live and defy,
All hours that fly.

Mortal beware,
Of time take care.

Well done,
Go up one.

Time flies,
The day dies.

Sorrow and song,
I bear along.

What e'er betide,
Dear Lord provide.

Pray ye for light,
Pray ye aright.

The hours of day,
Soon pass away.

No rain, no flowers,
No sun, no hours.

Do not forget me,
Lest you regret me.

Though pace is slow,
Yet fast I go.

Go, know man time,
By gnomon mine.

Always using it,
Never abusing it.

A life well spent,
Brings no lament.

I only mark the time of day,
But man how much has passed away.

My hours used well are going to be,
Thy passport through eternity.

Learn, like me, to give and take,
In silence and no noise to make.

Ye watch this dial my speed to prove,
Yet cannot see me make a move.

Things come in cycles, so men say,
But who shall view a yesterday?

My use and value unto you,
Is gauged by what you have to do.

I regulate the lives of all,
That walk, or run, or fly, or crawl.

He the longest life shall live,
Who makes the most of hours I give.

The shades of night my dial enfold,
Like a story that is told.

Earn thou thy rest,
So shall each hour improved by thee,
Bring what is best continually.

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